

THE GILLETTE BLADE ...



The # 3
Gillette Blade

JANUARY 1918



KING C. GILLETTE
President and Founder Gillette Safety Razor Co.



GIL

*He that hath a beard is more than
a youth, and
He that hath no beard is less
than a man.*

SHAKESPEARE
"Much Ado About Nothing."
Act II, Scene I

The Gillette Blade

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the Employees of*

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR
COMPANY**

The Gillette Salesmen's Convention

QUITE the most important event which has taken place for some time past in the Gillette Organization was the Convention of Gillette Salesmen and Executives held at Boston, January 3, 4, and 5. Every Gillette Salesman covering the United States and Canada was present, also every executive of the Boston and Canadian organizations, with the single exception of Mr. King C. Gillette, President, who was unable to attend. A telegram of congratulations was received from Mr. Gillette who expressed his regrets at being detained. The conference which opened Thursday, January 3, was presided over at all sessions by Mr. Thomas W. Pelham, Sales Manager.

Thursday evening, January 3, a dinner was given to those attending the Convention. The dinner was held at the Boston City Club and about fifty persons were present. The following were the invited guests:—Mr. King C. Gillette, Mr. J. E. Aldred, Mr. M. J. Curran, Mr. H. J. Fuller, Mr. W. A. Gaston, Mr. R. C. Morse, Mr. Bradley W. Palmer, Mr. Philip Stockton, Mr. George L. Dyer, Mr. William L. Dotts.

The proceedings of the Convention were of great importance to the organization; a partial report appears in the following pages.

Mr. Pelham's Opening Tribute

MR. THOMAS W. PELHAM

Sales Manager and General Counsel

AT our last sales convention we had with us Mr. Harold DeCourcy, then on our sales' staff, now with the colors in France. He is now serving with the French Army in the *Convois Autos* service, as we understand it. Another one of our salesmen, who was not with us last year but who came in at a later date, is Mr. Harris, who left us two weeks ago and enlisted, and is now with the colors at Fort Slocum. Still another of our salesmen who was with us last year, Mr. Carlson, then our Chicago manager, is now in Denmark, representing us in the Scandinavian countries. Of our management staff and heads of departments who were with us last year, Captain William J. McCarthy, of the 101st Infantry, is with the colors in France; and the able assistant of Mr. Thompson, Mr. Frank Ward, is now with the colors at Camp Devens. About sixty of the others of the office and factory operatives are with the colors.

We are somewhat disappointed that our president, Mr. Gillette, is not with us; but we have a message from him to you and to the management.

Mr. Gillette says:

"It has been my desire and would have been a great pleasure to me to be with you the first of the new year at the meeting of shareholders, directors and management, to confirm in person what my judgment tells me will be the most enthusiastic and in-

teresting gathering in the history of the Gillette Company, which will not only ratify with enthusiastic praise the changes inaugurated by the reorganization of the company, but will confirm and endorse the good judgment of those instrumental in formulating its policies and in the organization of the present Board of Management. It would also have been a great pleasure to me to be present at the meeting of our salesmen and employees of the United States and Canada, whose friendly relations and co-operation with the company's management have been so largely instrumental in our success; and I trust you will extend to them my appreciation and good will. I would also like the company to express my sympathy and good wishes to the brave boys who have gone to the front and my hope for their safe return; for they not only represent the courage and spirit of democracy, but the hope of a freedom loving people. In bearing our share of the financial burden made necessary by the tragedy of war we must not complain but do our part willingly, and with fortitude and confidence uphold the policy of our nation, ever hoping and believing that right and justice must prevail in the end; as to the coming year, I think we can safely assume that the future must witness a continuance of our past growth and development, which has been steady and consistent since the birth of our enterprise. When we consider

the wide disturbance of industry we have much reason to be pleased with the record we have made and much for which we should be thankful. Express for me to every employee and every associate with me in our undertaking my good wishes and hope that each may have a prosperous and happy new year. Sincerely,
your president, KING C. GILLETTE."

The year just closed has been the most prosperous the Gillette has ever had in volume of sales of razors and blades, and in percentage of profit. The company has had many cycles in its manufacturing and many in its sales.

The most important event in Gillette history is the one that occurred on the 20th day of September, whereby a controlling interest was taken over by a syndicate of bankers headed by Mr. Aldred, who inaugurated the broad, liberal, expansive policy under which the company has since been and will continue to be operated.

With reference to our foreign business, increasing difficulties have been surrounding our shipments to the Orient and to Europe and other points. These difficulties are becoming more and more serious, partly because of congested traffic, partly because of import and export licenses required; but, in spite of all of these difficulties, we have continued to supply the foreign markets, excepting the Governments with which we are

at war; and we do not propose to let any difficulty in the matter of shipping interfere with our taking care of those markets. We have gone to great expense, and we have spared no effort to keep our goods before the public in all of the countries of the world except Germany and her allies. We intend to inaugurate a more intensive advertising and selling campaign this year than we have ever had before. You will learn something of that campaign today and tomorrow.

It may be interesting to you to know that Mr. William H. Barry, who was with us at several of our conventions, and who for so many years was our cashier, has done splendid work for us in France as manager of our French office. One of his orders was for 6,000 razors and 15,000 dozen blades, and another order was for 65,000 razors and 115,000 dozen blades, the first mentioned being for the Y. M. C. A. at Paris, and the second for the American Expeditionary Force. Business in the Paris office continues to grow, and in spite of all difficulties in getting goods and in collecting money Mr. Barry is handling our affairs to our entire satisfaction.

"Some men are born great, and some achieve greatness." Mr. Aldred has done some very wonderful things. He is not only a captain of industry, but a captain of finance. I have the great pleasure of introducing Mr. Aldred to our salesmen.

It has been determined by the Statistical Department that at the time of going to press exactly $22\frac{3}{4}$ miles of shaving edge in the form of Gillette Blades are turned out each working day in the Boston factory.

Value of Sound Business Policy

MR. J. E. ALDRED

Chairman of the Board of Directors of Gillette Safety Razor Company

GENTLEMEN, it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to be here this morning and become acquainted with you men who are so important to this company. I always feel that running a corporation employing a large number of men in various things is a good deal like running a ball team. One of the first and most valuable experiences I ever had was managing a baseball team here in New England, and it taught me many a lesson that has been applied in later years with very good results to the management of companies. At the time that I ran this ball team here in New England I was an alleged pitcher. But I made mighty sure that I had a good man behind the bat and that I had a good man in every position in the field; and if the batsman got very ructionous with the pitcher, there was always somebody bobbing up out of the grass to catch the flies or pick up the grounders; and so I had the reputation of being quite a good pitcher. As a matter of fact, I did not deserve it, but I did deserve a little credit for putting behind me a good man in every position.

That is the essence and practically the most important thing of all in running any company. We men here who happen to be for the moment in the head positions in this company are really talked of a little more because we happen to be pitchers and catchers. But if anybody knocked a

long fly into the outfield and one of you fellows did not take it in, we would soon lose our reputation.

It is a matter of team play. I could do some things, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Fahey, Mr. Nickerson, and everybody else can do some things, to contribute to the prosperity of this company; but we can only do a small percentage of the work that is required to make this company a great success. It is really you men out in the field who must be depended upon to bring home the goods and give the people in the home office and the factory something to do. And if we do not have a busy time at the factory there is not much doing in the way of dividends on stock.

I suppose, this being a sales conference, any man who has nerve to stand up here and talk to you men should say something about the business of selling goods. I rather hesitate to talk on that theme, because we have here today a very dear friend of mine, Mr. Fuller, who in my opinion is one of the crackerjack salesmen of the country, and I ought really to be ashamed to talk about sales in the presence of such a man as Mr. Fuller. However, I must say something about sales.

It runs through my mind to say to you something like this: Everybody in the world sooner or later is a salesman. What you do in one form, I do in another, and if this leads up to

some personal experiences I shall just have to justify it on this ground, that the only experience that is worth telling is the experience that one has had himself.

A NEW ENGLAND EXPERIENCE

It seems to me, when I think back, that I have spent most of my life trying to sell things. I remember very early in my business career I had an interesting experience here in New England, and it has always stuck in my mind as an outstanding example of one kind of salesmanship. I happened to have a piece of property up in New Hampshire. It was an old factory. It was run down. Finally I could not rent it any more to anybody, and it stood empty for a long time. The roof commenced to fall in, and it was a great fire risk, and they charged 6 per cent for insuring it; and I made up my mind that it was time for this factory to go to the scrap heap, and the first thing was to sell off the machinery and stuff inside of the factory. I started by various means to bring this about, and among other things I corresponded with a concern that had its home in the town where the factory was located, and as a result of this I got a letter from one of the members of the firm, and this letter happened to be lying on my desk when one of my men saw the letterhead, and with apologies he said to me, "I don't want to stick my nose in your business, but I notice Jones Brothers (that is not the right name) letterhead on your desk, and I know these people perfectly well; and I thought if you were going to have any business with them I would tell

you something about them." I said, "I would be very glad to get any pointers in advance, because I propose to do a little trading with those people." He said, "Si Jones is considered one of the smartest traders in New Hampshire. He is a deacon in the Baptist Church, and he is as hard as nails, and he will take it out of you in some form, sure, if you start trading with him." I said, "I guess that will do. That is valuable information, and I will go to it." So I went down into New Hampshire, and by appointment I met Mr. Jones at the hotel. I never had seen him before. He was a very nice looking man, of a type that we have seen here in New England. He had a nice little set of whiskers and a benevolent looking countenance, and a twinkle in his eye. The first thing he said to me after greeting me was, in answer to my question as to how things were going in his town, "Oh, very bad. Things are bad. There is little business, and you cannot turn over goods to make any money at all. I don't know, in all the years I have lived in this town, when money was as scarce as it is right here today." I thought that was cheering for me, as I was there to get some of that money. However, I said, "That is interesting. Would you like to go out and look at this machinery that I want to sell?" "Well," he said, "I have got my buggy outside, but it will hardly pay to drive up there. It is quite a long drive, and the roads are rather bad now at this season of the year, and I don't know whether I want to go up or not." I said, "Just as you say." "Well," he said, "I guess we might as well go up anyhow and take a look at it." So on the



GILLETTE EXECUTIVES AND SALESMEN

From left to right back row:—H. E. K. Ruppel, C. H. Edick, W. B. Philbrick, P. T. Flanagan, C. B. Ayers, C. L. Munch, F. H. Foster, H. S. Rock, W. A. O'Brien, C. T. Crawford, J. A. Barry, A. P. Berry, L. J. Fahey, F. A. Grant, J. Fred Curran, G. R. Brown, Jr., J. J. DeCourcy, Vincent Heiser, F. J. Flynn, J. J. Burke, J. Thos. Frost, Paul P. Foster, F. J. Sullivan, V. J. Grefe, C. E. Rock, A. M. Williams, M. J. Maguire, J. J. Donovan, J. L. Driscoll, C. J. Wheeler, B. R. Read

From left to right front row:—C. I. Prouty, J. D. McLaughlin, H. Allum, A. A. Bittues, E. D. Chadwick, R. E. Thompson, F. J. Fahey, Wm. E. Nickerson, T. W. Pelham, J. Frank Rebuck, Olive A. Cole.

way up he asked me if I had been in town before, and so on, and I said I had been once or twice, but that so far as he was concerned I did not need to come to town, because he was a well-known man throughout New England and I had very often heard of him as a man of outstanding ability in his town and in the state, and in fact I had also heard of him in connection with the Baptist Church, and that I knew he was a deacon there and took a great interest in the church. "Of course," I said, "a man of your reputation and standing in this community cannot hope possibly to hide his light under a bushel. His reputation becomes known throughout the country. I dare say there is not a man in the state better known than you are."

So, with this little preliminary, we

went to it, and when we got in the factory he said, "Well now, there is that lathe over there. What do you reckon that lathe is worth?" I said, "I don't know what lathes are worth. As a matter of fact, to tell the truth, I never had anything to do with lathes. I don't know anything about them at all." "Well," he said, "what price are you going to put on that lathe?" I said, "I don't know anything about the price of lathes. What is the price of lathes? I will take any price that you say is the right price for lathes." "Well," he said, "we will put that down—we will put that down." Then he went on, and he said, "There is that elevator, and it has not been run for two or three years, and it is not worth anything at all." I said, "I don't suppose it is worth much of anything. What do you

think it is worth?" "Well," he said, "I don't think I could use it at all." I said, "It must be worth something to you. Put it down at some figure."

And so we went on, and every time we talked about an article, Si would put it up to me to put a price on it, and I did not know anything about prices at all, but said that he was perfectly trustworthy, that I knew him to be a man of reliability and reputation, and I left it entirely to him. When we got through he had a long list of these things and figures down, and we went back to the hotel; and he hemmed and hawed a good deal, and he said, "I don't know that I ought to have gone out there at all. Come to think of it, money is so tight here, and there is so little going on, I don't see how we can put the money into this thing. It figures up pretty high." I said, "I don't care anything about the money, Mr. Jones, your reputation and your credit is so good that all you need to do with me is to give me a piece of paper, and I will take anything you write. You are perfectly good without anything, so far as I am concerned." He said, "Will you take a note for four months?" "Certainly," I said. "I will take it at six months." "All right," he said, "we will make a trade;" and he gave me the note.

THEY MEET AGAIN

So I bade Mr. Jones good day and went away. Some years, I guess it was, after that I was in Young's Hotel in Boston, and I met my old friend. "Well, I swan," he said, "I am glad to see you." I said, "I am glad to see you. I always have remembered very pleasantly my little trip

up into New Hampshire and that little deal we made. It worked out all right, and your note was perfectly good, and I got the money, and I am perfectly happy, and I think you are pretty well pleased." He said, "About that last, I cannot say exactly that. That was a very strange thing to me. I went back to my brother Hi and Hi said to me, 'Si, what did you mean by giving any such amount of money as this for that machinery?' You know, I had so much trouble with my brother about that trade with you that I was sick for a whole week."

That is one kind of salesmanship, I suppose. I had some other experiences when I went up to Canada. My business was really selling something, and there did not seem to be anybody who wanted to buy the kind of goods we had to sell. One experience was very interesting, because to my mind it illustrates the psychology in doing business, selling things and making deals. This incident occurred in connection with a large water power development that I was interested in. It was very early in the game. In fact, we had done no work at all at the site of this development, which is now a very large affair. In fact, to get to the place with two men who went up with me to consider the possibility of putting some business there, we had to drive about 25 miles and then row a big lumbering boat across the river and climb up the hill on the portage on the only path up to the upper level of the river, and that path had been worn smooth by the moccasins of the Hudson Bay traders and their guides going up the St. Maurice River to their hunting

and trading grounds above. That was the only trail on the place.

We went up this trail and stood on the top of the hill, and the natural features of the situation were so wonderful that I was able to lay the foundation for a deal with Mr. Mellon, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Davis, the president of the Aluminum Company of America, in spite of the fact that we had not turned a sod and we had not done a thing except to put a few picks in the ground to show where the site of the power house was to be, and so on.

QUICK JUDGMENT

The interesting thing about that deal was this. Mr. Mellon is probably one of the longest headed business men in this country. His record proves it. This was nearly 20 years ago. We agreed on a price. We agreed on a location for the works. Of course it was all dependent on the proposition being carried out. Finally we had disposed of almost every question, and Mr. Mellon said, "Well, I think now that is all right, if you will agree to one thing, that our company shall have in perpetuity the sole right to make aluminum by utilization of this power at Shawinigan Falls." That made me scratch my head. I did not know exactly what that meant. The aluminum business was comparatively new. The future was all before us. We had had no experience in making contracts. This was really the first contract we had taken up, and I could not agree to that at the moment; but we went on and looked further over the situation, and finally turned around and went back to Montreal on the train. And

during the three or four hours that I was with those two men I made up my mind that if anybody could make a success of this business I would back these men against the field. That meant this, that I was jumping off into the future with little knowledge, but considerable instinct, because I backed these people against the field to make aluminum at Shawinigan Falls. Now, this is what it meant. The contract that they made involved a thousand horse power. That was all they agreed to take, meaning in dollars and cents a matter of about \$14,000 a year. We are selling those people today over 125,000 horse power, which is more power—more bought power—than is used by any other concern in the world; and it all started with the 1,000 horse power and the psychology of backing these people to win.

And that brings me up to a point which I think is of great importance. There is not only a certain psychology in selling things. I have listened and watched other people trying to sell things, and about 90 per cent of the men who are in the business of selling things can get the man up to the point where he will almost buy, and then instead of driving it home quick and making the deal they flush off, and the business is off for the time being, and then they go back and try it over again some day. It always seems to me when you are selling a thing that you just have to keep the thing going until the deal is made, and not stop half way on the road. And in order to do that and do it successfully you have got to believe what you are saying. You have to have a good thing, and you have

to believe that it is a good thing. You have to be convinced in your mind as to the thing or you cannot convince the other man. If there is any waver in your mind you will communicate it to the customer, and you will not sell the goods. It is like a man driving a horse. If the rider is nervous, whether it be in his hands or in his legs he will communicate it to the horse, and the next thing he knows he will be on his neck. And in selling goods it is my idea that you have got to carry through and keep at it until you do your business.

I see many instances of people trying to sell securities. That happens to come within the scope of my knowledge particularly. I can tell when they begin to talk that they cannot sell securities, because they don't know what they are talking about and they are not convinced, themselves, of the proposition they are trying to put over on the other fellow.

You cannot do anything unless you are firmly convinced of the thing itself. You cannot persuade other people to follow you along that road or do that thing which you do not believe in, and in your case you must believe in yourselves and your business to sell the goods.

Another thing which seems to me of importance in this business of selling things is that all of the people who represent a company should have certain fixed ideas in their minds as to that company. I hope that the men who go out to represent Gillette Safety Razor Company will try to convey to the people they do business with the impression that we would like to have them convey, that this is

a sound company, with the best goods that can be made in their class; that the goods are being sold as honest goods; that there is no disposition to make any misrepresentations; and that the whole business should be kept on a high plane. You are working for a company that may be called a high-toned company. It is sound all the way through, and you ought to, in dealing with your people, assume the ground that you are proud to be able to feel that you represent that kind of a company; because all companies are not that kind, and only too often people have to go out and represent companies that are unsound at the core, that are not being run on sound business principles, and they cannot put their heart into their work.

There is no reason in the world why any man who goes out to represent the Gillette Company should not be proud of that fact alone, because back at the heart of things here, where the home office of the company is, and its policy must be dictated, I am sure I reflect the opinion of my associates when I say, "We want this company to represent nothing but the very best and soundest business principles." Wherever it may be represented—whether in the United States, in Canada, in France, or in Japan—wherever in the world there is a representative of Gillette Safety Razor Company, he must stand as the personification of those ideals, which are founded on the policy of the company here at the home office. There must be no misrepresentation. There must be clean-cut dealings. And the most important thing for him to do is satisfy the customer

and establish such relations with his trade that the business will be cumulative. It is not a question of taking a rabbit out of a hat. It is not a question of selling a man today only. The question is what will your relations be with that man a year from today? Will there be the cumulative effect? That is the one thing in business that is worth striving for. That

is the thing, and if every salesman of this company gets the cumulative effect and builds up his business by proper relations with his customers, he is going to be a very valuable man year by year; and with that thought in mind if he goes to work he is building up a business for himself, and the management will not fail to recognize that.

Gillette Plans for 1918

MR. FRANK J. FAHEY

Vice-President and Treasurer Gillette Safety Razor Company

GENTLEMEN, it is certainly a great pleasure this morning to see you all with us again after a matter of twelve months since our last salesmen's convention. While our last convention was interesting, it was to our minds a little bit brief, in more ways than one. It was brief in the first place because perhaps we did not extend the scope of the convention as far as we should have. Some of our salesmen for various reasons did not come to the convention. We plan this year, however, to make our convention more interesting, more intense, more human, and more valuable, both to our salesmen and to the Gillette Company, not only as regards the speakers here today—all of which will be found very interesting and instructive—but during the next few days to follow, when we want to have a personal, close interchange of ideas with our men off the road. We are rather unfortunate at the home office in a way, because, not seeing our men more than once a

year—with the exception of one or two particular men—sometimes we lose the perspective of the men out selling goods to our trade. We want during these conventions in the future to obtain more of that perspective, and we want to get closer to our salesmen and through them gather ideas as to the other man's point of view, because, after all, the man who goes through life with his own point of view in front of him and who loses sight of what the other man thinks on a subject is certainly working at a big disadvantage.

You will remember at our convention last year we spoke something of our hopes for the year. We told you something about what Mr. Thompson's manufacturing plans were and how they involved the manufacture of about 800,000 razors and 7,000,000 dozen blades. Perhaps you will recall at that time we pointed out to Mr. Thompson that he was extravagant in his anticipations of the big business he was facing. It is interest-



SALES CONFERENCE PROGRAM AND MENU USED AT CONVENTION

ing to go back to that period and then follow along, seeing somewhat what has been done during 1917.

We started our manufacture a year ago with a daily production of about 3,000 razors and 300,000 blades. Up until that time we had never reached that volume of manufacture, and it seemed to us that that should carry us through the year 1917. As the year went on, however, and the demand, both from our domestic trade and the increased business abroad developed, we found that our production was running behind.

Some of you boys out on the road know of some experiences, unfortunately, where we were not able to ship our goods the same day the order was received, as has been our custom for a great many years past.

During the year Mr. Thompson increased his manufacturing facilities so as to take care of about 4,000 razors a day and about 330,000 blades per day. When the pocket edition service set came out in September we had to make another increase in our manufacturing facilities, bringing our maximum up to about

5,100 or 5,200 razors a day and 370,000 blades a day. I am speaking of the Boston factory alone now. During the last three or four months of the year we were compelled to keep up this manufacture of about 5,100 to 5,300 razors a day and 370,000 blades per day; and, believe me, gentlemen, it was necessary to put on all steam in order to do it. Considerable night work was involved, considerable work on Sundays, and considerable higher speed on the part of everybody in the factory. But we got through it, and I think the management owes a little expression of thanks not only to the people in the factory who helped to bring out the large volume during 1917, but also to the boys on the road who went out and put it over in the way you kept us working nights and Sundays in the factory. I take this opportunity of thanking you one and all on behalf of the company.

OUR PLANS FOR 1918

So much for 1917. What we are more interested in, perhaps, now, is what our plans are for 1918 as to volume, conditions, and so forth. We are starting 1918 under perhaps the most trying conditions that the company has ever faced, and we have gotten quite accustomed in the past to facing these various trying conditions. Due to the war, however, the condition of the raw material market—some of which you have heard about, and other things about which you will hear in the next few days—is really one that is causing us considerable worry. We have a fair stock of goods on hand in the raw. We have a fair stock in the course of manu-

facture. But with the Government priorities, and with the embargoes, and the various other vicissitudes that we are being confronted with, we are just a little bit anxious about 1918. However, unless something happens to our plans, we propose in 1918 to manufacture 1,400,000 razors; and we propose to manufacture 8,000,000 dozen blades during the calendar year. I don't know that I need go much further on that subject. It is going to be up to you boys to go out and sell them. We will stand behind you. Thompson always says that he has his manufacture up to the highest point, but he can always screw it up a couple more notches. We have had a big year during 1917. We have sold more razors and more blades, and we have made more money for our stockholders, than in any year in the history of the company; but a year from now when you assemble here we want to make 1917 look like 30 cents as compared with what we will do in the year 1918, and we are going to depend upon you boys to do it. Each one of you who has been working at 100 per cent efficiency in 1917 will have to go out and work 130 per cent efficiency in 1918, or 140 per cent, or 150 per cent; and the more you increase your efficiency the more you can depend on us in the factory to go along with you. When we assemble here in a year from now we want not only to be able to say that we have sold the amount that we want to sell, but that we are able to manufacture them and are ready to start in satisfactorily on another year.

So much for that. You will hear a great deal in this convention during

the next few days from Mr. Pelham, Mr. Rebuck, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Nickerson, Mr. Dyer, and the various people in our organization, about some new advertising and some new sales plans, and some new inventions on the part of Mr. Nickerson, and some new manufacturing ideas of Mr. Thompson's. I will not take up much of your time with that. But we want to take up one thing more, and then we will pass on.

As you gentlemen know, during the year 1917 there was a change in the management of our company. I think perhaps you gentlemen, being out on the road, lost the perspective somewhat as to just what that change meant. Some of you boys who have been with the company a good many years knew Mr. Joyce, our former vice-president, and those of you who knew him will doubtless respect his memory as we do. Mr. Joyce's death brought about changes in the management and the ownership of our business, and also brought about new plans for co-ordination of the men in the employ of the company. While the people in our factory have responded very well to that problem—and by co-ordination I mean joint ownership in the company's business on the part of the employees—I think some of the men on the road, being so far away, and it being impossible to convey that thing to them, have lost the meat of that idea. I have looked over the subscriptions to stock, and, gentlemen, I am not a salesman, as Mr. Aldred and Mr. Pelham, but I just want to call your attention to this stock problem in an intimate way, because it is something that I think

you are letting get by you, and I think those of you who do let it get by are going to feel very, very sorry in the course of three or five years.

AN APPEAL FOR ACTION

Our salesmen, it is true, have all subscribed to the stock in our company. As I look over the list, however, I don't think the salesmen's subscriptions are at all in keeping with the possibilities. I don't think that any salesman should be out representing the Gillette Company on the road unless he is the owner of at least 50 shares of stock in the Gillette Razor Company. If he has at least 50 shares of the company's stock—and we will help to work out plans for you during the next few days by which you can accomplish that—then he can go out as a real representative of the company, and not only as a representative, but as a substantial stockholder in the company. And those of you, I repeat, who do not take advantage of this stock opportunity, I think are going to miss the chance of your lifetime. You are in a big organization, and what we want you to do is to become a real part owner in that organization, and not the owner of a few shares.

It is going to call for some sacrifice on your part to take more stock, perhaps. You will have to economize some ways. Perhaps the advance in your wages can be made to apply on the purchase of your stock. But those of you who do not do it will have great cause to regret it during the next three to five years, because we propose to make this company so eminently prosperous during the next

five years that those of you who do not get aboard now are going to be mightily ashamed later on.

I am going to suggest to our Chairman, Mr. Pelham, before finishing my little talk, that perhaps in response to our president's telegram we should incorporate a telegram conveying the sentiments of this convention to Mr. Gillette. I am going to suggest also that a brief cable be

prepared and sent to our Mr. Barry, who has been always with us here in former conventions, expressing the sentiments of his old colleagues in the Gillette Company; and perhaps also a cable to Captain McCarthy in France.

That is all I have to say now, gentlemen, and the more intimate details we will talk over during the next few days.

Impressions of Gillette Spirit

MR. HENRY J. FULLER

Director Gillette Safety Razor Company

Vice-President Fairbanks, Morse & Company

GENTLEMEN, it is a very great pleasure to me to have the opportunity of talking with you today as one of you. I don't believe there is anybody working for the Gillette Company harder than I am, and I find that there is hardly an hour of the day that I do not have an opportunity to say the word "Gillette" and to do something to help push the game along. Mr. Aldred and Mr. Pelham have said a good many things about me which are quite undeserved, and I was just thinking when Mr. Aldred was speaking that I was going to get a good chance to get back at him this evening, but he is not going to be here, I understand, and of course there would be no fun in jabbing at a fellow when he was moving to New York on a train so fast that you could not hit him. I have known him for over twenty years. We went to Montreal about the same time. That was about my first real selling experience.

I started in in the scale business in St. Johnsbury about 1895, when I left Tech, and went into the drafting office, although I wanted to be a salesman; but there were no opportunities in those days to get connected with a selling organization, because all the proprietors of those companies had cold feet in the worst kind of a way. The worst time I have ever seen that disease prevalent was about last August, at the time Mr. Gillette was putting over this proposition, and the conditions were about the same in the two periods.

After being at St. Johnsbury for some years, I got my chance and made a connection with an Albany house with the Fairbanks people, and then went up beyond Mr. Aldred's plant at Shawinigan Falls, to Lawrentide, with a German who could not talk much English, but who was a chemist and an expert in the manufacture of sulphide pulp. We had nothing but a shack for an office, and

the thermometer was 25 below zero most of the winter, and this man was not much of an organizer or a planner, and the men were carrying along the work: and I used to be sitting in the corner of the room when somebody would come in and say that they could not go on with the work because they did not have this, that or the other thing, and then this German would curse and swear, and then turn around to me and say, "Did you hear what he said? Go and get them."

I stayed there in clover, somewhat nipped by the frost, all of that winter, and the amount of business that was done seemed to open the eyes of our people to the fact that Canada was a very good territory, and I stayed up there for about sixteen years.

CONCENTRATION

In connection with that, I want to say something more about what has been said in regard to the attitude of you men toward this proposition on account of your being too close to it. You have heard about the man who got lost in the forest and could not see anything because the trees were so thick that he could not find the forest on account of the trees. That is the way with most of us men. We all feel that something else is a better proposition. The business I am in is diametrically different in character from what you have. Instead of selling one thing, I am selling a thousand things, and although some of our men specialize in one direction or another, yet we deal with very many varied products, and the complexities of manufacture are

different in different operations, and we have a lot of things to contend with. I am always wishing that there was only one thing, so that I could concentrate on it and really do more with it and have more sales, thinking how happy I would be. I have no doubt you men go round and think that if you had something else to sell you could help your sales showing. But that is not the spirit of the day.

When Mr. Aldred first put up to me the possibility of acquiring an interest in the Gillette Company I talked it over and was immediately interested. I had heard a great deal about the Gillette Company. I used to know Mr. Joyce, and I had a very excellent idea of what an important proposition it was. But when I started to analyze it along the lines of the figures which were submitted to me, I was absolutely astounded, gentlemen, at this business. It seemed to conform in almost all of its features with what I would draw up for an ideal business. The mere fact that the sales had been expanded to such an extent, and the number of employees decreased in the factory, spoke wonders for the efficiency of the manufacturing end. When I came to know these gentlemen and came over to the first directors' meeting, I went off to one side with Mr. Nickerson, and he took me around and showed me some of the things he was doing, and Mr. Fahey had a talk with me, and Mr. Pelham and the others, and I was very much interested, and very much gratified to know the attitude these men had toward each other. You know, Mr. Nickerson stated, "Why, Mr. Thompson is the most remarkable

young man. There is not another young man of his age in the country who is qualified for his work like Mr. Thompson," and he could not do anything but talk about what a wonderful fellow he had back of him in Mr. Thompson. And when I got hold of Mr. Thompson he said, "Look at this machinery that Mr. Nickerson has produced. It is ingenious, and nobody else could produce it." That is the way they talked about Mr. Pelham and Mr. Fahey, and everyone seemed to think that the man with whom he was associated was the greatest man in the world for his position. That sounded pretty good to men like Mr. Aldred and myself, when we came here and found men filling ably and amply the positions with which they were entrusted, and working like a perfectly oiled machine. That is a wonderful thing. That helped us more than anything else to have confidence to go out to our friends and get them interested in this proposition.

Mr. Aldred has spoken about the reasons why we would like to have other people become interested in the Gillette Company as part proprietors and shareholders. As soon as I had made up my mind that I was going to go into it, and go into it as heavily as I possibly could—and I took what was for me a very large interest—I naturally felt that the company would be enormously helped and my investment would be improved, and the whole thing solidified by getting as many of my friends as I could interested in this. I had a rather large acquaintance with people in my line of business and people with whom I came in contact, and I

sent out a telegram to a lot of these people. I should like to tell you who some of these people are, because these men are all working for the Gillette people, just like you, and they think it is a wonderful proposition.

If you have a thousand shareholders your company is infinitely stronger than when you have only one or ten, because you have all of these people, and you never know how or when or where it may be, but you know you can count on it that where a man's dollar is his heart is also, and that these men will all plug your game for you. I have such men interested in this business as Mr. Walter L. Clark, the head of the New England Westinghouse Company. He knows machinery thoroughly. He knows Mr. Nickerson very well, and he was a shareholder of the company when the old organization existed. He was one of those fellows who sold out some stock at \$60.00 or \$80.00 a share of the old company and then saw it go to \$100 and felt like the fellow who missed the train when he was down in the yard and the train was going without him; and now he is aboard again, and he is going to stick this time because he sees what it is.

A NEW SELLING FORCE

I don't know that I can go over this list, but I can tell you that I have twenty-five or thirty substantial men, mostly men who know machinery, men who know the selling game, who are all selling for the Gillette Company; and that is interesting for you to know.

I want to touch on the question of the method of salesmanship which

you gentlemen have to pursue. I can imagine that in your minds is the feeling that you are hampered, that you are tied down. You think you have a cut and dried policy down here for the marketing of the goods, and you sometimes chafe under it. You feel that if you could only throw off 5 per cent here and 10 per cent there you could do a lot of things. Mr. Pelham knows, and you all know, why that is not possible in a proposition of this kind. Those methods, anyhow, are gone out of date. I remember in the old days one of the traditions of the scale business was that the best salesmen would go out and sell scales largely by talk; and I started out myself, I remember, once to sell a track scale, and the manager said, "You know you ought to get 40 off on that scale, and if you are any good you will get 40 off." And I started out to get it, and when I was getting my foot out of the office door he said, "If you have to, you can go to 50," and then he said to 60. And when I got out on the road he said, "You can go as low as 70, but don't let anybody else get the order." If I had brought it back at 80 because it was necessary to go that low to get it away from the other fellow it would have been satisfactory. Those methods were putrid, rotten and unfair, and were not good for anything.

100 PER CENT GOOD

You have a proposition that comes pretty nearly to being one that gives a square deal to every man. Every man gets what he is entitled to under this proposition.

I consider that the Gillette busi-

ness in essence—in the article itself, its manufacture, and the sales methods—is a business which you can call a thoroughbred business. Everything about it is right up to 100 per cent. You have the goods, you have the deliveries, you have the advertising, and you have everything else. The one thing that is necessary to round the matter out and make this company the success that we are going to make it is the ability of the sales force to see that the people who are handling these goods, you, your friends, and everybody else, are thoroughly convinced that the Gillette proposition is the only proposition on the market of its kind.

It is a great thing, gentlemen, to be the leader in your line. Your trade mark, your name, is a synonym of leadership in this line of business. You were the first in the field. Due to the management of the company you are still the first in the field. It is a great thing to be a leader and not a trailer. Think of how many troubles the other fellow is having. Don't think of yours, but think of his. Every time he goes up against you, he is going up against a business that is buttressed and established to the point where it is almost impossible to compete; and if you nearly get discouraged, I guarantee you that your competitors are a hundred times more discouraged than you are.

One thing that every sales management wants in its organization is for the men to be thinkers. You have this cut and dried policy, as I presume sometimes you think of it, which is, after all, nothing but the boiled-down essence of the best brains in

the business, and your advice has contributed to the establishment of that policy, and that is always going to be the way; and that policy is going to be shifted and changed as one of you can see changes which will warrant adoption and the incorporation of those changes and ideas into the company's policy. The company, to be progressive, must change. I don't believe this proposition five years from today will look very much like it does today; and that change can only be brought about by somebody's brains in this business, and that is what every business has to have, and every man ought to feel that in order to get an advance and get to the foremost rank in this company he has to contribute something more than getting off of the train and getting on again and calling on his particular customers and getting around, and that he has to do something that is new and original and that is going to mark him as being a little above the average. And, combined with all of that, there has to be a confident belief and enthusiasm for the proposition for which you are working.

It is a wonderful proposition that you people have an opportunity to be shareholders in this company. I think it ought to help you wonderfully to be able under certain conditions to get some of your friends and customers interested in this proposition. There is nothing that I know of in the industry or line that approaches it for the present and future. It has all the points. It is

something that you can safely and conscientiously recommend to any one of your friends, knowing that you are doing him a personal favor and helping him to make money. And I believe that we ought to have, as time goes on, an increasing number of shareholders in this company, as the stock becomes gradually distributed, because a large shareholder's list itself is a bulwark of safety for the future of the company.

I have hired a great many salesmen. I confess today that I don't know what makes a good salesman in a great many ways. I know some of the qualities that are necessary. But the things that I place greatest importance upon are—and the boys used to say that I had it boiled down to the three P's—the pleasant, persistent plugger. One kind of salesman is always going to win, and he is the man who always keeps his nerve and always wears a smile on his face, the pleasant fellow, because everybody is glad to see him. He must be persistent, and keep it up day in and day out; and he must work early and late, and that is the plugging part of it. With these qualities you are bound to succeed.

The getting together and meeting together here in these conventions—and that, after all, is the object of them—is the greatest thing to make you go back to your territories feeling that spirit of enthusiasm which is going to carry you over your small difficulties and keep you going to make a record for the year 1918 such as you have never had before.

Gillette Development in Canada

MR. A. A. BITTUES

Managing Director Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada Limited

MR. CHAIRMAN, Mr. Aldred, our Directors, and you gentlemen of the sales and manufacturing staff of the home company.

It perhaps gives to me more pleasure than it does to anybody in the room to be for the first time at one of your sales conventions. We in Canada have felt for a good many years that we were pretty small potatoes. We hear about your millions down here, and although we have had pretty fair sales we have felt that we were small. Now we have commenced to feel that we are growing and growing fast, and I think before we get through we can prove to you that we are so doing.

One thing I want to say, however, gentlemen, and that is this, that before I left I had a talk with those of the staff who could not be here today, and I bring to you from them a most earnest message of good will and a desire for friendship on their part, and, above all, a desire for earnest business co-operation, and that means a great deal.

In 1905 I happened to be in the

gas companies here in Boston, and then one of our directors, Mr. Holloway, asked me to come into the Gillette Company. I had been in the navy. I did not know very much about commercial lines. But from seeing a very crude type of razor, and hear-

ing Mr. Holloway's talk, I thought it was high time that I connected up with such a company as this. I had not been with the company more than about six months until they asked me to go to Paris and put in a plant there. I got back from that trip, and Mr. Gillette called me over to the offices, which were on Tremont Street at that time, and said, "You are to go up to Montreal, Canada, and establish a plant

there." The first thing I did was to go home and turn up my old common school geography and look to see where Canada was and where Montreal was, and to see, too, whether it was a land of ice and snow. I have commenced to think, this last week, that I formed the wrong conclusion in those days when I thought it was not. However, in the latter part of 1906 I went up to Montreal.



MR. A. A. BITTUES
Managing Director Gillette Safety Razor
Co. of Canada, Limited

The first man I hired was my friend Flanagan here, and he is still with us. I hired 2,000 feet of space down on St. Antoine street in the center of the city. I had some very splendid packages of machinery to get out and put up, and finally, by January of the next year, had the plant running and we were making 35 razors a day—perhaps I had better say we were trying to make 35 a day—and we were turning out some 60 or 70 sets of blades. We got out a wonderful balance sheet and sent it to Boston, and just eleven years ago today I walked down to the office in the morning and found that we did not have any such thing—that during the night the building had burned, as well as the whole block which contained the building, and that our machinery was a puddle of molten metal down in the basement, and that we had not any plant. The help were all standing around in St. Antoine Street crying, and wanting to know, in their French way, if they had lost their jobs. I called up the bank, and they told me that we had plenty of funds, and about an hour after I had gotten down there we had an office opened across the street and a Gillette sign up on the front of it, and we were ready to do business. I went down the street, and I met George Caverill. He said, "What are you doing down here so early this morning?" I said, "We have burned out, and we want to telephone to Boston." He said, "Young man, do you want any money?" I said, "No." He said, "Remember that you can draw on us for anything you want to keep you going." I tele-

phoned to Boston. Mr. Rote was manager at that time. I said, "Good morning. We would like another equipment of machinery. We burned out last night." All Rote said was, "Good God." However, in three days we had another equipment of machinery on the cars and on the way to us. We went down to 622 St. Paul Street and put in a temporary plant there. We very soon outgrew that. We went from there up to St. Alexander Street, where we had 4,000 square feet of space. We had gotten along some.

STARTED AGAIN

We commenced to turn out about 75 razors a day and perhaps 125 sets of blades. Mind you, this was all pioneer work. You people down here had had the benefit of the Star and the other razors in ahead of you, but up there they knew just as much about the Gillette as nothing at all. In fact, they thought it was a fake, and they were sure that it was a fake. But we got along, inch by inch, and created friends, and today we have a building that stands us on our books \$400,000. I am not going to say that it is a better building than you have for a plant in Boston, but it is an absolutely modern building, of Turner construction, and concrete, and there is not a better looking building in the city of Montreal. We have 48,000 square feet, and we have been turning out this year about 300 razors a day and about 3,000 sets of blades. We have on our floor today and on the way to us about \$180,000 worth of machinery. We are equipping that plant to make 800 razors a day and



GILLETTE SALESMEN IN CANADA

C. H. Edick

W. B. Philbrick

M. J. Maguire

10,000 sets of blades a day. So in our way, and in proportion, we are going ahead just as fast as you can down here.

Still, you don't want to forget that all of our business is not in Canada. Canada is a big, big territory. It has got in it 112,000 square miles more than the United States. It is five times as big as the United Kingdom. But we only have, in all of that country, 8,000,000 people. We only have 3,800,000 men who are possible razor users. You men who travel out of New York are traveling among 7,000,000 people, and you are doing it by electric car. My friend Maguire here is seeing a scant million people in the west, and he is traveling 32,000 miles to do it, at $3\frac{1}{4}$ cents a mile. So that we have not within our grasp as many people as we would like. Nevertheless, there

are shipments leaving the Montreal factory for England, a few to France, some to Australasia, the Fiji Islands, with our handling of a part of the Russian shipment for you, and we are spreading out. If we had to depend on Canada alone I rather fear we would not go ahead so fast. And yet there is not a man in the Canadian company who does not feel that Canada is fundamentally sound. All we need is a population there. Canada has got enough in the way of food stuffs to feed all that will come.

If at the end of this year we cannot show you a chart of sales that will be the equal or in advance of the ones that we have here I shall be very much ashamed of myself. The reason I show it to you in this way, gentlemen, is because I think you can more thor-

oughly understand it than in figures. Each one of these figures represents 4,000. This is the key square here. You notice our business in the old years. I, for one, as well as every one of my men, am mighty glad to see that peak reaching that point. The red here designates our export shipments. You can see also the growth that there is between here and here where in 1912 the color partly shows. It is an absolute fact, therefore, from that chart, that we are going ahead. Our production on blades shows an equal advance. Our production on razors the same. It is very easy to see by your charts, boys, where the war commenced. But, notwithstanding the fact that the war is on, and that there are 434,000 men gone out of that country, we have an increase just the same. If there is in any of your minds any idea that the Gillette business is all profit, I am going to ask you to look at this chart. They are not comparative by the size of circles, but each circle represents 100 per cent of the expense as spent in a year. The red shows our taxes, the black our advertising. In 1917 you will note that the war tax—that is, business profits tax—shows up fairly red. It means in that little corporation, gentlemen, that we have paid to the Governments over \$100,000 in taxes on the profits. You will also see that our advertising, with our bigger business, is a smaller proportion of our general expense.

Mr. Fuller knows, and Mr. Aldred knows, that we have an immense French population in Canada. In fact, we have over 2,500,000 Canadian born French. If you think they are easy to sell, gentlemen, come up

and try it. Mr. Frenchman does not know the first thing, even with all the advertising that has been done by not only our firm but by many firms, or anything about high grade articles today. He is a peculiar type. When he likes you he likes you mighty well. But we find out that one little step from the straight and narrow path of business with a Frenchman means your downfall for good. Dugal talks with Dupont, and Dupont talks with somebody else, and the first crooked deal that is put over you are done with those families. Therefore we are trying to follow out in Montreal the very ideas that Mr. Aldred has set before you today—first, to make friends. There is not anybody in that whole Dominion that is too small for us to make a friend of, and there is not anybody too big, either, whether it is Sir Herbert Holt, or whether it is a little Frenchman up in the country. There is a ramification from each and every one of those men that means business for us.

[SELLING DIFFICULTIES

When we send a man out I think we have up there more difficulty, you might say, to train the salesman than you have down here. He is going up against a very different class of people. But we take him into the office first, because we think he is a good, clean type of fellow, and a fellow who is going to do us good on the road. Then we put him into the factory, and he goes out into the factory for a month. That is our little start in the investment in the man. He learns to know what the Gillette razor is, what it is made of, how it is made,

and to try to set up in his own mind whether or not it is the article we claim it to be. He then comes into the office. He has the advantage of looking over our scrap books of twelve years' duration. Everything has been kept that we can find that pertains to the company and its actions, and we tell him what the company is, who is behind it, what money is behind it, and we try to make him feel before he starts out that he has got, as Mr. Aldred says, the very best thing that there is in this world, as far as a safety razor is concerned, and that he is going out to sell that knowing that it is not going to come back and knowing that it will be satisfactory when it is used.

We fall down here and there. We have our troubles, as well as you do. But when we do get complaints we do not let that complaint rest, nor do we give it any minor attention. If a salesman is in a city where a complaint emanates from, we do not write a letter to the customer, but we make that salesman go to see John Brown, or John Smith, or whoever the man may be, and we put it up to that salesman to leave John Brown or John Smith a real friend of the company.

PIONEER WORK

Mr. Aldred has told you that he started in the base-ball business. You can rest assured that he is still pitching a pretty good ball. I think we have reason to know that in Montreal possibly better than a great many of you men do. He speaks of Shawinigan Falls. Our good old friend, Mr. Joyce, bought those falls from the Dominion Government in

1897, and it was Mr. Aldred who climbed that steep and slippery path with his friends to look over those falls and finally bring out a corporation such as he has there, and to finally develop the corporation that we have here also. Mr. Aldred neglected to tell you, however, that he did not stop with his creation of a water power. He did not tell you that it was he who was the first to obtain a charter for a Government hospital in Quebec which was the first of its kind in the small towns of the Province. He did not tell you, either, that Shawinigan Falls is an industrial town in every sense of the word today, and well on the way toward being a city. Big corporations are there, taking advantage of the power that has been created from those falls. That was his salesmanship. And were you ever to view that town, I think you would all say that he was some salesman. However, if our men in Canada can only in a small way carry out some of the ideas that have been set forth by Mr. Aldred, I shall be satisfied, and I know that Mr. Aldred is going to be, as well as Mr. Fahey.

I know this, that I had occasion to talk with Mr. Fahey some months ago, when this re-incorporation was coming up, and you can take it from me that I learned in no uncertain terms where, and not figuratively speaking, we had been wasting our firm's money, our own energies, in doing things not to the well being of the firm. That sunk into me. There seemed to be a message through Mr. Fahey from Mr. Aldred. I conveyed that message to our staff. We have a different idea of things up there to-

day, gentlemen. We honestly believe that each and every one is a part and parcel of the Gillette business in his own person, and that when he falls down he is going to be the one to suffer, in pocket as well as in mind, and it means a good deal to them.

Our men have taken all the stock they felt they could handle, and it means that all branches of our staff are interested in the Gillette company. And there is no question, gentlemen, but what we all have got every opportunity in the world to make good for the company and for ourselves. If you don't understand it, and if you don't take advantage of it, you are going to be among the missing in later years. I have been with the company long enough to have seen the early shares go out for little or nothing, and bought back for fabulous sums of money afterwards, and they do say that history repeats itself.

OUR WAR CONTRIBUTION

It is true that with us we have sent away 430,000 men. Out of that 430,000 men we have had a wastage of 126,000. Out of our plant we have sent 21, as against your 60 odd. We are going to put out our service flag with 21 stars on it. There are going to be five black bars across five of those stars, however, boys, and that is what you people have not had yet. I think among our boys there are seven going in the Aviation Corps, and I think it speaks well for the Canadian plant that those boys have been able to make the Aviation Corps, because the Aviation Corps asks for a better class of men than any other branch of the service.

Going further into the war and into the commercial side of it, we have not any fear for the business side of Canada for the moment. Let it suffice to say that Great Britain has turned over orders to Canada for all kinds and manner of material so far of \$1,900,000,000. We have had contracts for \$760,000,000 worth of shells. We are making shells in 400 plants, plants, as Mr. Fuller and Mr. Aldred know, that never thought they could do anything of that sort before. That reflects itself throughout the whole country. We are building some ships—\$46,000,000 worth—out on the coast. We have an aeroplane factory in Toronto, standardized and co-ordinating with your American plants. All that is turning in money to the Canadian working man. So far we have been able to sell in Canada one razor to every thirteen and one-half men. I don't know what Mr. Rebeck's figures are here, but I will venture to say we have reached just a few more men than he has. We did that not entirely with advertising. We did it with the boys who went out and sold the goods. Advertising has been a big factor in our business. Ours, perhaps per force of locality, is different from yours here—different in this sense, that we don't carry advertising ahead, but make it topical to the day. That is, if anything comes up which we think has a human or public interest we take advantage of it. We use, as you do, both the newspapers, magazines, and the posters. There is no question in our Canadian country as to the posters being a big help to the newspaper advertising. The picture conveys a message to the people as

quickly as the reading matter, if not quicker. Throughout Canada we still have the Indian writings of their hunts and battles by picture, and even today you can sit down and buy those pictures and read their so-called histories. I had a very good example of what picture advertising could do up in the north country a few months ago. I heard a conversation similar to this: One of the maids was washing up, and she called to the man of the house that she wanted some washing powder. She had rather a brogue, and she asked for the washing powder like this: "Charlie, where is that can of Dutch Chaser?" That was the picture over again. That woman was illiterate. I don't believe that yards or columns of written matter would have given her any idea of Dutch Cleanser, but she remembered the picture of the little girl chasing dirt. And so everybody we have up there has come to feel that for a picture message absolutely the poster is the heavy artillery of advertising. In other words, it helps out the work of the media of the newspapers, magazines, and so forth. If such is not the case with you people or is not the case down here, I am here to hear about it.

As far as our selling is concerned by the men, I have told you how we pick the men out. We give that man to understand, however, when he is out on the road that if he is in Winnipeg he is the same as Mr. Pelham, Mr. Fahey or myself. He is the company. He will be known by his acts, and so will the company be known.

We want him to be a good fellow. We want him to be able to make friends. We want him to be able to go with his customer to his house and play bridge. If he has to go on a chicken hunt on a Saturday afternoon he is welcome to do it; but we want him to make friends. The only thing we will not tolerate up there is the two bottle of Scotch game. That is all gone in our country, boys, and it is fast going everywhere. In salesmanship it died out years ago. It not only harms your customer, but it harms you in his eyes and the eyes of his clerks, and it harms his credit, which is the most vital thing to him.

However, our boys are pretty human, and so far they have been able to bring back some pretty considerable business to us. If they cannot do it another year they have got to go. That is the only penalty that they have up in front of them. We chart all of their results. We know when their slumps come. We do not crucify them. We try to help them out. And we feel that we have a pretty good and a pretty earnest lot of workmen.

Gentlemen, there is one thing that I would like to see and that is a salesman's convention, held in Montreal. We have an interesting plant and an interesting city. I am sure you do not all know about Canada, and I most certainly would sometime like to see a sales convention held there. We can give you some real weather there, boys, particularly if you hold your convention on January 3rd.



GILLETTE SALESMEN

From left to right standing: — C. T. Crawford, L. J. Fahey, F. H. Foster, C. J. Wheeler, J. L. Driscoll, J. Frank Rebuck, Assistant Sales Manager, A. P. Berry, G. R. Brown, Jr., Vincent Heiser, W. A. O'Brien, J. A. Barry

From left to right seated: — C. B. Ayers, C. I. Prouty, J. T. Frost, A. M. Williams, F. A. Grant, V. J. Grefe

The Gillette Sales Force

THERE is a wise saying that "Goods well made are half sold." The matter of quality is a strong feature with the Gillette Company, not only as regards their line, but the men who represent them in the selling field.

The Observer has made these few brief pen sketches of the men who came from the four quarters of the United States and Canada to Boston for the Annual Gillette Convention.

J. FRANK REBUCK

Born Fannettsburg, Pa., May 30, 1878. Public School Education. Entered Gillette Sales Force, June 11, 1906, travelling Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and part of Ohio.

Chicago Office Manager 1911-12-13, General Representative 1914-15 covering the United States. Brought into home office during 1915 as assistant to Thomas W. Pelham. Officially appointed Assistant Sales Manager 1917.

FREDERICK A. GRANT

Born October 12th, 1884, Brooklyn, N. Y. Married—one child. From school went to Consolidated Gas Co., New York, and stayed with them five years as Application Clerk. Started work for Gillette Safety Razor Co. in 1906 as Mail Clerk at \$10.00 per week. Then worked on books for year and half. First sales work done in New York City and vicinity. Then covered Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas for over a year, finally being transferred to Mis-

souri, Nebraska, Kansas and part of Southern Illinois, this being his present territory.

ARTHUR M. WILLIAMS

Born October 8th, 1883, Fairport, N. Y. Not married. Started life as a farmer boy — came to New York seeking his fortune. In September 1906 started working for Gillette Safety Razor Co. as assistant in the Shipping Department, then was brought into the office and trained for the road. First covered Indiana and Michigan, next year added Kentucky and Tennessee. Now covers Western New York, Ohio, Michigan and part of Kentucky.



LESLIE J. FAHEY

Born January 20th, 1895, Cleveland, Ohio. Single. First real job was selling dictating machines. Was factory representative for an automobile concern for three years previous to coming with Gillette Safety Razor Co., in Fall 1917. Has been concentrating on men's Furnishing Stores, Cigar Stores and Barbers.

CHARLES T. CRAWFORD

Born November 25, 1881, Cowan, Ky. Not married. Went to Pacific Coast in 1900. Worked for Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco, from January, 1901, until July, 1909. Began work for Gillette Safety Razor Co., October, 1909. Covers Pacific Coast States. Makes his home at Olympic Club, San Francisco.

CHARLES B. AYERS

Born July 3rd, 1874 Low Banks, Ontario, Canada. Married — one child. Formerly worked for Holmes Electric Co., Buffalo, Keller Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, and Johns-Manville Co. Came to work for Gillette Safety Razor Co., July 1911. Territory covers Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C., Maryland, the pan handle West Virginia and Southern New Jersey.



JOSEPH A. BARRY

Born June 6th, 1885, in New York City. Married, has four children. First worked for Mutual Bank, New York City. Came to work for Gillette Safety Razor Company in 1907, covering part of New York State. Later was transferred to Wisconsin, Iowa and Northern Illinois, working from the Chicago office. Made Chicago manager January 1st, 1917.

GEORGE R. BROWN, JR.

Born January, 1888, in New York City. Not married. Formerly worked for New York Metal Construction Company, Steel Office Fixtures, also Manning, Maxwell & Moore. Is a student of the Alex. Hamilton Institute. Began work for Gillette Safety Razor Co., November, 1917. Has no permanent territory at present time.

FRANK H. FOSTER

Born September 12, 1868, New York City. Married. Started business life in the hardware line. Came to work for Gillette Safety Razor Co., in September, 1905. Left in 1910 but returned in 1911. Always has covered New England territory and N. E. Section of New York.



CHESTER J. WHEELER

Born June 9, 1879, New Castle, N. H. Married — one child. Formerly a druggist. Came to work for Gillette Safety Razor Co., in 1908, left them in 1913 but returned to their employ in 1917. At present time is covering Wisconsin, Indiana and Northern Illinois.

JAMES L. DRISCOLL

Born November 24, 1887, Chelsea, Mass. Married — five children. Started working for Gillette Safety Razor Co., August, 1904, in the Buffing and Polishing Department, later in the Plating Department, March, 1914, started work in the Publicity Department, then in 1917 transferred to the Sales Department. His territory covers New York City above 42nd Street.

WILLIAM A. O'BRIEN

Born November 27, 1895, Brookline, Mass. Not married. Harvard graduate, class of 1917. Started work with Gillette Safety Razor Co., November 12, 1917. Has not been assigned permanently to any territory.

ALFRED P. BERRY

Born August, 1894, Wal-
tham, Mass. Married. In busi-
ness with his father and then
worked for the White Auto-
mobile Co. Started working
for Gillette Safety Razor Co.,
in November, 1917. His terri-
tory covers Alabama, Geor-
gia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina,
Virginia and parts of Tennessee, Kentucky
and West Virginia.

**VINCENT J. GREFE**

Born July 27, 1891, New York City. Not married. Went to work for Gillette Safety Razor Co. nine years ago, his first job being office boy. Later given an opportunity on the sales force of New York. Appointed New York manager September 1917.

VINCENT HEISER

Born April 16, 1883, Charleston, S. C. Started work for the Gillette Safety Razor Co. in 1912. Covered Minnesota, the Dakotas, Northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan Peninsula. In 1917, Iowa was added to his territory.

CLINTON I. PROUTY

Born August 31, 1881, Spencer, Mass. Married, two children. Worked for Diamond Tire Co. until came to Gillette Safety Razor Co., February 1st, 1912. Covers Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma and part of Tennessee, with headquarters, at Fort Worth, Texas.

**JOHN THOMAS FROST**

Born February 28, 1885, Peckham, England. Not married. Came to Canada when a baby and to United States in 1906. Began work for Gillette Safety Razor Co., in 1913 in their machine shop. For some time past has been attending an evening class in Salesmanship. Started sales work December 17th, 1917. No definite territory assigned.

CANADIAN SALESMEN**M. J. MAGUIRE**

Born October 28, 1883, in Montreal, Canada. Married October 28, 1914. First worked for Department of Agriculture of Montreal in clerical position. Then became associated with the Canadian Pacific Railroad and later sold leather belting in Quebec. Again took up rail-
roading with the Grand Trunk Railway and still later travelled for a machinery concern. Has worked for Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd., since June, 1909. His territory covers Western Canada.

C. H. EDICK

Born March 16, 1882, in Tunkhannock, Pa. Single. Started as banker and worked for one concern ten years. Went to Winnipeg in 1913 in real estate business. When war broke out went to work for the Atlantic Sugar Refinery until he came with Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd., in 1917.

W. B. PHILBRICK

Born May 4, 1866 in Candia, N. H. Married. Came to Boston when he was 17 years old and started on road for Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, traveling through Maine. Later was in grocery business for himself in Roxbury, Mass. Went to work for Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd., in October, 1915.

**Question**

Why is the letter "D" like the word Gillette?

Answer

Because it is first, last and always in "De-
mand."

Our Roll of Honor

Gillette Boys Who are Now Serving with the Colors

*The Boys upon the Honor Roll, God bless them all I pray!
 God watch them while they sleep at night, and guard them thru the day.
 We've stamped their names upon our walls, the list in glory glows,
 Our brave boys and our splendid boys who stand to meet our foes.*

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

(Address care of New York Post Office, N. Y.)

McCarthy, W. J.
 Capt. Co. B., 101st Infantry

Mullen, Martin
 Corp. Co. B., 101st Infantry

Hartnett, John
 Co. B., 101st Infantry

Ryan, Herbert
 Co. B., 101st Infantry

McAteer, Owen
 Co. B., 101st Infantry

Page, Albert W.
 Co. B., 101st Infantry

McDonald, George
 Co. B., 101st Infantry

McDonough, Thos.
 Co. B., 101st Infantry

Hurley, John J.
 Co. B., 101st Infantry

Foley, John J.
 Co. I., 101st Infantry

Rice, Julius
 Co. D., 101st Infantry

Wallace, James H.
 Co. D., 101st Infantry

Hannon, Michael
 Co. E., 101st Infantry

Pickering, Geo. H.
 Co. H., 101st Infantry

Glasheen, James
 Co. H., 101st Infantry

Fisher, Charles
 Batt. A., 101st Infantry

Donahue, J. L.
 Mach. Gun Co., 101st Infantry

Mahoney, A. H.
 Sergt. Co. F., 101st Engineers

Murray, Edward
 Sergt. Co. F., 101st Engineers

Anderson, Geo. L.
 Cook, Hdqts., 103rd Infantry

Leroux, Peter
 Sergt. Co. E., 104th Engineers

Evans, George
 Sergt. Hdqts., 104th Engineers

Mannion, J. T.
 Sergt. Hdqts., 104th Engineers

FRENCH ARMY

(Address Paris, France)

DeCourcy, Harold
 S. S. V. No. 9, Convois Autos, Par B. C. M.

UNITED STATES NAVY
(Address care Postmaster New York City)

| | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| Nagle, Jos. A. U. S. S. Gresham | McGuire, Owen U. S. S. Virginia |
| Heil, John U. S. S. Gresham | Fagan, Dan F. U. S. S. Machias |
| Cossaboom, Harry U. S. S. Birmingham | Warnock, Harold U. S. S. Richmond |

UNITED STATES NAVY
(Home Stations)

| | |
|--|---|
| Cunningham, G. M. Printer, Navy Yard, Charlestown, Mass. | Page, E. A. Rec'g Ship, Commonwealth Pier Boston, Mass. |
| Boltz, Henry C. Rifle range, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. | Miller, Nazaire Rec'g Ship, Commonwealth Pier Boston, Mass. |
| Daykin, Leo. H. Radio School, Cambridge, Mass. | Mitchell, Peter Navy Y. M. C. A., 167 Sand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Chaisson, Wm. Train, Sta., Hingham, Mass. | |

UNITED STATES ARMY
(Home Stations)

| | |
|---|--|
| Cushman, Frank Co. A., 504th Engineers, Camp Merritt Tenafly, N. J. | Sorenson, Oliver Co. H, 301st Infantry, Camp Devens Ayer, Mass. |
| Kenny, Walter M. O. T. C., Camp Greenleaf, Ft. Ogel- thorpe, Florida | Sweeney, F. J. 35th Co., 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. |
| Kearney, Wm. H. Camp Johnson, Johnsonville, Fla. | Kairit, John W. Batt. F., 55th Field Art., Fort Strong Boston, Mass. |
| Bero, J. Jos. Co. K., 325th Infantry, Camp Gordon Atlanta, Ga. | Winn, Owen 26th Co., Fort Andrews, Boston, Mass. |
| Coyle, James E. Co. D., 38th Infantry, Camp Green Charlotte, N. C. | McKnight, John 17th Co., Fort Revere, Hull, Mass. |
| Pearson, F. M. Sergt. Co. H., 5th Reg. N. G., Camp Green Charlotte, N. C. | Wright, Sam'l T. Sect. 562 U. S. A. A. C., Allentown, Pa. |
| Ward, E. Frank 1st Sergt., Co. D., 301st Inf., Camp Devens Ayer, Mass. | Harris, F. D. Qmsts. Dept., Camp Dix, N. J. |
| Abrams, Max Mach. Gun Co., 301st Infantry, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. | Henderson, J. T. Co. A., 8th Reg. N. G., Westfield, Mass. |
| | Reardon, John |



CAPT. WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY
Co. B., 101st Infantry

The Gillette Boys with the Colors Their Letters to Friends at Home

DEAR FRIENDS:

REST assured you all will be busy turning out the goods if what I see in my small sphere is a criterion. Every town large or small that I have been through in France has one or several stores with the Gillette holding down the reserve seat in the center of the show window and this is not "Bull."

When I pass a store window, I automatically stop when I see that "old plated hook" resting in a case that looks like a million dollars, and see that familiar U. S. Currency labelled carton near. The sets just look at me from these French store windows and "dammit" if they could talk I might have to answer several questions, because hundreds of thousands of

Gillettes are going into the trenches—if for no other reason than that a soldier *must* be clean shaved daily to expect proper results with the gas mask which is the *most important* part of a soldier's equipment within quite a few miles of the front.

Being cleaned shaved is so necessary on this account every man considers a razor first when making up his pack prior to a trip in.

So you can imagine that looking into a window at a nice display of fresh sets is the most homelike feeling I can dig up in France.

Sincerely,

CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY

American Expeditionary Forces.

DEAR FRIEND:

YOU will be surprised to hear from me, but I want to tell you that I have read *Over the Top*. I omitted to mention it in my last letter. I enjoyed it too. I see by the papers that Serg. Empey was in Boston lecturing. I wish I might hear him. Also I was interested in the clipping about Harry Lauder. He said the same things when he talked to us. I haven't had a chance to look at the magazine yet, because we have been digging dugouts. My bunkie and I have nearly finished ours. We have all the comforts of home,—a fire place, two easy chairs, and regular bunks. I am going to take a picture of it when it is done, and I will send you one, so you may see how a bomb-proof dugout looks. I guess we are going to be out in the wilderness all winter. We must be getting up near the mining district, because we are camped around an old abandoned iron mine. If the battle fields of France are any more desolate, or more devoid of vegetation than our little hole in the ground, they are not much for beauty. A more ugly, muddier, or uneven spot of ground I never saw.

But we are having fun though. Every morning there is a sham battle, and we go out after

the wounded men who are spread out in "No Man's Land" tagged with a description of their wounds. We fix up the blessés with first aid packs, and get them into the dressing stations. Then the surgeons at the dressing stations mark the treatment and destination of the patient on the tag, and the stretcher men carry them to the loading point on stretchers, where the ambulance men fill up the ambulances and take them either to the base or field hospital according to the seriousness of the case. We take turns as sanitary men who pick up the men on the field, and render immediate first aid with litter bearers, and drivers. The sanitary work is the most interesting, but of course it is very dangerous. I would hate to be a litter bearer,—it would be just about like pushing a wheel barrow day in and day out.

It is interesting how the dead and wounded are kept track of. When the sanitary troops go into action, each man has a book of tags, which tear off in bunches of two, the lower one of which makes a carbon copy. When one of the sanitary troops finds a wounded man he writes a description of the wound on the tags. Ties one to the man and turns in the other to the commander of the dressing station. If a dead man is found, the same process is carried out only the man's identification locket is given to the commander of the dressing station with the tag, and the body is not brought in. Both the sanitary troops and the stretcher bearers work in squads of four. I was out with a squad of sanitary men this morning, and the first two men we found were lying side by side in a ravine. One was tagged "Sunstroke — Unconscious," and the other "Both Feet Frozen." So you can see that this is a weird country. Our next man had a compound fracture of both legs, and a shrapnel wound in the chest. He died before we got him in.

It is tough to be detailed as a patient, because they get some awful rough rides before they reach the ambulance. I saw a man spilled into a brook yesterday when four stretcher men were trying to cross on some stones.

I must close, because I can't see what I am writing. I will continue in my next.

Very sincerely,

SAMUEL T. WRIGHT, *Allentown, Pa.*



SAMUEL T. WRIGHT
Sec. 502, U. S. A. A. C.



SERGT. ARTHUR H. MAHONEY
Co. F., 101st Engineers

DEAR FRIEND:

HERE I am in La Belle France! We are billeted in a quaint old town which is depopulated entirely of its males. There is a stove in the evacuated house we occupy which keeps us warm when we can pilfer enough wood to keep it going — wood being as scarce as hen's teeth here in muddy France. We have no kick coming as the food is excellent and we can get good wine at thirty cents a quart.

Candy, though, is almost out of our reach. The best things we get here are gateaux at four cents apiece, undersized eclairs, diminutive cream cakes and similar French pastries — all excellent but expensive. (I suppose Joe Sicari is still coining money at the foot of the stairs.)

The only thing that breaks the monotony here is the mail and you can tell the world for me that mail looks mighty good to us.

Sincerely,
A. H. MAHONEY
American Expeditionary Force

WAR COMMITTEE, GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.

RECEIVED your welcome package today and wish to thank and congratulate you for the kind work you are doing and will do for the boys in the Service.

To say that it is a pleasure to receive a package would be saying little as packages are really the connecting link between the soldiers and the folks "back home."

Gratefully yours,

E. FRANK WARD
Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

DEAR PAPA:

YOUR letter and box received and was more than glad to get them. Well how is everything over at the shop? Glad to hear that Roy likes his new job and hope he will stick to it. I was with Dan MacAuly last Sunday and he is feeling O.K. We are having bum weather over here now and it will be a cold place this winter. So the boys are having a good time out in Ayer, well good luck to them. I have no friends out there. If you see Dan Morrison again tell him to drop me a card with his address and I will write to him. Well there is not much to write about this time for we cannot say much about where we are. Hoping this note will find you and all of the family O.K.

Lovingly,

GEORGE A. PICKERING
American Expeditionary Force.



GEORGE A. PICKERING
Co. H., 101st Infantry

DEAR FATHER :

JUST a few lines hoping to find you and the rest of the family in good health. I hope you enjoyed your Thanksgiving. I enjoyed this day pretty near as much as if I were home. We had one "swell" time today and a great dinner. There was a big football game between the Engineers and our Regiment. Our regiment of Infantry won the game, and maybe it wasn't a good game.

We are "living the life of Riley" over here. Everybody seems to be happy and as long as we are happy that is half of the battle.

Our Thanksgiving dinner was "swell." We had turkey, mashed potatoes and everything that goes with a Thanksgiving dinner. I am sending the Bill of Fare we had, and you can see for yourself what it consisted of.

I was talking with Brother Frank today and he is in good health.

It is now seven o'clock over here and you are just getting through with your dinner and we will be in bed soon. If I were home now, I would be going up to Bethesda to have a few hops. I suppose the old dances are all shot to pieces, as all the boys in South Boston are being drafted. They miss the boys 35 cents, as in our Regiment there are a lot of boys who used to go to dances.

Tell Ma to send Frank and me some Perfections and some crackers and candy. Send a few bars of Lifebuoy soap and a few towels. I have bought some towels over here, and they are not much good. Tell Ma to tell Frank Hughes I was asking for him. Tell him that Frank McVey and I sleep near each other, and he is enjoying himself.

If I don't get my razor soon, I am going to buy a Gillette here. I am waiting for the razor and it has not come yet. Well, I will close hoping you have enjoyed your Thanksgiving as well as I did mine — and believe me, I enjoyed myself.

Give my regards to Ma and to my brothers and sisters.

Your son,

PRIVATE JOHN J. HURLEY

Co. B., 101st Infantry,

American Expeditionary Force

HOTEL DE LA CASERNE

THANKSGIVING DINNER

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

— 1917 —

Co. B., 101st U. S. Infantry

Dinner Special

Potage De La Turk

Roast Turkey & Gravy
a la froid magasinage

Mashed Potatoes Sweet Potatoes
Pommes de terre en assortiment

Cranberry Sauce
Camouflage

Hot Mince Pie
Si ca vient

Mixed Nuts Raisins
Grenades Shrapnel

Lemonade Coffee
Liquid Fire Cafe de l'Armee

Finis

NOTE : — Bring your own mess gear



ALBERT W. PAGE

Co. B., 101st Infantry

Sitting with group of friends in France consisting of two American soldiers, two French poilus and one French citizen

GILLETTE FIRE RULES

If you have ever been in a fire panic anywhere you will seize upon the Gillette Fire Rules with real joy. One of the hardest things to teach is preparedness for a danger that may never arise. And, of course, we don't expect to see the Gillette plant burst into sudden flame and disappear in smoke. But what we do want is to feel that if such an unfortunate happening should fall to our lot, we could be assured of the safety of every last one of our employees. With this purpose in mind the Fire Rules have been framed, and fire drills held. And you won't know whether the fire drill signal is sounded as a test of the system or for a genuine fire. By learning the rules, by obeying them absolutely, and by doing it with the same high spirit of co-operation shown so readily in your other connections with the Gillette Company, you will not only afford safety to others but insure your own safety at the same time.

GILLETTE WAR COMMITTEE

The Gillette War Committee engaged in looking out for the comfort of Gillette Boys enlisted in the service of their country is pleased to be able to report at this time that they have provided all Gillette Boys across the water with socks and part with sweaters. The Committee plans eventually to see that all boys in the service are provided with both socks and sweaters.

The Committee also reports that 500 timely and interesting magazines have also been sent to our soldiers in France.

Fire Rules

For your *own* safety and the safety of *others*.

1

The fire drill signal shall consist of three (3) short rings repeated.

2

Rise—Place all chairs out of the aisles.

3

Form line in pairs, face exit, link arms, await foreman's signal to march.

Don'ts

Do not go to locker rooms.

Do not remain in toilet rooms.

Do not break ranks.

Do not crowd or push.

Do not talk.

Do not laugh.

Do not make unnecessary noise.

Disobedience of the above rules shall be sufficient cause for dismissal.

Factory Happenings

Some Record Orders from Abroad

Six thousand Gillette Razors and 15,000 dozen Gillette Blades for the Paris Y. M. C. A.

Six hundred and sixty thousand dozen Gillette Blades, 29,000 pieces (1½ tons) shaving soap, and 52,000 (1 ton) shaving brushes for the

American Expeditionary Forces in France.

Three thousand Gillette Razors and 100,000 dozen Gillette Blades for South Africa, this latter shipment having been made through our Canadian plant.

Gillette Employees Give \$384.00 to Red Cross

The employees' Christmas present to the Red Cross Fund was a splendid one,—\$384.00 having been collected and turned over to the South Boston Branch of the American Red Cross.

It is the duty of all to help win the War. Those who cannot fight on the

other side, should do all they can in other directions to further the cause. What could be better than to assist the Red Cross to take care of our sons and brothers when sick or wounded, just as we would take care of them if they were at home. Let us cheerfully do our bit.

Gifts to Gillette Employees a Help to Government

This year the Christmas remembrance of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. to each of their employees took the form of thrift cards and stamps.

The company believes it to be the patriotic duty of all to buy thrift stamps and war savings certificates and thus help the Government to raise the money needed to successfully prosecute the war.

Buying Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates is not giving money away, it is investing it with interest in the safest security known, the United States Government.

Help the Government! Buy Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates, and at the same time, acquire the *habit of saving* which will be useful and profitable after the war.

E. Frank Ward Promoted

Word has been received that E. Frank Ward has been made a first sergeant. This is the third promotion for Mr. Ward, he having been

advanced from the ranks to corporal some weeks ago, then to sergeant. This is pleasing news to everybody in the Gillette organization.

The Gillette Blade

FEBRUARY 1918



RELIEF DESIGNS

From Cover of Gillette U. S. Service Set



GET

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Gillette Blade

Vol. I

February, 1918

No. 4

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the Employees of the

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston

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Origin of the Gillette Razor

MR. KING CAMP GILLETTE

President of the Gillette Safety Razor Company

THE history of the Gillette razor is such that its reading will seem more in keeping with the tales of the Arabian Nights rather than with sober facts of the Twentieth Century, and though I have been intimately associated with its birth, growth and development, and take much pride in the fact that I am its inventor I hardly feel mentally equipped to do the subject justice, and fear my ability to make that personal appeal which I feel would be sure to reach the public heart.

It was in 1895, in my fortieth year, that I first thought of the razor, and to appreciate the causes that led to its conception it is necessary that I should go back a little and become somewhat personal in regard to myself and my affairs.

I was born January 5, 1855 in Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin, and from the time I was seventeen, and immediately following the Chicago Fire, in which my father lost everything, I have been the pilot of my own destiny. From the time I was twenty-one until the fall of 1904 I was a traveling man and sold goods throughout the United States and England, but traveling was not my only vocation for I took out many inventions, some of which had merit and made money for others, but seldom for myself, for I was unfortunately situated not having much time and little money with which to promote my inventions or place them on the market.

My impulse to think and invent was a natural one, as it was with my

father and brothers—as will be found in looking over the records of the Patent Office where there are a great many inventions to our credit.

In 1891 I took the position of traveling salesman for the Baltimore Seal Company, who were manufacturing a seal for stoppering bottles. It was a small rubber disc—with a metal loop by which it was extracted, which when compressed in a groove in the mouth of a bottle served as an effective closure for beers and carbonated beverages. Mr. William Painter was the inventor of this stopper and it was at his solicitation that I took my position with the Company. At that time they occupied a small factory on Monument Street, Baltimore, Md. Later Mr. Painter invented the present Crown Cork—the tin cap with the cork lining, now so extensively used. When the Crown was invented the corporate name of the Baltimore Company was changed to the Crown Cork & Seal Company. From the first I had a great liking and friendship for Mr. Painter as he apparently did for me, and when I would go to Baltimore, instead of putting up at a hotel Mr. Painter would invite me to his home either in the city or at Pikesville where he resided in the summer.

It was during one of my visits to his home that we drifted into one of our intimate talks on inventions—which always fascinated me, for Mr. Painter was a very interesting talker when interested in his subject and thoroughly conversant with all the details and possibilities of his own inventions, which though little in themselves seemed without bound-

ary to their possibilities, when one realizes their unlimited fields of application. In the course of this particular conversation, he made these remarks to me which I have never forgotten, for after the evening was over and other days came they stuck to me like a burr. He said: "King, you are always thinking and inventing something, why don't you try to think of something like the Crown Cork which, when once used, it is thrown away, and the customer keeps coming back for more—and with every additional customer you get, you are building a permanent foundation of profit." In answer I said: "It is easy to give that kind of advice, Mr. Painter, but how many things are there like corks, pins and needles." He said, "King, you don't know; it is not probable that you ever will find anything that is like the Crown Cork, but it won't do any harm to think about it." That was the sum and substance of what was said, and I don't remember ever referring to the subject again to him until years after, when I showed him a model of the razor. At that time he was ill and losing his grip on things. He said at that time, "King, it looks like a real invention with great possibilities and I am sorry I cannot join you in its development, but my health will not permit it; but whatever you do, don't let it get away from you."

After his memorable advice about my inventing something that would be used and thrown away, I became obsessed with the idea, to an extent that made me provoked at myself, for I applied the thought to nearly every material need; but nothing came of it



MR. KING CAMP GILLETTE
Inventor of the Gillette Safety Razor
From a photo taken in 1907

until the summer of 1895, when, like a child that we have looked for and longed for, it was born as naturally as though its embryonic form had matured in thought and only waited its appropriate time of birth.

I was living in Brookline at No. 2 Marion Terrace at the time, and as I said before I was consumed with the thought of inventing something that people would use and throw away and buy again. On one particular morning when I started to shave I found my razor dull, and it was not only dull but it was beyond the point of successful stropping and it needed honing, for which it must be taken to a barber or to a cutler. As I stood there with the razor in my hand, my eyes resting on it as lightly as a bird settling down on its nest—the Gillette razor was born. I saw it all in a moment, and in that same moment many unvoiced questions were asked and answered more with the rapidity of a dream than by the slow process of reasoning.

A razor is only a sharp edge and all back of that edge is but a support for that edge. Why do they spend so much material and time in fashioning a backing which has nothing to do with shaving? Why do they forge a great piece of steel and spend so much labor in hollow grinding it when they could get the same result by putting an edge on a piece of steel that was only thick enough to hold an edge?

At that time and in that moment it seemed as though I could see the way the blade could be held in a holder; then came the idea of sharpening the two opposite edges on the thin piece of steel that was

uniform in thickness throughout, thus doubling its service; and following in sequence came the clamping plates for the blade with a handle equally disposed between the two edges of the blade. All this came more in pictures than in thought as though the razor were already a finished thing and held before my eyes. I stood there before that mirror in a trance of joy at what I saw. Fool that I was, I knew little about razors and practically nothing about steel, and could not foresee the trials and tribulations that I was to pass through before the razor was a success. But I believed in it and joyed in it. I wrote to my wife, who was visiting in Ohio, "I have got it; our fortune is made," and I described the razor and made sketches so she would understand. I would give much if that letter was in existence today, for it was written on the inspiration of the moment and described the razor very much as you see it today, for it has never changed in form or principle involved—only in refinements.

The day of its inception I went to Wilkinson's, a hardware store on Washington Street, Boston, and purchased pieces of brass, some steel ribbon used for clock springs, a small hand vise, some files and with these materials made the first razor. I made endless sketches which have since then been used in our Patent suits—and were the basis of establishing the time and scope of my invention. These sketches are still a part of the company's records. Then came the hour of trial, for I could not interest any one in a razor, the blades of which were to be used

once and thrown away, for I then thought that the razor blades could be made for very little, as I learned that steel ribbon could be had for 16 cents a pound and a pound would make five hundred blades, for my blades were slightly narrower and shorter than the blade finally introduced.

I did not know then that the steel to be used must be of a particular quality and that it would cost many times what I supposed per pound, and that it was to cost the future company over a quarter of a million of dollars in laboratory tests before this question alone would be decided.

I approached many friends and strangers in an effort to secure capital, but when my prospective capitalist would blow cold—it gave me a chill, and I did not have the courage to press my point.

The razor was looked upon as a joke by all my friends and a common greeting was, "Well Gillette, how's the razor?" but no offering was made to take an interest. So it went on for nearly six years, during which time I was experimenting with blades. I tried every cutler and machine shop in Boston and some in New York and Newark in an effort to find someone who knew something about hardening and tempering thin steel so it would keep its flatness and not be warped by strains. Even Technology experimented and failed absolutely in securing satisfactory results. Those whom I went to or consulted invariably advised me to drop it; that I never would succeed in putting an edge on sheet steel that would shave. They told me I was throwing my money away; that a

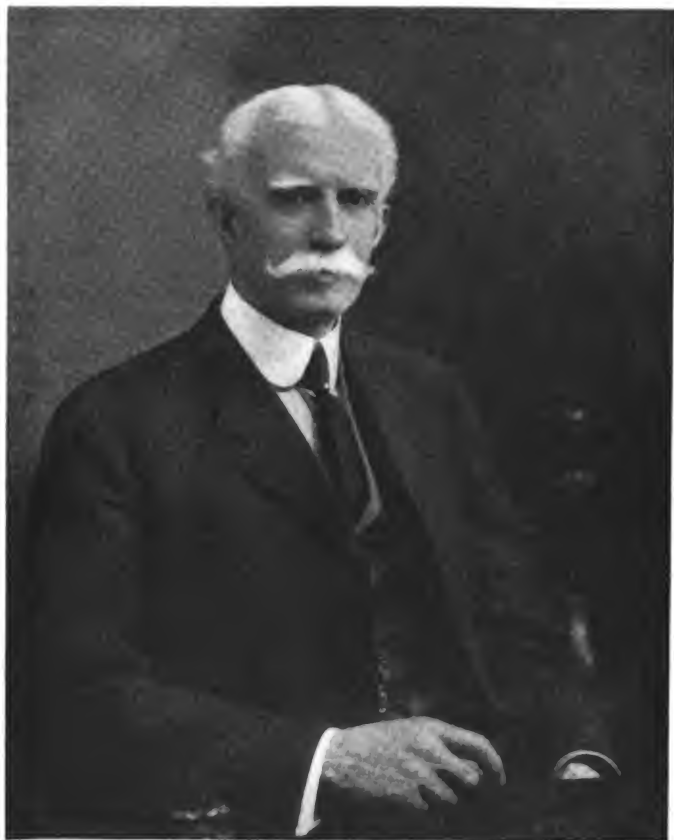
razor was only possible when made from cast steel forged and fashioned under the hammer to give it density so it would take an edge. But I didn't know enough to quit. If I had been technically trained I would have quit or probably would never have begun. I was a dreamer who believed in the "gold at the foot of the rainbow" promise, and continued in the path where wise ones feared to tread, and that is the reason, and the only reason why there is a Gillette razor today. Of all the little things that have been invented it is the biggest little thing ever issued from the U. S. Patent Office, and though it is passing a yearly profit of \$4,500,000, it has not even disclosed the wonderful possibilities of the future.

It would be interesting for the reader to follow all the hopes and fears of those early years, of continued disappointment, for I was getting on in life and traveling and selling goods was becoming distasteful. Though I always received a fair salary, I had saved very little, not because I was improvident, but because I was experimenting on something whenever I could find time, or had money.

Now we will pass to the next stage of development—the formation of our first company and its promotion.

THE FLOTATION OF THE GILLETTE RAZOR

It was in 1901 and I was still traveling for the Crown Cork & Seal Company when I met a Mr. Stewart, who asked me what I was doing with the razor. I told him I was doing very little except hoping and experi-



MR. WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

The Mechanical Genius Who Developed the Gillette Razor

menting. Mr. Stewart thought he knew a man who might promote a company, and thus be able to secure money to develop the razor commercially. He introduced me to a Mr. Heilborn, and at our first talk I told him we would need a practical man to give his time and attention to perfecting the blade, without which we could not succeed. Mr. Heilborn knew a Mr. Nickerson who was a graduate of Technology and a very successful mechanic. It sounded good and a time was set for meeting Mr. Nickerson at Mr. Heilborn's office. When the meeting took place it developed that Mr. Nickerson was employed by the Automatic Weighing Machine Company, but as they did not use all his time, he agreed to take on the razor and give half his time for a year, provided we would raise \$5000 and put it in the bank, half of which was to be paid to him for salary and the other half was to pay rent and purchase a few tools, etc., for his use.

We accepted his terms and then came up the question of securing the \$5000. It was finally decided to form a corporation of \$500,000 divided into 50,000 shares of \$10 each. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Heilborn were the ones appointed to sell shares and secure the \$5000 needed. We came to a mutual agreement as follows—\$100,000 of the capital stock was set aside and divided into twenty blocks of \$5000 each, to be sold for \$250 for each block, which would bring the \$5000 needed. Next there was divided between Messrs. Stewart, Heilborn and Nickerson \$125,000 of the capital stock for their services, —each receiving \$41,250. Next there

was set aside \$100,000 for the treasury, which left me out of a total capital of \$500,000—\$175,000. Our company was formed and Mr. Stewart and Mr. Heilborn started to sell the twenty blocks of stock, but after more than three months' time had elapsed, they had only succeeded in selling thirteen blocks out of the twenty, so in order to complete the sale and get Mr. Nickerson started on his work, I gave up 4,000 shares of my stock as an inducement to a third party who completed the sale of the twenty blocks.

I will make a little digression here to tell a little side story about one of the twenty blocks that was sold to secure the \$5000. Mr. Stewart was in the bottling business in Millis, Mass., where Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is now made, and there came to him one day C. L. Flacius, of Pittsburgh, a manufacturer of bottles, who as an inducement for Stewart to buy bottles purchased a block of razor stock for \$250, which he considered of no particular value and when he got back to Pittsburgh he put it in his safe and forgot all about it. I bought this block of stock from Flacius personally four years later for \$62,500 cash and to do so I mortgaged and pledged everything I had in the world. I secured the money to carry out this purchase from the First National Bank of Boston.

Our first Company was called the American Safety Razor Company and my name was given to the corporation later. After securing the \$5000, we rented a small room on a top floor on Atlantic Avenue, Boston, where we could get a little

power. We put in a work bench, a lathe, a muffle furnace for heating blades and a few tools and Mr. Nickerson with a helper went to work. I am most pleased to say that I believe Mr. Nickerson by luck or providential design was the only man in the world who could have perfected the razor and our factory today in all its machines and mechanism is testimony of the mechanical genius and resourcefulness of this remarkable man in overcoming obstacles, in arriving at simplicity and efficiency. I could not say too much about William E. Nickerson if I should write this whole article about him alone. The most marvellous fact of this wonderful man is his ability to construct in thought an intricate mechanism with hundreds of parts and many accurately timed movements, without drawing a line on paper until it is completed and operating in his mind, and when the machine materializes it works as he saw it working with his mind's eye. He did not conceive our present machines in the early days, but he did produce machines and processes during the first year which made the razor a commercial possibility,—but alas, we had spent our \$5000 and were in debt nearly \$12,000. In fact we were busted and apparently done for. In addition to spending all our money and being \$12,000 worse off than nothing, I had in an effort to interest outsiders given away my personal stock until my holdings were down to less than 6000 shares. We all tried to sell treasury stock but could not dispose of a share at any price. Many who had purchased the original blocks had sold out for what they could get,

and there was no market.

Up to the end of this first year we had not sold any razors, but a few had been made by Mr. Nickerson and distributed among friends for the purpose of securing an opinion, after they had been used. Among those to whom I had given razors was Mr. John Joyce, whom I had known since I first came to New England, and who had been associated with me in many of my inventions. The reason why Mr. Joyce was not associated with me in the razor at that time was because we had recently been associated together in another invention and he had backed my end and we lost about \$40,000, for when we dropped the invention I was owing him \$19,700, therefore I did not have the nerve to ask him to go into the razor; but I gave to him 1250 shares of stock—and a razor.

Such was the situation at the end of the year. We were backed up to the wall with our creditors lined up in front waiting for the signal to fire. We had a meeting in Mr. Sachs' office one morning to consider ways and means, but no one had any suggestions that seemed likely to relieve the situation in time to avoid a receiver, so we broke up with clouds settling down on the business—the end had apparently come. When I left the office with the others I turned my steps to Young's, where I usually lunched, and by chance met Mr. John Joyce, who invited me to dine with him. When we had sat down at the table where we had eaten together hundreds and hundreds of times, in fact nearly every day for years when I happened to be in town, Mr. Joyce said to me, "King, what's the matter? You look worried." I said, "I am



THE LATE MR. JOHN JOYCE

Former Vice-President and One of the Founders of the Gillette Safety Razor Co.

worried, and thoroughly discouraged. We have had a meeting of the Razor Company this morning and we are at the end of our rope," or words to that effect. He said, "That's too bad. I have been much pleased with the razor; I have used it ever since you gave it to me, and I think it's fine, and if it were put on the market it should make money." I said I thought so too, but I could see no prospect of securing the necessary money to keep the business alive. Before we were through our lunch Mr. Joyce, who had been thinking, said: "King, I'll go into the razor on certain conditions. If your Company will issue \$100,000 worth of 8% bonds, I will agree to buy these bonds if the Company will sell them to me at 60 cents on the dollar, and will issue with each bond an equal amount of stock of the Company. I will agree to buy the bonds in lots of 5000 as the Company needs money, and will reserve the right to refuse to furnish more money

after I have paid in \$30,000, if the progress made does not in my judgment warrant further investment." I said, "When will you do this, Mr. Joyce?" He said, "At once—after you have called your Board of Directors together and they pass the necessary resolutions to protect me, and assure me that they will accept my proposition and arrange for the bond issue."

I left Mr. Joyce, went to Mr. Sachs' office and by phone called a meeting of the Board, and within an hour I had them together, the necessary resolutions were passed, copies subscribed to by members of the Board, and I was on my way to Mr. Joyce's office to secure his approval, and if possible close the transaction then and there, with the result that I went from Mr. Joyce's office with a check in my pocket sufficient to meet all our pressing obligations and permit the continuance of our experiments.

The continuation of this highly interesting article will be found in the March issue of "The Gillette Blade."

Gillette News Items

January 15th, a cable order was received from the Gillette Company in Paris for 50,000 razors and 300,000 dozen blades for our Italian Agency and the Y. M. C. A. in Italy.

January 15th, the Directors declared a dividend of \$1.75 per share

payable March 1, 1918, to shareholders of record January 30, 1918.

The best wishes of this organization are with our employees who are now serving in the trenches, many of whom are under the command of Capt. McCarthy of the 101st Inf.

Elbert Hubbard wrote, "Initiative is the ability to do the right thing without being told. Next to doing the right thing without being told, is doing it when told *once*."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Born February 12, 1809
Hardin County, Ky.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
Born February 22, 1732
Westmoreland Co., Va.



WOODROW WILSON
Born December 28, 1856, Staunton, Va.



LET us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare do our duty as we understand it.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From address, Cooper Union,
New York City, Feb. 27, 1860

THE time has come to conquer or submit.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it.

—WOODROW WILSON

LABOUR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

Rule from the copy-book of
Washington when a schoolboy

A War-time Shipment of Gillette Razors and Blades to Russia

RUSSIA with a population of 175,000,000 offered unthought of opportunities to the American manufacturer who had foresight, courage and initiative.

The Gillette Safety Razor Company realized at the outbreak of the War their foreign business would be revolutionized—new channels of distribution must be created if they would expect to retain and extend their trade abroad. Therefore, with a definite plan for having the Gillette as well known in Russia as at home, Mr. Thomas W. Pelham, sales manager, left Boston for Russia, April 27, 1915, taking with him \$50,000 worth of Gillette razors and blades, traveling via Norway and Sweden to a point ten miles south of the Arctic Circle, then crossing to Russia by peasant carts, a distance of twenty-four miles, arriving in Petrograd about May 15th.

A sales agency was established with Mr. A. G. Micheles in Petrograd, a policy outlined and the entire quantity of razors and blades sold him for cash. Before Mr. Pelham returned home, July 20, 1915, repeat orders were received, and during 1916 additional shipments were made Mr. Micheles, each one more difficult to deliver. Goods were forwarded by Archangel and Kola, until these ports were closed by the Russian Government, then shipments were made by freight to Vancouver, crossing the Pacific to Vladivostok, unpacked at this port and sent parcel

post through Siberia to Petrograd, a total distance of 15,000 miles. Later this route had to be abandoned.

The demand for Gillette goods in Russia continued to increase. Our agent cabled as follows: "Rush eighty thousand razors, six hundred thousand dozen blades. Russian permit obtained. Send by courier if necessary, but keep me supplied by all means."

Delivery was planned, but the unprecedented demand for Gillettes everywhere in 1916 had so depleted our stock, it was impossible to fill this complete Russian order immediately. However, we appreciated his urgent need of these goods, so it was decided to make weekly shipments of 5000 razors and 25,000 dozen blades by first-class registered mail, in all 30,000 razors and 200,000 dozen blades, to tide him over until we could manufacture sufficient stock for a big shipment. Preparations were made for Mr. Pelham to accompany the goods, passports were obtained to go via Norway and Sweden as formerly. Thirteen tons of Gillette razors and blades were packed in tin lined cases, space was engaged by the Traffic Department and all was ready for sailing on February 7, 1917, then on January 31st we received the following cable: "Permit cancelled."

Everyone was surprised and disappointed, but not discouraged, and no one would admit defeat. If the usual entrance to Russia was blocked



RUSSIAN AGENCY FOR GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES

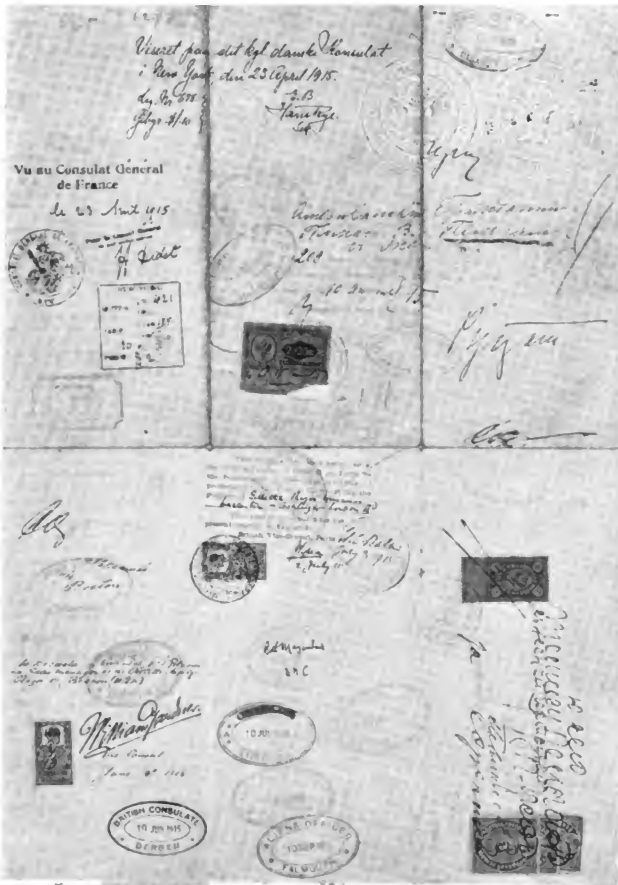
Mr. A. G. Micheles, 53 Liteiny, Petrograd

Note the Gillette Diamond Trade Marks and the American Flags in the Windows

they would go in another way. Mr. Micheles had sold the goods and it was up to the Gillette Company to make delivery, and they were more determined than ever to accomplish the task they had undertaken.

We had previously learned the

port of Vladivostok was congested with 400,000 tons of Government supplies and merchandise, and at Irutsk, a point on the Siberian railroad, freight was piled along the tracks for five miles. We were also informed that only eighteen passen-



England, France and Switzerland. The Illustration on the Left Hand Page Shows the Front Side of the Passport and the Reverse Side is on This Page. Note Signature of W. J. Bryan and the Endorsements of Different Consuls.

gers a week were allowed on the regular trains, but there was one extra train a day, for passengers only, from Vladivostok to Petrograd, which took fourteen days to make the trip. These unusual conditions precluded our considering taking the goods as personal baggage. Many concerns would have given up in despair, but we believed some way could be found. We interviewed the Russian Consul—our Shanghai agents in New York—the Japanese and Chinese Consuls, and found we could ship by freight to Vancouver, across the Pacific to Yokohama, Japan to Kobe, transfer to another boat and cross the Yellow Sea to Darien (Dalny), Japan, where it would be possible through an agreement between Japan and Russia to forward 10½ lb. parcel post packages wrapped in burlap to Petrograd.

Here, at last, was an available plan; space was engaged on the S. S. "Empress of Asia," scheduled to sail from Vancouver on March 15th. Mr. Pelham applied for passports to Russia by way of Japan and secured stateroom after repeated telephoning to Montreal, as reservations were not obtainable in New York or Boston. The goods were then unboxed and wrapped in 10½ lb. parcels, repacked in tin lined cases and freight transportation engaged to Vancouver. A special car was placed at our disposal and everything in readiness for leaving Boston when we were advised there was an embargo on freight. It seemed that Russia was to be deprived of Gillette razors, but wait, we were not yet defeated; why not ship by American Express to Vancouver steamship dock? Thirteen

tons of Gillette razors and blades were loaded February 16th on four American Express auto trucks and left the factory for the 15,000 mile trip across two Continents and the great Pacific Ocean to Russia. Mr. Pelham accompanied this shipment to Darien and personally superintended the transfer for shipment to Petrograd. The story of Mr. Pelham's experiences in his trip across the Continent, the Pacific Ocean and through Japan, China, Siberia to Petrograd and from there home, is best told in his own language.

"My voyage across the Pacific from Vancouver presented no difficulties. The "Empress of Asia" is the largest and finest ship sailing from America to the Orient. The crew, including the room stewards and table stewards, are all Chinese. The service was most excellent. The food was good, well prepared and also well served.

The trip to Yokohama was made without incident. Crossing the Pacific brings home to one more fully than does a trip across the Atlantic, the fact that the world is pretty large. On the steamer were Hollanders going to Java and other Dutch colonies, natives returning to Manchuria and the Philippine Islands, Chinamen returning to their homes in Shanghai, Japanese business men returning to Japan, Hindus and Englishmen going to India and to Mesopotamia, in fact, nearly every country was represented and the passengers were going to almost every point in the Orient. During the voyage of nearly two weeks to Shanghai I became acquainted with most of the passengers and found the great ma-



25,000 Gillette Safety Razors—3,000,000 Gillette Blades. Carload of Gillette Razors and Blades shipped by American Express, February 16th, 1917, via Vancouver and Yokohama, thence by Trans-Siberian Railroad to Petrograd, Russia.

jority were users and advocates of the Gillette razor.

On reaching Yokohama the Japanese medical customs and emigrant authorities boarded the steamer. The medical authorities examined every member of the crew. With respect to the passengers, they accepted the steamer physician's report. The examination by the customs and emigrant authorities was very superficial. We were asked to exhibit our passports and then to find our names on the passenger list. We were also asked if our parents, grandparents or great grandparents were Germans. If the answer was "no" we were permitted to go on shore with-

out further difficulty. If, however, a German ancestor was discovered the passenger was allowed to go on shore only when accompanied by a Japanese detective. This same examination was conducted at the ports of Kobe and Nagasaki.

I was not favorably impressed with Yokohama nor with any of the Japanese cities that I visited. Ninety-eight per cent of the people wear wooden shoes and their earnings are just enough to enable them to live in their simple, primitive way, and that simple, primitive way means that a family lives on from \$50.00 to \$75.00 per annum. If the father is taken ill, or if he is a farmer and the crops

fail, or if any sort of bad luck comes, it naturally follows that there is not enough money to keep the family. A small debt, perhaps \$5.00 or \$10.00, is the result of the year's work. If this debt increases from time to time it may amount in a few years to \$50.00 or \$75.00; then one of the daughters of the family is sold for a period of three to five or seven years and the proceeds of the sale of the daughter are used to extinguish the debt. At the end of the period of slavery the daughter returns to the family and having been a good daughter and having done her share in relieving the family of debt she is again restored to her social position in life.

Manufacturing in Japan is done in a very primitive way, with few exceptions. There are some modern factories where modern machines have been installed by Americans, by the English, or others, and are now operated by the Japanese, but with the exception of these few factories the manufacturing methods are as primitive as those of one hundred years ago. The Japanese are not originators of anything. They are simply clever enough to copy, but in copying they look to appearance only; they do not imitate quality. I, therefore, think that Japan as a commercial nation is not likely to be the immediate commercial rival of England or America, but rather the commercial rival of Germany, which country is also an imitator and a manufacturer of cheap goods; goods made to sell, not to wear or to use.

There is one thing very noticeable in Japan and that is they are a very highly organized nation with respect

to their army and navy. They are a miniature Germany in military matters. I saw building in the docks in several of the cities of Japan upwards of 200 ships, many being naval ships of large size.

The city of Kobe, and the same is true of Nagasaki, is strictly Japanese, with the exception of a few buildings along the waterfront. The waterfront buildings are substantial; the others are one-story buildings of frail construction. The business street of Kobe, also of Nagasaki, is about 30 feet wide with a ditch on either side covered with a flat stone, which ditch takes the place of a sewer. The goods displayed are all of Japanese manufacture, and with the exception of those few things that Japan makes so wonderfully well, such as silks, pottery, hammered brass, etc., they are cheap goods.

The home of the merchant is in the back of the store. There is no furniture in the house, with the exception of a table about six inches high, cushions to sit on, a few simple utensils for cooking and still fewer to use in serving the food.

From what I saw of Japan I would say that most of the people are far from civilization as we understand it. The balance is made up partly of people who have obtained an education in America or Europe, or who have been educated by those who have obtained an education in America or Europe. Such Japanese are clever; they are able to imitate anything they see made in this country and to teach the other Japanese how to make such things.

There is a limited market for the



MR. THOMAS W. PELHAM

Sales Manager, Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Gillette in Japan. The natives cannot buy; in fact, only a few of them need to shave. Our distribution is therefore confined to the white people, transients and residents, and of the latter there are 20,000 or 30,000 in Japan.

I remained on the "Empress of Asia" and crossed the Yellow Sea to Shanghai. You leave the ship some twenty miles from Shanghai and go up the river in a tender. All along the river are large substantial warehouses of modern construction. The city of Shanghai from the waterfront is very modern in appearance. What you see from the waterfront is the new city of Shanghai built on the French and International concessions. About 50,000 white people are at Shanghai and all live in the new or modern city. The natives are farther back in the walled city.

Shanghai is the commercial center of China; that is, the commercial center as far as white people are concerned. It is at Shanghai you find the great warehouses, the large export and import firms and the great banking institutions. The clerical work is done largely by the Chinamen, who are found to be very honest and very competent in financial matters; in fact, the Chinese merchant is very honest in all of his business dealings. I was most favorably impressed with the modern city of Shanghai, but the native city is like all other Chinese cities, very dirty, very badly built and very thickly populated.

There is comparatively little business for the Gillette in China. The natives, or only a few of them, grow beards. The demand for the Gillette in China is limited to foreigners, of

whom there are less than 80,000 in the Republic of China. Three-fifths of these are in Shanghai.

Hotel accommodations in Shanghai are very poor. The hotel looks very attractive from the outside. The same is true of the tea room, dining room and office. The food is not so bad, but the rooms are very undesirable. Sanitary arrangements are deplorable.

In Shanghai, you can if you wish, ride in a modern electric car, but as these are patronized very largely by natives, the Europeans prefer a rickshaw or motor car. A rickshaw will cover six to eight miles an hour and the fare is about 5c for the ordinary trip that you would take in a rickshaw.

A few miles out of Shanghai is the Convent of Bubbling Wells, established by the French Catholics. Before the convent was established the Chinese mothers used to throw their girl babies into the pool formed by the bubbling wells or springs. When the convent was established the Sisters put baskets at the edge of the pool and the mothers, or some of them, would deposit the babies in the baskets. Gradually the mothers were taught to take the babies to the door of the convent and deposit them in the baskets. The institution has grown until there are now many thousands of Chinese orphan girls cared for at the Convent. They do wonderful needle work, but not in such large quantities that it is found on sale at any place except within the convent walls. I brought home some of the work, which is pronounced the most exquisite needle work ever seen.

From Shanghai I journeyed by modern train to Nankin, the ancient capitol of China, which city is enclosed within a high wall. At Nankin you leave the train and cross a ferry over the Yang-tsi-Kiang to Pukow. The distance from Shanghai to Nankin is about 250 miles. From Pukow you go on a modern train over a good roadbed to Tientsin and from thence to Peking, a distance of five or six hundred miles.

Going through the interior of China you notice the tremendous number of waterways. Every stream is utilized as a waterway and hundreds of canals are constructed, so that China has in waterways what we have in railroads. There are all sorts of craft, some sailboats, rowboats, craft that look something like the gondolas used in Venice, some steam launches and boats such as are used on the Erie Canal, etc.

The land seems to be extremely fertile. It is very flat and its fertility, however, is due to intense cultivation and yearly fertilizing. The land is divided into very small farms. One of the most striking features of the farms is the innumerable number of mounds in the shape of pyramids. These mounds are from ten to fifty feet in diameter and from six to ten feet high. They are in the centers, on the sides and in the corners, all over the farm. Each farm has from three to one hundred of these mounds. On inquiry I found they were the graves of ancestors. A Chinaman in his lifetime picks out his favorite spot for his grave. His wishes are carried out and he is buried in his favorite spot; hence there is no collection of graves forming a graveyard in China, but

all China is a graveyard. It is said, and I quite believe the statement, that 1/7 of all available farm land in China is given over to graves. The farming is done in a very primitive way and with very primitive tools. A great deal of the cultivation is done entirely by hand, but some of the larger farms use a wooden plow. All sorts of animals are used in plowing the fields. One farmer will use an ox, another an ox and a burro; still others will have a burro and a mule, and in a number of instances I saw an ox and a man pulling a plow. Towards Peking I saw innumerable teams consisting of two mules and a man.

On reaching Peking I went to a very modern, up-to-date hotel that would do credit to any modern city. The next day I was taken in a rickshaw to the various stores where our goods are sold, then to several points of interest, including the Forbidden City. The Forbidden City is simply a great wall surrounding the palaces and other buildings formerly occupied by the Manchurian emperors. The buildings are centuries old and their beauty is that of Oriental, barbaric ages. The architecture is very barbaric. The startling shades of green, blue and yellow are very attractive to the eye. These colors are found in the tiles of the roof and the exterior and interior of the buildings. The buildings are now empty, with the exception of one which is converted into a museum wherein is contained priceless pottery, bronzes, etc., that were in the Imperial Palace.

There are other very interesting sights in Peking, such as the Buddh-

ist temples, of which I visited four or five. All of them appeal to you only because they are centuries old and because of their barbaric splendor. The images are as horrible as the Buddha pictures with which we are all familiar.

Peking, like all other Chinese cities, is a veritable ant hill. Its teeming, sweating population crowds the streets until you can hardly pass through. I naturally saw the four walls enclosing Peking, viz., the Chinese Wall, Tartar Wall, National Wall and the Wall of the Forbidden City. All are extremely interesting because of their tremendous height and width and their historical association.

Leaving Peking early in the morning I again traveled through a flat country until I passed the Great Wall of China, 2500 miles long. The railroad passes through the wall and on either side you can see the wall winding up over the mountains that are seen to the left and to the right along the level land as far as eye can see. This wall, 2500 miles long, appears to be twenty or more feet in height and as broad, the outer wall being of stone or brick and the inner portion being of stone and mud. I was naturally very much interested to see this, one of the great historical landmarks of the Orient.

Late that evening I reached Mukden, the city made famous by the great battle between the Japanese and Russians during the Japanese-Russian War. The only great point of interest in Mukden is the tomb of the ancient Manchu. The tomb is simply a mound of earth 200 feet or 300 feet in diameter and 50 feet in

height, the approaches to same being an innumerable number of barbaric buildings, stone images, dragons, elephants, etc.

The city of Mukden consists of the old Manchurian City occupied by natives and the new city built by the Russians but now occupied by the Japanese. You will recall that Russia obtained a concession from China that enabled her to build a railroad from the Trans-Siberian through Manchuria to Port Arthur and Dalny and that as a price of peace with Japan she surrendered this railroad and all her Chinese possessions. It is at Mukden that you obtain your first knowledge of the tremendous inroad that Japan has made and is making in Chinese territory. Manchuria is one of the most important provinces of China. This province, with its millions of inhabitants, its tremendous production of soya beans, hemp, etc., is absolutely dominated by the Japanese who own the railroads, the docking facilities, the banking houses, the stores, and in fact, own everything worth while in all South Manchuria.

From Mukden I took the Manchurian road to Darien, formerly the Russian town of Dalny. The sleeping cars are an exact imitation, except as to quality, of the Pullman. The train service is excellent. An all night ride brings you to Darien and its wonderful docks built by the Russians and improved by the Japanese. The modern city of Darien is very interesting. Formerly 40,000 Russians were there; now only 35 white people live in Darien, some 70,000 Japanese and 200,000 Manchurians and Chinese. It is the strategic, com-

mercial city of Manchuria. A branch road runs to Korea and another to the coal mines where they have a vein of coal 700 feet deep.

At Darien I found the 164 cases of Gillette razors and blades which accompanied me on the "Empress of Asia." I had photographs taken of the goods on the docks and again when they were loaded to transport to the storage warehouse.

The postoffice is under control of the Japanese, as is every other Government or private enterprise in Darien.

After arranging for the transportation of the goods to Russia I left Darien and retraced my route over the South Manchurian road through Mukden to Chanchun, which latter town marks the northern boundary of the Japanese sphere of influence in Manchuria and also marks the southern boundary of the Russian sphere of influence in Manchuria.

Leaving the Japanese railroad you walk across the stone platform to the Russian railroad called the Eastern Chinese Railroad, and there take a train for Harbin, which is a junction point on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It is interesting to see the Japanese soldiers on one side of the railroad and the Russian soldiers on the other at Chanchun. Harbin is dominated entirely by the Russians, although it is Chinese soil. Harbin is about one thousand miles from Vladivostok. A single line of road runs from Vladivostok almost in a straight line and largely through Chinese territory to Harbin. Another line runs from Vladivostok, following closely the Russian frontier line and joining the first line of road at Harbin;



Showing the unloading of 164 cases of Gillette Razors and Blades from the S.S. Empress of Asia into Freight House on Dock at Darien, Manchuria.

therefore, it may be said that Russia has a double track road from Vladivostok to Harbin. Harbin is a very important center for Russia and Northern Manchuria and having 30,000 or 40,000 white people, a fairly good market for the Gillette.

From Harbin there is a double track road. I may say right here that the Siberian road is not standard gauge, but broad gauge. Over the Siberian railroad the Russians run a weekly express train, making the trip from Vladivostok to Petrograd in ten days. This train consists of one international sleeper and five or six Russian sleeping cars, which

latter cars are almost equal to the international sleeper. The cars are divided into compartments, upper and lower berth, except the second-class cars, where there are four berths. A restaurant car is attached and all meals en route are served in the restaurant car. The train service is very good, everything considered. The porters are not very attentive. The food is quite simple, nothing to choose from; but in these times of war, going through a country at war and over a railroad upon which must be transported all their ammunitions and other supplies, it is quite surprising that the accommodations



Transferring Cases of Gillette Razors and Blades from Dock to Storage Warehouse, there to be wrapped for Parcel Post Shipment to Russia. Note the Various Modes of Conveyance—Man Power (Manchurian Coolies) and Mule Power—Mr. Pelham and Mr. Thompson of Thompson, Hannam & Co., Freight Forwarders, in the Right Hand Foreground.

were as good as I found them. In addition to the weekly train the railroad operates a daily post train, carrying first and second-class passengers. They also operate two or three daily local trains.

In going through Siberia I was much surprised to see the many large and well built cities and to see the amount of development in the agricultural lands. For the most part Siberia was prairie land, although some hundred of miles were mountainous and for some hundreds of miles at intervals there would be woodland. The agricultural development seemed

greater than in Western Canada.

Except for the red flag of the Revolution which was everywhere visible on my trip through Siberia, no evidence could be seen of the Revolution that had taken place. Men, women and children at the railroad stations, the officers there and the people waiting for trains, were as quiet, orderly and unconcerned as though they were living under a Government that had existed for years. There were evidences of congested freight traffic and confusion incident thereto, but I learned that since the Revolution better conditions obtained

with respect to movement of goods; in fact, while in Darien I learned that some 30,000 cars of freight had been moved within the past week. I also found it possible to arrange for a car to transport the Gillette goods, but owing to the fact that the importation of razors had been prohibited I was obliged to defer forwarding the goods until I reached Petrograd and obtained a permit to import.

One cannot travel in Russia as I did two years ago, nor pass through Siberia and parts of Russia as I did in April and May, without feeling, as well as seeing, the great future possibilities, industrial, agricultural, mining, commercial, etc. Its undeveloped wealth is perhaps greater than that of any other country in the world. Within a generation or two Russia will doubtless be one of the greatest nations on earth.

After nine days on the train from Harbin I reached Petrograd about ten o'clock Sunday morning. In proceeding from the station to my hotel I noticed an absence of police and I found later that immediately following the Revolution all the police of Petrograd were either imprisoned for offences or were sent to the front and that no police protection is given the city except a few private watchmen hired by owners of buildings, tenants in apartment houses, etc.

During the two weeks that I was in Petrograd I looked somewhat into the political and economic condition of Russia, as well as the possibilities for increasing sales of Gillette razors. Our agent, Mr. A. G. Micheles, is a very able merchant. Eight years residence in the United States has

acquainted him with American enterprise and energy and he has displayed American energy in the development of Gillette business in Russia. Mr. Micheles evidently believes, and I share his belief, that our sales in Russia will exceed 50,000 razors per annum and upwards of 300,000 dozen blades per annum.

It will probably be found to our advantage to have some one in authority visit Russia at least once a year and very likely it will be found advantageous to have a sales representative in Russia, calling on the trade and doing missionary work for our agent, Mr. Micheles. Russia is one of our greatest markets for the future. We should, therefore, advertise with reasonable liberality and should in every way cooperate with our agency with a view to increasing sales and establishing ourselves upon a permanent basis in Russia.

The Russian population is largely composed of peasant farmers and workmen. The peasant farmers live in villages and they go out from the villages each day to work the land which is owned by the nobility and other rich people. The wages paid to the peasant farmer are only sufficient to enable him to buy coarse food and the necessary clothing to keep him warm. His bed is a pile of straw in a corner of the room. Such conditions have prevailed for centuries. The workman is also paid a very low wage and in many instances two, three and even four families live in one room owned by the factory. The wage paid was only sufficient to enable them to live in this primitive, unsanitary condition.

With the Revolution and the word

"Freedom," the workman and the peasant farmer expected immediate betterment of their condition. The peasant farmer is demanding a proper division of the land and the workman is demanding a better house, higher wage and better living conditions. The social problem will take years to work out, whereas the workman and peasant farmer are demanding that the problems be worked out immediately. A committee of the workmen, as well as a committee of the army, is working with the Duma and with the Ministers upon these problems and the general impression seemed to prevail in Petrograd that the workmen and farmers could be held in check until the different problems were worked out.

The crying need in Russia is organization. She needs Americans and Englishmen to organize her industries, particularly her railroads, manufacturing, coal mining, oil, etc. With proper organization Russia, in spite of the ignorance of her people, will make tremendous strides and very quickly.

National pride seems to be lacking in Russia. Very few of the people seem to care whether the Baltic Provinces are German or Russian; the same with respect to Poland or any other part of Russia. They are lacking in patriotism, but the soldiers when officered and under proper discipline give a good account of themselves regardless of their lack of patriotism. More than ten million soldiers are under arms in Russia.

In talking with the banks, American Embassy, English Military Control and various business men, I find the opinion unanimous that Russia

will meet all of her financial obligations and that she will emerge eventually from her present condition a big, strong, healthy nation.

One of the most remarkable scenes I ever witnessed in my life was that of Labor Day in Petrograd. On Labor Day no food was served in the hotel; the chambermaid would not make the bed; the elevator boy would not run the elevator, nor the porter carry your bag. One clerk remained in the office and with that exception, all the hotel help was on the street taking part in the labor demonstration. The same was true of every other hotel and every factory and store. No street cars were running, nor carriages, nor automobiles. A crowd estimated at one million people took part in the Labor Day parade. I witnessed the parade from a street and I saw in line children from five years of age up, workmen from the factories and other industries, women and girls, black men from Turkestan, Mohammedans, Tartars from the Caucasus, Kurds from the Trans-Caucasus, Mongolians, Manchurians, Laplanders and people from every part of Russia. Some soldiers were in the procession, business men and all classes and conditions of people. All wore the red badge of the Revolution and each separate crowd carried a banner. The children for instance were singing "We Want Free Schools"; the workmen, "We Want Better Wage and Better Living Conditions"; the peasant farmers, "We Want the Land." Other banners were "No Peace Until Victory." No policemen nor traffic officers nor anyone in authority were on the street to preserve order, yet the

day passed without the slightest accident of any kind. There was no crowding and no apparent confusion; everyone seemed to do his part towards preserving order and making the day a great success. There was not a drunken man to be seen anywhere; in fact, no drink is obtainable in Russia.

At night political rallies were held on every street corner. People were permitted to speak freely on any subject and say anything they pleased in defense of or in condemnation of the Government; in fact, free speech is allowed in Russia to a greater extent than it is in this country. I was on the street in the evening and it was but a repetition of the day with respect to order being preserved.

Food in Petrograd is not plentiful and some kinds of food are unobtainable. People stand in line to obtain bread, denatured alcohol, meat, shoes, and in fact every article which they consume or wear; yet all of this is done without any central authority. The people are very patient under these severe privations, much more patient than our American people would be and far more orderly. The food problem is not so much a lack of food in the entire country as it is the proper transportation of food to the large centers.

In some instances workmen have demanded the discharge of superintendents and foremen in factories and in a few instances they have practically taken possession of property, but in no case have they damaged private property or attempted to deprive the owners of their financial rights. Even where they have taken possession of the factory the

workmen have continued the operation of the business under their own leaders. The physical damage done to property during the Revolution in Petrograd was not very great. Many of the police stations were burned, that is, the wood work was burned, but the walls and roof were intact. The same is true of the halls of the Palace of Justice and the jails. Hotel Astoria had the windows in the lower floor destroyed. The Palaces of the Dowager Empress received bullets from machine guns which were imbedded in the brick and some windows destroyed. The number of people killed in Petrograd during the Revolution was less than one thousand.

I left Petrograd on May 4th. Certain formalities must be gone through with all travelers, in the way of vis-iting of passports by the Russians and the English and French, etc. These are mere formalities, as is the examination of your baggage and papers. I had no difficulty whatever in leaving or in passing over the border at Tornea into Sweden, although some of my fellow passengers with German names were less fortunate.

At Tornea you cross the large river on the ice to the Island of Tornea, where you pass the civil and military examinations; then across the small river on the ice to Haparanda, Sweden. The ice crossing is rather dangerous; in fact, the ice in the river broke the next day. I was extremely fortunate in escaping a mishap.

From Haparanda I proceeded to Stockholm and thence to Christiania where I looked into the question of a shipment of steel. I spent some days



United States of America

Department of State

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting

I the undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America

hereby request all whom it may concern to permit

Thomas W. Pelham

to pass freely and on every occasion

all lawful and honest business

Signature of the Secretary

Thomas W. Pelham

Secretary of State

Washington

March 1st 1917

1917

1917

1917

1917

1917

Signature of the Secretary

Thomas W. Pelham



Given under my hand and the
Seal of the Department of State
at the City of Washington
this 1st day of January
in the year 1917 and of the
Independence of the United States
the one hundred and forty first

THOMAS W. PELHAM
CANCELLED

England, France, Italy
Commercial Business

Thomas W. Pelham

May 25, 1917

Passport of Mr. Thomas W. Pelham Covering His Second Journey from Boston to Petrograd, Russia, and Return. Left Boston March 1st, 1917 and Returned June 14th, 1917. He

looking into the steel situation and visiting the steel mill. The makers of our steel are very much interested in our account; in fact, they say one-sixth of the labor in their cold rolled mill is on Gillette steel. They are using extreme care in the manufacture of Gillette steel and invite our co-operation with a view of still further improving the quality of the steel; in fact, they have urged that Mr. Ruppel go over and work with them to see if any improvement in quality can be made.

The outlook for Gillette business in Scandinavian countries is exceedingly good and particularly in the sale of blades. I cabled orders for about \$50,000.00 at list and brought additional orders with me to go forward at a later date. Owing to a temporary suspension of freight shipments to Scandinavia all of our trade were without razors or blades, but this condition was remedied just before I left for the States, several steamers arriving with consignments of Gillette goods.

The economic conditions in the Scandinavian countries are somewhat deplorable. Practically all foods are under Government regulation and nearly all can be obtained only with tickets. Pleasure automobiles are prohibited. Gasoline and tires for automobiles are unobtainable at any price. Coal is \$65.00 per ton. Coffee,

sugar, potatoes and many other articles are unobtainable at any price in Sweden. There is plenty of money in the country, an abundance of money, in fact. The Scandinavian people are very prosperous, but they cannot eat money nor use it for fuel.

Part of my intended trip was to cross the North Sea to England, then to France and Italy, returning from Bordeaux to the States. One way of crossing the North Sea was by a Norwegian tramp steamer, going as a seaman, and as only one out of two of the Norwegian steamers reach port, such a trip did not appeal to me. Another way was on an English cargo steamer which has accommodations for a few passengers, but as two out of six English cargo steamers between Norway and England are torpedoed, and as one went down two days before I left with 28 passengers, not one of whom was saved, I decided not to go across the North Sea but to return direct to the States.

I left Christiania May 30th on the S. S. Bergensfjord. The steamer proceeded along the coast of Norway to a point just South of the Arctic Circle, thence West just south of Iceland, then in a straight line to Halifax. We were held at Halifax two days and reached New York Tuesday, June 12th. The trip home was without incident.

Thou shalt not in any wise boast, brag, bounce or bluster or the wise men will hold thee in low esteem.

Thou shalt not keep company with an unpunctual man, for he will certainly lead thee to carelessness and ruin.

Thou shalt not forget that a servant who can tell lies for thee may one day tell lies to thee.

—From the Decalogue of an English Merchant.



CADET T. L. WATSON

Imperial Royal Flying Corps, Formerly of the Office Staff of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Cadet T. L. Watson Writes of His Experiences in Training for the Royal Flying Corps

DEAR MR. BITTUES:—

After riding in the train from Saturday noon until Tuesday about 4 p.m. a number of others and myself arrived at Camp Everman, which as you know, is about ten miles from Fort Worth. On arrival we were assigned to a tent which was ready for us, and we used the remainder of Tuesday afternoon in arranging our tents, beds, blankets, etc., in our new home.

The following morning we were distributed into squadrons (I am in No. 82) and in the afternoon I had my first joy-ride. I do not think I shall ever forget the sensations I experienced. Early in the afternoon I was taken in charge by one of the instructors. The instructors here have the rank of lieutenant, and this one seemed to

be enjoying himself. One of the aeroplanes was ready for us, and in the presence of a crowd of others we climbed aboard. I was strapped securely to my seat, and then we started. A few bumps along the ground and then my tummy dropped into the bottom of the car; my heart settled into where my tummy used to be, and suddenly I realized we were above the ground.

My internal economy had resumed its normal position by this time, but the earth seemed to be falling away from us at an alarming rate. The engine made so much noise I could hardly think, and I can assure you I did not feel very much like indulging in light conversation just then. All I could do, and did, was pray that the instructor would not smash both me and himself.

After we were in the air things happened

so fast that it is hard for me to describe the sensations I had. When we had gone up what seemed to me a half a mile the machine started, nose down, on a very sharp incline and I had a brief vision of myself as a smear on the ground. However, this did not last more than a second when we started straight up, and we were pointing at a little cloud that happened to be there. Thank goodness I am alive and breathing yet, although my jaws are sore from being clamped down tight to keep from yelling.

We are pointing at the cloud yet, when suddenly everything is very quiet.—Ye Gods the engine has stopped, and we are dropping tail down. (I found out later that the instructor had cut off the gas and that the stunt is all part of the game). Having caught my breath and swallowed my heart, I turned to the instructor and forced a smile. Right away, seemingly thinking I liked the feeling he started to repeat the performance, but I was prepared and did

not feel quite so much that the end of the world had arrived for me.

This was only one of the stunts performed, and it seems to me now that from the ground we must have looked like a feather being tossed here and yon by a gale of wind. We must have been at least half a mile up, that is a long way to fall, but I expect to go much higher than that very soon.

This is a great life and flying is most fascinating after you get accustomed to the sudden shifting positions, and have acquired enough knowledge to be able to control the machine.

Please give my regards to Mrs. Bittues, Mr. Petersen and the others. I hope that you and they are well, and that I may be favored with a letter from you in the near future.

Sincerely,

T. L. WATSON.

Roll of Honor

Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Ltd.

KILLED IN ACTION

CORP. E. A. McMULLEN

Corp. E. A. McMullen went overseas with the 87th Battalion Grenadier Guards in 1915. He was killed November 20th, 1916, in the Battle of the Somme from the effects of a shrapnel wound in the hip.

PRIVATE JAMES SARGENT

Private James Sargent went overseas early in 1915 with the 42nd Battalion Royal Highlanders of Montreal and was killed at Courcellette in 1916, exact date unknown, as his next of kin is in the old country.

PRIVATE BERT LYDER

Private Bert Lyder went overseas with the 87th Battalion Grenadier Guards and was killed at Ypres on July 5th, 1916, from the effects of a gunshot wound.

WOUNDED

CORP. A. PLANTE

PRIVATE A. LYNN

GUNNER E. KILPATRICK

SERVING WITH THE COLORS

C. FERGUSON

J. TAYLOR

A. FAWNS

H. FAWNS

J. BUTLER

L. CUNNINGHAM

C. CAVANAGH

J. BISHOP

J. DUPUIS

BERT LOVEDAY

O. E. ROGERS

T. NEILSON

A. TONKS

F. JONES

Imperial Royal Flying Corps

T. L. WATSON

F. TOBIN

F. J. KEEN

A. PROULX

Another New Gillette Idea for Uncle Sam's Men

The Gillette Safety Razor Cased in Khaki



No. 18

MILITARY SET

For Uncle Sam's Officers, a Gillette Combination Set, in case of U. S. Regulation Khaki—nickel-plated "Bulldog" Razor; indestructible Trench Mirror fitted in pocket in lid; Shaving Brush and Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in nickel-plated Holders, and two Blade Boxes; 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 Shaving Edges).

Retail Price \$7.00



mirror

KHAKI SET

In roll case of U. S. Regulation Khaki—a compact Gillette Set to slip into the soldier's pocket or pack. Gillette Safety Razor and metal Blade Box containing 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 Shaving Edges). Indestructible Trench Mirror inside pocket. Razor and Blade Box nickel-plated. Size of set complete—4¼ in. long, 2 in. wide, ¾ in. thick. Weighs next to nothing and takes no room.

Retail Price \$5.00

New Addresses of Gillette Boys with the Colors

| | |
|---|--|
| Abrams, Max Co. A, 302nd Mach. Gun Battalion, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. | Sorenson, Oliver Machine Gun Co., 301st Infantry, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. |
| Boltz, Henry C. Rifle Range Detail, Navy Yard, Philadel- phia, Pa. | Anderson, Geo. L. Cook, Headquarters Co., 103rd Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces |
| Henderson, John Thomas Co. A, 104th U. S. Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces | Page, Edward A. U. S. Naval Operating Base, Co. 6, Avia- tion, Hampton Roads, Va. |
| Chaisson, Wm. U. S. Naval Training Sta., Barrack No. 8, Hingham, Mass. | Kearney, Wm. H. Motor Car Co., 304, Camp J. E. John- ston, Jacksonville, Fla. |
| Mannion, James T. Headquarters Co., 104th Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces | Kenny, Walter Fifth Evacuation Corps, M. O. T. C., Camp Greenleaf, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. |
| Winn, Owen 31st Co., Fort Warren, Boston, Mass. | |

Two Interesting Letters

Mr. J. W. Hirst recently received the following in a letter from a friend:

"While traveling in the South last Summer, I went into the hotel wash room and saw a porter shaving with what appeared to be a piece of wood. When he put down the article I found he had a Gillette Blade held in a stick which he had split and inserted two pins to hold the blade in place. On questioning him he told me he found the blade and had used it a number of times and got good shaves every time."

Extract from letter received from a friend by Mr. Geo. R. Brown, Jr., of our Sales Department:

Somewhere in France.

October 3rd, 1917.

"I am going to ask you to send me a couple of little things when you get a chance. First will you please buy for me two packages of Gem safety razor blades,—there are seven blades in a package. Over here it is quite hard to get any razor blades except those for the Gillette."

Gillette News Items

The War Committee is pleased to report that up to time of going to press we have distributed to the Gillette boys serving with the colors:

- 84 pairs of Socks
- 27 Sweaters
- 48 Face Cloths
- 7 pairs of Wristlets

Quite a number have acknowledged receipt of same and expressed their great

appreciation of the kindness of everybody concerned.

PERSONAL MENTION

Margaret J., eldest daughter of Mr. James L. Driscoll of our Sales Department passed away after a short illness on January 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll have the sincere sympathy of everybody in their great sorrow.



MALAY PROVERBS

Because the water is still you must not think there is no crocodile there.

Better die with a good repute than live with a bad one.

Back turned, language changed.

Good manners are neither sold nor bought.

The kite sings duets with the fowl, to pounce on it and eat it at last.

The fuller the ear of rice the more it leans; the emptier it is, the straighter it stands.

Where there is no kite the grasshopper says, "I am the Kite!"

If you slap the water in a tub, it will splash in your face.

The perfume of flowers is far off, the odor of dung is near.

If some dogs bark, can they make the mountains fall down?

If one makes friends with scoundrels, he has to be a scoundrel too.

If the root is dead, it is best to pull it up.

If you love the rice, pull up the weeds.

The elephants fight, and the musk-deer between them gets killed.

When the bait is gone you catch no fish.

If one crosses a river he may be swallowed by a crocodile, but he ought not to let the little fishes bite him.

The ass would like to be a horse.

The crab orders its children to walk straight.

He who is ashamed to ask, goes astray.

Good bargain on the lips, dear on the balance.

The deer forgets the snare but the snare does not forget the deer.

A sea turtle lays eggs by the hundred and no one knows anything about it; a hen lays one egg and the noise goes all over town.

To go on a horse and come back on a cow.

It is best to prepare the ointment before you fall.

He can see a louse in China, but he could not see an elephant at the end of his nose.

If you dispute with the wells, you end by dying of thirst.

. . .

Broadly speaking, all the brown races which inhabit the portion of Asia south of Siam and Indo-China, and the islands from

the Philippines to Java, and from Sumatra to Timor belong to the Malayan family.

As a race they are exceedingly courteous and self-respecting. Their own code of manners is minute and strict and they observe its provisions faithfully.

The Malays are indolent, pleasure-loving, improvident, fond of bright clothing, of comfort, of ease, and they dislike toil exceedingly.

In a famous duel fought between Alexander Shott and John S. Knott, Knott was shot and Shott was not. This seemed to show that it was better to be Shott than Knott.

A commonplace critic has something to say upon every occasion; and he always tells you either what is not true, or what you knew before, or what is not worth knowing.

WHERE DO WE LIVE?

A New York sportsman was once chatting with an old woman who lived alone on a little backwoods farm in Maine.

"Where do you live?" asked the old lady.

"In New York City."

"How far might that be?" she queried.

"Oh, about five hundred miles."

"For the land's sake!" said she, "I don't see how you can bear to live so far off."

How often do we stand in the old woman's position, when considering the views of others?

TOMORROW IS NOT JUST AS GOOD

Tomorrow! Tomorrow?

'Tis a period nowhere to be found

In all the hoary registers of time,

Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word,

Nor holds society with those who own it.

Tomorrow, didst thou say? Tomorrow?

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury

Against thy plenty; takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes and promises,

The currency of idiots.

THE MAKING OF MILKANWATHA'S

MITTENS

Of the squirrel's skin Marcossett
 Made some mittens for our hero;
 And she put the fur side inside,
 Put the fur side next his fingers,
 For to keep his hands warm inside,
 That was why she put the fur side,
 Why she put the fur side inside.
 She, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the cold side, skin side outside.
 She, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side inside,
 Put the inside on the outside,
 Put the outside on the inside,
 Thus she made them outside inside,
 Made them truly inside outside.

HOW ABOUT OURS?

Mark Twain gave it as his opinion that nothing in the world so much needs reforming as other peoples' habits.
 Do we agree with him?

I have generally found that a man who is good at excuses, is good at nothing else.

BEN FRANKLIN

WORTH CONSIDERING

Have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination; to the company of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment?

THE FIREPLACE ON A WINTER'S
NIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME

As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sunk
 From sight beneath the smothering bank.
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
 Of wood against the chimney-back,—
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty forestick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
 Until the old, rude-furnished room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,
 The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall

A conchaut tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andiron's straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples spluttered in a row,
 And close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.
 What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north-wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's eye watch that hung in view,
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely-warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.

Within our beds awhile we heard
 The wind that round the gables roared,
 With now and then a ruder shock,
 Which made our very bedsteads rock.
 We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
 The board-nails snapping in the frost;
 And on us, through the unplastered wall,
 Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
 When hearts are light and life is new;
 Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
 Till in the summer-land of dreams
 They softened to the sound of streams,
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

If any of our readers are interested to know from what sources these selections are taken they may ascertain same by applying to the Editorial Department of "The Gillette Blade."

THRIFT

WITHOUT me no man has ever achieved success, nor has any nation ever become great. I have been the bedrock of every successful career, and the cornerstone of every fortune.

All the world knows me and most of the world heeds my warning.

The poor may have me, as well as the rich.

My power is limitless, my application boundless.

He who possesses me has contentment in the present and surety for the future.

I am of greater value than pearls, rubies and diamonds.

Once you have me, no man can take me away.

I lift my possessor to higher planes of living, increase his earning power, and bring to realization the hopes of his life.

I make a man well dressed, well housed, and well fed.

I insure absolutely against the rainy day.

I drive want and doubt and care away.

I guarantee those who possess me prosperity and success.

I have exalted those of low degree, and those of high degree have found me a helpful friend.

To obtain me you need put out no capital but personal effort, and on all you invest in me I guarantee dividends that last through life and after.

I am as free as air.

I am yours if you will take me.

I am **THRIFT**.

—AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

Reprinted from the Southern Public Utilities Magazine.

The Gillette Blade

MARCH 1918



THE GILLETTE SERVICE PIN
Worn by Employees and Indicating Length of Service



GET

With malice toward none, with charity
for all, with firmness in the right as God
gives us to see the right.

— *Abraham Lincoln*

The Gillette Blade

Vol. I

March, 1918

No. 5

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of,
the Employees of the

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston

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Random Thoughts for THE GILLETTE BLADE

BY MR. FRANK J. FAHEY, Vice-President

WE hope that all of our employees have read with keen interest the article begun in the February issue of THE BLADE by our President, Mr. King C. Gillette, and thereby get inspiration from his story of the Company's early trials. Other articles will follow from time to time to interest us all.

The story of the Gillette Razor is indeed one like the story of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, and besides Mr. Gillette, no one probably appreciates it more than our older employees and those of us in the management who have seen the Company grow from its small beginning to a corporation, which today in some respects is without parallel in the history of the world's development.

Prior to the inception of the Gil-

lette Razor, man had made shaving one of his laborious tasks, but the Gillette has transformed it into a pleasant duty, and the success of the Company is largely due to the comfort, ease and satisfaction which the razor gives to its users all over the world.

We are fast approaching, if we are not already up to, a self-shaving age,—an age where man must be up and doing. Neat appearance and economy of time are two of the days' essentials, and the time saved by the Gillette shave compared with the time lost by old-fashioned methods is in itself a big factor in economy,—added to which is the savings in one's yearly expenses.

Another factor in the Company's success, and one not to be overlooked, is that the Company has been fortu-

nate in having among its employees a steady, dependable, efficient set of workers—of long service and experience—whose best efforts have been devoted toward the Company's success.

These employees have contributed in no small measure to the combined results obtained, and we in the management feel that thanks are due in this regard.

THE GILLETTE BLADE, fellow workers, is being developed along lines which we believe will be of benefit to us all.

A weakness apparent to us in the publication thus far has been in the absence of articles from our employees in the rank and file. Let those of you whom this message reaches consider this suggestion and remember that the columns are open to all of us, whether on the road or in the factory, for discussion of any thought which might help in the Company's general welfare.

Do not be afraid of your literary style, and be not bashful in writing your thoughts. They will be well received and carefully handled for publication.

Perhaps another suggestion may be of help in the general scheme of things.

Our Superintendent is particularly anxious that our factory should always present a clean, neat appearance to the officials and anyone else being escorted through the plant.

He can be greatly helped in this if we will all "do our bit" toward assisting in the general effort to keep our factory at a point where it will be referred to as a model for cleanliness. Brightening up the dark spots—

fewer blades on the floor—less oil, waste or strippings in evidence—the waste cans used and covered—will all help Mr. Thompson in this problem, and we bespeak for him your loyal cooperation.

This question of neatness in appearance need not be confined to our factory. Our employees in the offices may well keep in mind that the standing of their Company is sometimes gauged by the character of its billing and correspondence with its trade.

Correctness in detail, a careful presentation of the facts, and, above all, a proper use of English in the correspondence are essentials to the conveyance of a proper impression, and should never be overlooked.

The salesmen who are daily carrying the Company's message should never lack an opportunity to present their Company in the best possible light.

Through them perhaps more than any other way does the trade acquire its impression, and both the salesman and the Company's goods should be presented in the best possible way. Clean samples, clean shaves, clean linens and clear eyes will go far to place the Gillette in its proper place in the minds of the trade.

Another thought which comes to us is in the matter of the Company's stock which was offered to employees on the partial payment plan some months ago.

In some respects the response to this offer was quite surprising, but we feel there are still some of our employees who are missing a good opportunity to subscribe to the shares

and thereby become part-owners in the Company's business.

In 1917 the Company's business was the largest in its history.

We need not dwell upon the Company's current affairs, because any one in the organization can see what is being done.

We strongly advise those who have not already subscribed for shares to do so at once, and those who can afford to increase their holdings, let them do so to the extent of their resources.

We would like to feel that each employee in the Company was an owner of its shares, and thereby enjoying their proportion of its general prosperity.

Reports from our former fellow workers, now "over there," indicate they have been training hard for the

work that is to come, and their united promise is that "THE BEST THEY'VE GOT THEY'LL GIVE."

Another suggestion which comes to us is to remind our employees, heads of departments, etc., who handle some of their department business over the telephone, to be brief.

Besides the Company's inside telephone system, we have five trunk lines, and still find congestion in the service at times.

Always be courteous, either in person or over the telephone, but study brevity in your department, and it will save considerable time for everybody.

This also applies to interviewing salesmen and representatives of various Companies who call to see us on business from time to time.

OUR BOYS OVER THERE

J. H. FRENCH, *Machine Shop*

How dear to our memory
Are the thoughts of the fellows,
Who worked at the bench,
Or the desk we've in mind.
Who offered their lives
For the Country that raised them,
To fight for the freedom
Of the ones left behind.

Their thoughts may have been
Of change or adventure.
But now that real danger
Was put up to them,
We should all live the Spirit
By putting our shoulder,
To overcome any obstacle
In helping them Win.

They may be for months
In battles and trenches,
All striving to each day
Make the world burdenless.

With hardship and suffering
Unheard of, unbelievable,
To help write on the scroll
The great word Success.

Of the loved ones at home
They surely are thinking,
In their mind must be running
The thought, freedom or death.
But to those left at home,
Are You doing Your duty
To help drive our murderers
From the face of the earth?

We must realize now,
That some day comes a letter
Marked, passed by the Censor,
And addressed to anyone,
That your boy, our friend,
Was killed in a battle,
When sorrows of that Country
Are sent to our home.



ALFRED CHARLES RITCHIE

A New Salesman with Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Ltd.

WE introduce to Gillette folks our new Canadian salesman, Alfred Charles Ritchie, who has won his present position by his progressive business record. He was born in Montreal, April 12, 1890, and when a boy first became connected with the Northern Electric and Manufacturing Company as a messenger. Shortly afterwards he was placed in charge of a staff of thirty messenger boys. It was while in this position he received instruction in different parts of the office routine, and was afterwards promoted to the position of order tracer in the plant.

Resigning in 1910, he accepted a position as Fire Ranger for the Laurentide Paper Company of Grand Mere. In this position his duties kept him one hundred and twenty-five miles from everywhere, he being obliged to do even his own cooking and washing.

One year later he decided he had had enough of the simple life, and secured a position as a retail salesman with Henry Birks & Sons, Limited, of Montreal, one of Canada's foremost jewelers.

Finding inside work too confining, he accepted a position with his first employers, the Northern Electric & Manufacturing Company, and was placed in charge of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, as salesman of rural telephone and fire alarm systems.

In January, 1918, he entered the service of the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited, as a salesman.

No special territory has been assigned Mr. Ritchie. Canadian salesman are supposed to be—and are—ready to go anywhere at any time.

Origin of the Gillette Razor

MR. KING CAMP GILLETTE

President of the Gillette Safety Razor Company

(Continued from "The Gillette Blade," February 1918)

FOLLOWING these preliminary steps, a regular form of agreement embodying the terms agreed upon was drawn up in the office of Brandeis, Dunbar & Nutter, and this trust agreement with the bonds that were issued was deposited with the Federal Trust Company. From that time on the Company has never again been in financial trouble, and the only outside money the Company ever received was the first \$5000 and the \$60,000 invested by Mr. Joyce. It has never borrowed a dollar, and the assets as they exist today and all the dividends that have been paid have been the accumulations of its own profits.

Soon after Mr. Joyce came into the Company they increased the capital stock of the Company from \$500,000 to \$650,000. This issue was made to compensate me for my foreign patents, which I had retained at the time the first company was formed; but I only received 3000 shares out of the 15,000 shares issued, the balance was absorbed by others—without cost to them.

When we came to the question of marketing the razor, Mr. Joyce and Mr. Holloway thought it would be best to turn over this branch of our business to others who had had experience,—we to receive a fixed price for our razors and blades, and confine our efforts to manufacturing. Pursuant to this plan an exclusive right was given to two young men,

named respectively Townsend and Hunt, who opened offices in Chicago under the name of Gillette Sales Company. They had only \$3000 capital which they borrowed, and they never required more, for out of their profits from sales they were able to take care of all advertising and expenses incident to marketing the razor; and, to make a long story short, the Company bought them out at a cost of \$300,000 within three years from date of signing contract with them.

In 1903 I was still with the Crown Cork & Seal Company, and they were urging me to go to England to establish a factory for them in London. I was receiving \$6000 per year, but I did not wish to go, and urged the Razor Company to make a salaried position for me, so I might devote my time to the razor. I was president of the Company, but those in control refused to meet my wishes, giving as a reason the need of every dollar for development of the business. I sailed for England January 27th, 1904, taking with me my family and all my household furniture. Before leaving I resigned as President, but was retained on the Board. It looked then as though I would be obliged to remain permanently abroad. In July of that year I learned that the Company was selling all the goods it could make and that it was about to enter into a contract to turn over all its foreign interests on a royalty basis. They were to receive no money,

but the parties who were to take over their rights had agreed to invest \$100,000 in the business abroad.

Immediately on learning the above facts I took passage for New York and arrived in Boston about ten days later. I protested against the proposed disposition of our foreign rights and won my point, and in view of the fact that the Company was making money rapidly I insisted on a salaried position, which was agreed to.

When these details were concluded I immediately went to Baltimore to resign my position with the Crown Cork & Seal Company. I had been with them thirteen years and my relations had been most agreeable. When I told them of my desire to leave, they wanted to know why, and I told them about the razor—and as I was full and overflowing with confidence in its future success, I suppose I impressed them with my enthusiasm. Anyway, they wished to buy some stock. They were all wealthy men and had been builders of the Crown business and knew the possibilities of little things. I had only 9000 shares at the time out of 65,000 and I told them I did not know its market value and did not wish to part with any that I had. They insisted and at first only wanted 2000 shares to divide between themselves, but as we continued to talk they raised the amount to 4000 shares. I demurred and told them the razor was a bigger thing than the Crown Cork and some day would make more money. This only increased their desire and I finally agreed to sell them 4000 shares at \$20.00 per share; they accepted, and then and there gave me a check for half the amount, \$40,000, and agreed

to give me the balance when stock was delivered.

I have said many times since that transaction that if the road between Baltimore and Boston had been paved with eggs and I had been obliged to walk the whole distance, I would not have broken an egg. It seemed as though I were walking on air, I was so rich and independent, for I was to have \$80,000 which was more money than I had ever had before. The first thing I did after arriving in Boston and had deposited my check was to make out a check for \$19,700 to give to Mr. Joyce for the money I owed on a business venture some years before. With the balance of the money I bought Gillette stock until my holdings were 14,000 shares.

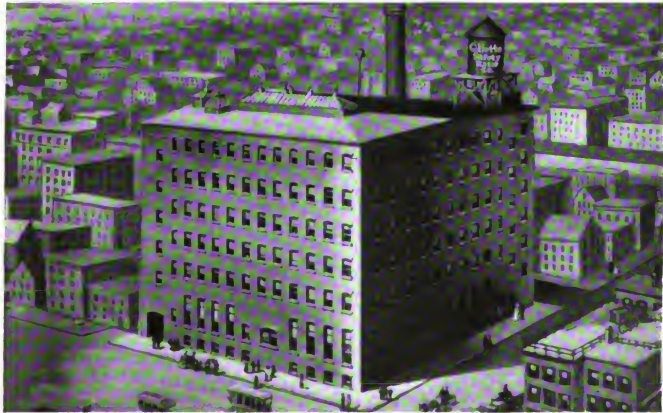
For the first two years stock had no market value: any offer from 25 cents to \$1.00 would result in a transfer. Mr. Joyce increased his holding very greatly at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$2.50 per share, but when the price reached \$2.00 and the razor had become a success, the stock began to be sought after, and a great many who had formerly joked about Gillette's Razor, came to me and would ask, "Gillette, why didn't you give me a chance?" I knew there was no need to answer; they all knew perfectly well that they had overlooked their hand and lost an opportunity.

Before I went abroad the Company took a whole upper floor on Atlantic Avenue; later it took additional space, and on my return in the fall of 1904 we made our first purchase of a property for the Company, a building on First Street,



394 ATLANTIC AVENUE, BOSTON

It Was in One Small Room on the Top Floor of This Building That the Gillette Safety Razor Company Made Its Beginning



THE FIRST FACTORY BUILDING PURCHASED IN 1904

This Is the First Section of the Present Group of Buildings Comprising the Factory of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. on West First Street (South) Boston, Mass.

South Boston, for which we paid I believe \$90,000. It was 90 feet square and six stories. In 1905 we started our second building and paid Mr. Joyce \$100,000 for the bonds, and had the pleasure of cancelling that debt before the second building was completed. We were crowded to the doors and running two shifts night and day and could not keep up with the demand for our goods. Before the second building was finished and occupied in 1906 we had purchased additional land facing on Second Street and adjoining our first building, and began our plans for another building.

At this time we were obliged to bend all our energies to expanding our plant, for the magnitude of our business seemed only dependent on our ability to secure machinery and room with which to meet the constantly increasing demand, and this continued until we had four buildings full of machinery. In 1910 began the installation of new machinery which was to increase the capacity of the buildings to turn out our product fully one hundred percent, and this process of change in efficiency continued up to the present time, when we find ourselves again confronted with the need for more room. We have arrived at a point where we are able to produce with one thousand employees five times the output of product that we were able to produce in 1909 with 1800 employees; a condition of progress and efficiency which cannot be said of any other industry in the world. The magic power of Aladdin's Lamp, which met the desire and hopes of those who possessed it, has changed

in the twentieth century to the magic power of the human mind to give birth to ideas of greater efficiency and economy in ways and means of doing things, giving wealth without end to those who have the foresight to grasp the opportunities that such ideas must bring.

The Gillette Safety Razor Company is still in its infant stage. We cannot produce today the goods that are in demand, and there is no prospect of overcoming this condition no matter how much wealth the corporation may accumulate. We have not even approached a possible supply of the world's market, for in the United States alone there is an increase according to insurance statistics of two million five hundred thousand coming of shaving age each year, and out of a total of upwards of three hundred million who shave in the world, we have sold to less than ten million.

Every razor sold by the Gillette Company represents a saving of half an hour of time spent in a barber shop, without saying anything about the money paid for service and tips. With an approximate number of ten million customers this would represent a saving of ten million half hours per day, or a saving of five million hours which might be devoted to study or labor and which represents 500,000 working days, or the labor of 500,000 men constantly employed, which is nearly twice the number employed by the U. S. Steel Corporation, which at \$3.00 per day represents a saving of \$1,500,000 per day, or for a year of 300 days, a saving to the United States of labor equal to \$450,000,000.



FIRST ADDITION TO 1904 FACTORY

The Company's Growth Soon Required More Space, and in 1905 the Addition to the Left of the Original Building Was Started



1909 ADDITION TO FACTORY GROUP

Enforced Expansion Required the New Building Extending Through to West Second Street. It is the Third Unit in the Present Factory Group Shown Below



THE PRESENT GILLETTE FACTORY 1918

The Factory Group Shown Above Was Completed With the Fourth Section Added in 1917

The number of blades produced daily in our factory in Boston is 370,000 or over 30,000 dozen; this equals in sharpened edge 1,480,000 inches, or 123,333 feet, or approximately 22 miles of sharpened edge; every inch of which must be capable of giving a satisfactory shave. This is accomplished by skill transferred to machines entirely separate from skill of operators. We talk of thousandths of an inch in the fitting of parts for automobiles, but when we come to a shaving edge, we cannot even consider millionths of an inch. An edge must be drawn to a fineness that cannot be measured by any human instruments, yet the machines of the Gillette Company produce such edges; not in isolated instances but in the production of upwards of twenty miles of edge each day, and yet, as I said before, we are only on the edge of big business. Where we are producing over 30,000 dozen today we will be producing 100,000 before 1921. The razor blades we have made to date would belt the earth at the equator with a continuous steel band, and each year we are building a broader foundation of profit by sales to hundreds of thousands of new users.

Those who purchase the Gillette razor are willing victims of the Gillette habit, for they bind and tie themselves, and what is more, they are each and every one a salesman on our salary list, and are paid in coin of the realm by time and labor saved and in the comfort and pleasure they derive in accomplishing that necessary part in each man's daily life, that is so essential to cleanliness, health and appearance of prosperity

that accompanies a perfect shave.

Up to 1905 a small number of razors and blades had been shipped to England. The demand at that time increased to an extent that seemed to warrant opening an office in that country. Accordingly a representative of the Company was sent to London, and a branch was established there in February, 1905. In 1907 it was decided to build a factory in England. Land for this purpose was purchased at Leicester, and the factory was completed and in operation early in the year 1909. The English Company was formed in September, 1908, under the name Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., their London office being located at 17 Holborn Viaduct.

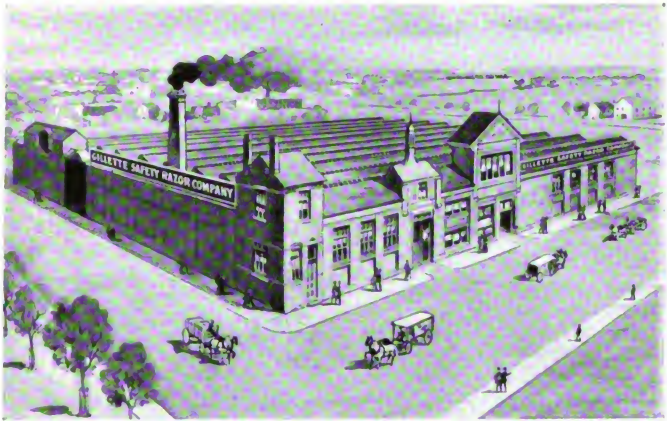
In 1906 offices were opened in Germany and other countries in Europe, Asia, South Africa, Australia and South America. Also a factory was established in France to supply the demand there for the Gillette Safety Razor and Blades.

In 1906 a factory was established in Montreal to take care of the Canadian trade.

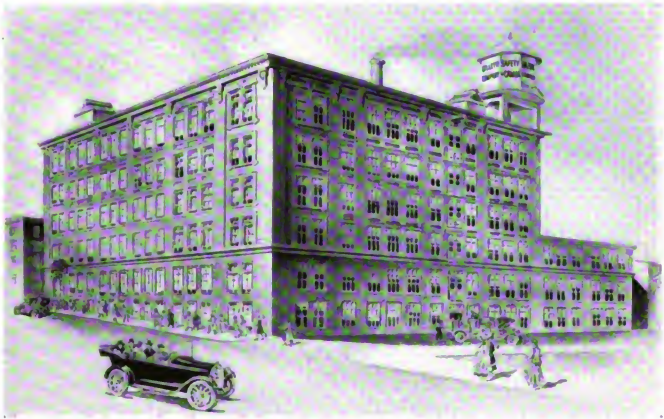
The volume of sales increased very rapidly and soon it became apparent its capacity would have to be enlarged. Accordingly a \$300,000 fire-proof building was constructed, same being completed in 1912. This is located in the heart of Montreal's manufacturing district, and is one of the most prosperous industries of that thriving city.

PROPHETIC VISION

What do we see in the future? The question is pertinent, for the future depends on those who have prophetic



FACTORY AT LEICESTER, ENGLAND
of Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., completed in 1909



FACTORY AT MONTREAL, CANADA
of Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd., completed in 1912

vision and who are able to anticipate and overcome difficulties which would retard the progress of those less gifted. Up to the present time the Gillette Safety Razor Company has adjusted itself to a growing business like the man who builds extensions on his house to meet the needs of an increasing family, but the time has come when the magnitude of the business and its rapid growth demands a building that will be an integral part of the mechanism of efficiency and economy, which will embody in its arrangement every facility for economic handling of the product in its process of manufacture and its movement from one department to another. This building should be a setting worthy in every respect to contain the jewel that it is to hold. It should be an industrial palace of light and beauty, for economy and efficiency is not alone in machines,

but can be found in contented workmen and the pleasure which is theirs in beautiful surroundings.

There is no limit to this business, except the limitations of those who manage it. Where we are making \$4,500,000 a year today, we can make \$20,000,000 a year in 1925, and this will be better understood if you appreciate the fact that we are adding each year 1,000,000 satisfied customers to our list, who become perpetual purchasers of blades. There is no such thing as competition, and never can be, so long as we maintain the quality of our goods. Ten million dollars in cash invested today in opposing the Gillette would be lost just as effectually as though you destroyed it by fire. Our goods are sold in more than three hundred thousand different places throughout the world—to duplicate such a distribution would cost many millions.

NO "NEXT" NEEDED

Why hang around a barber shop
And wait until you're vexed?
Get a Gillette, and cease to fret
And listen for the "Next."

A foamy lather in the mug,
A Turkish towel or two,
A mirror and the Old Gillette,
And presto, man, you're thru!

This is what workless days do to one in this country. Hope you will find space in THE GILLETTE BLADE for above outbreak.

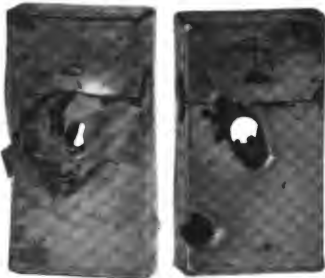
VINCENT A. HEISER, *Sales Department.*

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gillette Safety Razors Figure in Many a "Close Shave"

Letters from the Front Prove Them Life Savers

SINCE the beginning of the Great War we have received numerous letters from the men at the front telling of many interesting experiences with the Gillette Razor. The two following would indicate the Gillette is "doing its bit" as a life saver as well as performing a real service to the fighting man in helping to keep himself clean and fit.



Front Side

Reverse Side

GILLETTE BLADE CASES WHICH SAVED PRIVATE CAMPBELL'S LIFE

Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., 200 Great Portland St., London, W. England.

DEAR SIR:—

Enclosed please find one of your metal blade cases which I had in my breast pocket when I was wounded on Vimy Ridge, May 29th, and which as you can see was pierced by a large piece of shell. I was hit in eight places but the Gillette blades undoubtedly saved my life. This is all I have left of the Gillette outfit I brought from New York when I came over to join the English Army in August, 1914. I am sending it to you as several of my friends advised me to, thinking you would be interested.

Yours truly,

ALFRED B. M. CAMPBELL.

Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., 200 Great Portland St., London, W. England.

DEAR SIR:—

I have the greatest pleasure in forwarding you one of your Safety Razors, which no doubt has saved my life. I was carrying same in my tunic pocket when I was struck with shrapnel.

I have had many a good shave with it, but not one so close as this, and I shall always be glad to recommend the Gillette Razor as bullet proof. Can you exchange this razor for a new one?

Yours truly,

DRIVER A. MARTIN, 1819 D. Sub. Section, 165 Brigade, R. F. A., B. Bat., B. E. F. France.



POCKET EDITION GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Carried in the pocket of Driver Martin and which afforded a real close shave. Was made in our Canadian factory and sent for exchange to our London office.

Note where shrapnel bullet entered cover of case and was stopped by the blade box and its contents.

Difficulties in Supplying the World with Gillette Goods

MR. J. FRANK REBUCK, Ass't Sales Manager

WHEN a stranger goes through our factory and observes the thousands of Gillette Razors and Blades being turned out daily, we are not surprised at the question asked: "Where do you find a market for all these goods?"

This same train of thought no doubt permeates the minds of our own employees, whose work does not bring them in contact with the departments familiar with sales and distribution.

There is an old saying: "Goods well made are half sold," but even after they are sold there is also the problem of delivery.

We know the care each one in the factory is taking to turn out "The Best Safety Razor in the World," and the keen interest displayed in the Manufacturing Department to accomplish this purpose, and though everyone appreciates the problems there have been many, we also want every employee to know just what work is necessary in addition before these articles ultimately reach the consumer.

It is the writer's aim to write from time to time on this subject, pointing out concrete examples of our worldwide and varied channels of distribution and the obstacles and trying conditions confronting the sales department in making deliveries to all corners of the Globe, after the goods have been sold, and in many instances paid for in advance by our customers.

Prior to the War, our goods in Russia were distributed through one of our agents in Germany. We believed we had a very fair distribution there, and it was not until our agent was unable to supply that trade, due to the conflict between Germany and Russia, that your Company deemed it advisable to send its personal representative, Mr. Thomas W. Pelham, to investigate Gillette possibilities in that far-distant land.

Mr. Pelham had no definite customer in mind when he started on his initial trip in 1915, taking with him as personal baggage nine tons of Gillette Razors and Blades, but while there, located and established an agency with Mr. A. G. Micheles in Petrograd, and disposed of the entire lot for cash. This was just a starter, for during the following year, 1916, great quantities were shipped there by the well-known routes then open. During the latter part of 1916 and early in 1917, it became more difficult to make deliveries, but we were successful in having goods dispatched to Archangel and Vladivostok, the two principal seaports of Russia.

Some of the goods were forwarded via freight, and later we were obliged to send by first class registered mail, an expensive method, but a necessary and unprecedented one.

In February, 1917, Mr. Pelham again started on what is considered the most remarkable undertaking by a sales representative, with the ob-

ject of assisting our agent in Russia to obtain our merchandise. He was obliged to go "the long way," that is, via Pacific Ocean to Vancouver, Japan and Siberia, taking with him on this trip sixteen tons of Gillette Razors and Blades. These goods are now in Darien, the port of Manchuria, and are being taken out as needed by Mr. Micheles.

In the spring of 1917, we learned through the Commercial Reports of a new steamship company that contemplated operating between the United States and Russia, going far to the north of Norway and Sweden, out of the submarine zone, and through the Kara Sea to the Obi Bay, and from there they would be obliged to have the goods reloaded on small boats and taken down the Yenisei River, a distance of approximately two thousand miles to a point on the Siberian Railroad, from where they would go by rail to Petrograd. This route was only feasible provided the steamers cleared American ports in July, as the Obi Bay and Yenisei River freeze solid in the early fall; therefore the importance of arrival at destination prior to that time.

This steamship company, which had only two boats, advised us in early March that every available inch of space had been engaged. However, we were so persistent during the next few months that they at last promised to take our shipment, which consisted of approximately thirteen tons of Gillette Razors and Blades.

The shipment cleared New York about June 30th, 1917, and no word was received until October, 1917,

when the Captain of said boat cabled the following information to his company:—

"Having found much ice on the Kara Sea, we were obliged to change our course, and due to the faulty Russian Government chart, we ran on a sand-bank; the goods were unloaded on barges until we backed off, then reloaded, necessitating a delay of eighteen days. In the meantime the Yenisei had frozen solid, so we were obliged to return and put into port at Archangel; cargo safe."

This in a way was very gratifying, for the Archangel Port, the most accessible to Petrograd, had been closed for over a year, except for receiving Government supplies, but under the circumstances the Captain of the S.S. "Obi" was granted permission to discharge his cargo. We have received cable advices from our Russian agent that the shipment was placed in storage and that he has already had several tons forwarded to Petrograd.

It was only by our never overlooking an opportunity that we have been able to take care of our Russian market for present and future requirements, and it was due to the foresight of the Gillette management that shipments were forwarded by every available route in anticipation of the ultimate embargo which is now in force.

The difficulties in exporting are not confined to the countries now at war. The Government is commandeering all the boats obtainable for the transportation of supplies to our Allies; therefore we are confronted with an equal shortage of boats to

forward merchandise to other countries as well. A particular case in mind is a shipment recently made by our South African agents, Messrs. Arkell & Douglas, who placed an order with our Canadian Company for three thousand razors and one hundred thousand dozen blades.

The goods were all packed at our Montreal factory for shipment to New York, when our Government took over the railroads, and in view of same a number of perplexing problems had to be solved before the shipment was finally accepted by the railroad officials. These, however, were overcome, and the goods eventually arrived in New York. Our agents there found that sailings to South Africa had been indefinitely suspended. They were therefore obliged to abandon the modern steamer, which ordinarily required only five weeks to make the trip, and chartered an old-fashioned sailing vessel, the "Alice May Davenport," which would take seven months to make the voyage. Gillette Razors and Blades were the principal cargo, and they are now somewhere on the high seas between the two countries.

The "Isle of Rhodes" means little to us, yet the word "Gillette" signifies a great deal to the inhabitants of that isle. This island is situated in the Aegean Sea, southwest of Turkey, and was until quite recently a Turkish possession, but is now under the control of the Italian Government.

Through the American Manufacturers' Export Association we learned of Saloman Alhadeff Fils, Isle of Rhodes, Aegean Sea, and to whom we mailed our catalog and

quoted prices in June, 1916, also writing him fully. He acknowledged our communication in July, 1916, stating inasmuch as we had created a demand for Gillette goods on the Isle of Rhodes by advertising, he was enclosing a sample order and draft on New York Bank in payment. The quantity ordered was not sufficient to carry our maximum export discount, which he specified on the order, therefore the remittance was insufficient to cover the order. He instructed that the goods were to be dispatched via parcel post, but as this method of forwarding goods had been discontinued, and rather than have a misunderstanding regarding the order, we wrote him fully, giving him the option of increasing the quantity, so as to enjoy our best discount, or giving us permission to make shipment of the quantity he was entitled to for the sum received. We also advised him that shipment would have to go cargo freight to Naples, Italy, and then reforwarded to the Isle of Rhodes.

At the same time we presented his draft for collection, but due to delayed communications between his bank and the Bank of New York, the Bank of New York had not received advices to honor draft, so draft was returned to us. This required additional writing to the customer, but finally we were notified by the New York Bank that credit had been opened, and that the draft would be honored when again presented.

In October, 1916, we had the customer's further instructions to increase the order, for which he was sending us through New York an additional amount, making a total of

\$618.12, and to forward goods via freight as suggested.

We now had the order and the money, but unfortunately there were no sailings, and it was not until January 30th, 1917, that shipment cleared New York on the S.S. *Owego*, and we so informed our customer.

In April and then again in June, 1917, customer advised that goods had not arrived, so we had our ship-pers communicate with the forward-ers in Naples relative thereto. No further word was received until January 26th, 1918 (his letter dated November 28th, 1917), stating that packing case was received, but it had

been tampered with en route and all the goods had been stolen.

The goods were fully insured, but as he did not give us legal proof of loss, required by the Insurance Com-pany, we were obliged to cable him for such evidence, and when this is received claim will be filed and, when accepted, a duplicate shipment will be made.

This was a most exasperating transaction, yet neither we nor the customer could have prevented it; however, believe that the two inci-dents cited are fair illustrations of the difficulties in delivering goods after they are sold.

(In my next article I will write on exporting to the neutral countries of Europe.)

A REAL ANNOYANCE

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

Job was indeed a patient man, his ways
were kind and meek.

In rage against his woes he was not ever
heard to speak;

I strive to emulate his style, I do not fuss
and fret

At every small annoyance that it is my lot
to get.

But I cannot keep my temper and I lose
the smile I own

If I'm upstairs busy shaving and they call
me to the phone.

I can chuckle if they tell me that the fur-
nace fire is out,

And a water pipe that's frozen doesn't
make me rave and shout;

They can drag me to a movie when I'd
rather sit and read

And I'll never even whimper, for good
nature is my creed,

But it makes me mad as thunder and I
answer with a groan

When my face is white with lather and they
call me to the phone.

"Hush," I hear the mother whisper, "that is
no way to behave,"

But she doesn't know the torture of an in-
terrupted shave,

If there's misery to beat it, it is one I've
never met.

Even Job, who suffered nobly, would have
cursed a bit I'll bet

If when he were set for scraping off the
whiskers he had grown

And his ears were full of lather, they had
called him to the phone.



GILLETTE CHRISTMAS DISPLAY

Through the courtesy of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of Philadelphia, Pa., we were given this window space for a showing of Gillette Razors during the week of December 17 to 23 inclusive. Window was trimmed for us by George B Evans, one of our large distributors.

AN EXPERIENCE OF MR. J. T. FROST WHILE OUT ON THE ROAD

Having completed my business in Peabody and finding I had twenty minutes to wait for a car to Danvers, I stepped into the postoffice which is also being used as a waiting room and stood looking out of the window close to the writing desk.

A few moments later a lady and gentleman entered. The gentleman stepped up to the desk and commenced to write, while the lady purchased the stamps. The gentleman completing his writing and looking for a blotter did not see one, so he crossed the room to the other desk for one. The thought came to me—"Our Service Flag Blotter," and in a second I had one out of my sample case and on the desk. The young man returned with his blotter and was very much surprised to see the blotter. He looked at me and all around, but nobody seemed to pay any attention to him.

I noticed he started to blot with the flag side down, which smeared the writing. Seeing this the young man turned over the blotter and I noticed that he very carefully counted the stars and calling his lady friend, she also counted the stars and

exclaimed, "Isn't that great. Gee! I did not know Gillette had so many working for them," and placing the blotter on the desk they walked out.

STAPLE AS GOVERNMENT BONDS

When Mr. L. J. Fahey, of our Sales Department, was recently passing through one of the main streets in Brooklyn, N. Y., he noticed a store window full of musical instruments, jewelry and other miscellaneous articles. Directly in the center of this display was a very nice assortment of Gillette Razors with a hand made card accompanying same. This card read:—"Gillette Safety Razors—as staple as United States Government Bonds."

VISIT HIS MOTHER

The Gillette War Committee has received a card from Private Peter L. Laroux of Co. E, 104th Infantry, 26th Division, 52nd Brigade, A. E. F., France, requesting some of his Gillette friends to pay a visit to his mother and see how she is getting along. Her address is 27 Gorham Street, West Somerville, Mass.

Twenty Years Ago

MILLIONS of dollars were undiscovered, and Congress spent the whole afternoon cutting down appropriations for Fish Creek from eight hundred to five hundred and ninety-eight dollars and a quarter.

Bicycles were as common as legs.

Automobiles and millionaires were rare.

Table board was \$3 a week, or \$5 a week with the "best room in the house."

Hotels had a "bill of fare," and the "menu" with prices marked opposite was almost unknown.

Appendicitis had just been discovered.

Ice cream was served on Sundays and holidays from the kitchen, and factories prepared to supply it to the whole danged population three times a day were not dreamed of.

Nobody wore white shoes, and palm beach suits were in the "alpaca stage."

Cream was six cents a pint and milk five cents a quart. Bacteria had just taken its first sip of the lacteal fluid.

All up-to-date young men had "livery bills."

Cantaloupes were muskmelons.

Farmers came to town for their mail.

The hired girl did the washing, and worked for \$1.50 a week.

The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.

A "Sane Fourth of July" had never been mentioned.

The soldiers' vote controlled the elections.

Robert E. Lee had not become a "hero."

Jules Verne had a monopoly on the submarine.

The man who said he could fly was sent to the insane asylum.

You stuck tubes in your ears to hear a phonograph and it cost a dime.

The "movies" were "impossible," in the opinion of real smart people.

The corporations ran the country, and did well at it.

And last but not least:—

Mr. Gillette was thinking over the possibilities of his Safety Razor and making crude models of it.



CADET FRANK M. TOBIN

Imperial Royal Flying Corps. Formerly Foreman of the Hardening Department of the
Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada. Limited

Camp Borden, Ontario.

Dec. 17th, 1917.

DEAR MR. PETERSEN:—

This is the real life and I am only sorry that I did not join up before, but believe me I never realized what the word work meant before. Every day we are advised to remember that we are in the Royal Flying Corps or Royal Fatigue Corps as the cadets call it. The sergeants say we are Rotten Dying Corpses. Everything here is done on the double. The R. F. C. is supposed to be the elite of the English Army service and consequently all the officers and non-coms are from across the pond. You might tell Jim Bolton that the only Irishman we

have is a corporal who has no bad habits outside of being the worst blasphemer, the worst man-killer and the next to the worst crap-shooter in the camp. I have started to write down all the new British army cuss words and find it is quite a diversion from the rest of our work. You might ask Jim how he would like to march 160 steps to the minute. That is our regular step, and believe me after my first five hours drill I didn't know whether I had a pair of legs or a couple of tree trunks with a pair of mudscows fastened to the end. The cadets have to take turns in doing all the work around this 19,000 acre camp; and I have become fairly proficient in carrying tons of ashes, shovelling more tons of coal,

spearing scrap papers, shovelling snow, washing a few thousand dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning stables and a few minor duties such as guard duty, police and fire plequet duty. But taking everything into consideration this life certainly builds a fellow up. I have gained quite a few pounds in weight and we are so hard and tough that we run around out of doors here bare-headed and in our shirt, and it is five below zero today.

I am studying now, wireless telegraphy, map reading, stationary and rotary engines, aerial gunnery and the scientific way to kill a Boche air-man before he gets you. There are 75 of us expect to be alive this time next year so that anything our instructors sling at us doesn't fizz a bit. From what I can figure out from the work and lectures which we receive, by the end of next fall practically two-thirds of us are expected to have a R. I. P. sign over them in France, but a more happy-go-lucky bunch never existed. Most of my bunch are fellows who have left homes of leisure in the states and Canada or left good businesses to come up here for a dollar per. But we have a dandy bunch of musicians, a dandy quartette (singers), a few monologists and comedians and other freak entertainers, besides the champion middleweight and lightweight boxers in camp. So all told it would take more than a few English non-coms to break our spirits.

Laurie Watson left here today for Toronto. I expect to follow in a week or so as I am in the next flight to him. We have been kicking around together quite a lot and it sure is fine to have a real friend here. I am sending my wrist-watch by him to Dan Cotter to mail to you. Would your mind having Smith-Patterson look it over and repair it? I only wore it a week and during that time it kept perfect time but I was corporal of the guard one extremely cold night and the continual passing out of doors to inspect my sentries and police and then returning into the hot guard-room is the only thing that I can account for the way it gained in time. If they find that the fault was caused by my negligence, then ask them to send me the bill and I will immediately forward the amount due.

Wish you would also tell Mr. Bittues that I will write him soon. I really don't see how I can come to Montreal until the spring. Wish I had my old job back for about one week so that I could impart a little of the efficiency which I have learned here to some of the bunch in the factory.

Must close as lights out is about to blow.
Best regards to all the old bunch.

Sincerely,
FRANK.

CADET F. M. TOBIN, No. 153101—No. 1
Cadet Wing.

Toronto, Ontario.

January 18, 1918.

DEAR MR. BITTUES:

I hope you will excuse me for my lack of courtesy in not writing you before. The only excuse that I might offer is that I have been tremendously busy, but I am thoroughly interested in the work.

We had it pretty hard at Borden for the first month going through our school of discipline. We averaged about five hours a day at drill and the rest of the time at studies. I liked the drill very much and I think I made good at it, for I was chosen at the end of our stay there to take charge of ten men.

We are called squad commanders and have one stripe. This is the highest we can get before we get our commissions, so I feel pretty well satisfied. I have to drill my men, take charge of them all the time, and march them to classes in the different buildings of the University grounds in which we are situated. The only objection that I have to this course we are taking is that we have no time to study. The studies are extremely hard and we have at least five lectures a day with no time to recopy our notes. I don't really see how the majority of our men are going to get through.

You will have to excuse this ink, etc., for we have no chair or table in our rooms and have to use our beds as a writing desk.

Our instructors are experts in their line, and as lots of them are returned men we get first-hand knowledge of conditions at the Front which is not only interesting but very different to what the average layman can get out of the papers.

We are not only taught flying corps work but have to know about every other branch of the service, in fact our C. O. states that a Second Lieutenant in the R. F. C. must have more knowledge of war affairs than a brigade colonel, and I am getting to believe he is right.

This is a partial list of our subjects: two machine guns, all sights used on rifles, guns, howitzers, etc., aerial photography, six different compasses, theory of flight, artillery observations, aerial observations, reconnaissance, five engines, rigging, sail-making,

truing up aeroplanes, building aeroplanes, map reading, battery work (divided into five or six parts), bombs, fuses for shells and bombs, two magnetos, three carburetors, wireless (covering about ten subjects), fifteen different instruments on the machine, military law, King's rules and regulations, three codes for wireless, infantry and artillery problems, and the knowledge of every little village, town, etc., in and about the firing line. Besides this we have inoculation and vaccination for different diseases that I never knew existed. Outside of these minor details they expect us to fly without breaking our machines (they don't seem to care about our necks).

I have already picked out the kind of R. I. P. sign that I think is the most becoming.

Here is a little problem that I think you or Mr. Petersen may be able to figure out. I can't seem to make any headway on it. Send a pilot up in a single seater scout machine, about 140 miles per hour, and have him take photographs, artillery observations, drop a few 112-pound bombs, take pictures of the destruction, working his wireless all the time, run his aeroplane, dodge anti-aircraft guns, and fight off a couple of Hun planes,—all at the same time.

Must close as it is near time for "lights out."

Wish you would give my regards to everybody. I really can't find time to write all.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK TOBIN

No. 4, S. of M. A., R. F. C.

Somewhere in France.

Jan. 5, 1918.

MR. RALPH E. THOMPSON,

DEAR SIR:

Just a few lines to let you know I have received the package which you and my fellow employees sent to me. I also received the razor which you sent to me. I want to thank you for what you and the other employees have done for me. American tobacco is a luxury here, as the stuff here is Par Bon. When we first came here we used to smoke anything we could get, but now it is better as almost all the boys have received some tobacco from home or their friends. All the boys from the factory were delighted when they received the package from our friends. I also wish to thank you and the others for sending Christmas greetings to

all the Gillette boys. Captain McCarthy did not receive the cablegram till the other day, as it was delayed some where. The weather here is not as cold as in the States. The only time I feel cold is at six in the morning when the bugler blows Reveille. The people have treated us well since we arrived in France. All the people here work hard every day. The women do all the men's work, and it is funny to see a woman on a team, or cleaning the streets. I would like to see some of the girls in the factory driving a team. I'll bet some of the girls would be willing to do it to help our cause. We are being drilled hard every day and we are ready for anything that comes our way. All the boys are in good shape, and some of them are putting on weight. We had a big Turkey dinner Christmas Day, and we enjoyed it. We are living the life of Riley, are not worrying a bit. I hope Frank Ward and the other boys who were drafted like the army, and I suppose we boys will see them soon. I think I will close as my candle is getting low and I hear my four big blankets calling me. It is now about 8 o'clock, and in the States about 2 o'clock. I will write to you often, and hope to hear from you soon. Give my thanks to the committee and all the other employees for what they have done for me and the other Gillette boys. All the boys send their regards to you and the other employees.

One of the Boys,

Private JOHN J. HURLEY,

Co. B, 101st Inf., U. S. A.,

Am. Exped. Forces,

via New York.

(Censored.)

NEW MEMBERS WHO HAVE JOINED THE GILLETTE SALES FORCE

MR. JOS. J. HICKEY, 133 Cypress St., Brookline, Mass. Married, with one child. Joined organization February 7, 1918.

MR. I. B. BETTS, JR., 5043 Catherine St., Philadelphia, Pa. Married, with two children. Joined Gillette organization February, 1918.

MR. WALTER L. HAYNES, 1116 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass. Married. Joined Gillette organization Jan. 15, 1918.



JOHN HARTNETT

Co. B, 101st Infantry, Somewhere in France.

Left picture, first on left

Right picture, second from left

Note the "Tin Derbies"

Somewhere in France, Christmas Day

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:

PLEASE accept my thanks and appreciation for your remembrance to one who is far away. Now we again realize what the Gillette spirit means.

It is impossible for us to describe, and tell much about the work done here, but the "Border Service" was a vacation compared to it. We fully believe what Sherman said—we can see it.

Zeppelins have a very bad habit of trying to locate us at night to disturb our peaceful slumbers; so far without success.

Please accept my thanks again for your kindness. I remain

Sincerely yours,

JOHN HARTNETT,

Co. B, 101st Regt. Inf.

P. S.—I think it's going to be Major Bill. We hope so.

January 9th, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND ARTHUR:

RECEIVED your letter today and I judge by the postmark on the envelope of same that it is about six days late in getting here. However, I was certainly glad to hear from you. It was indeed very thoughtful of you to send the copy of the *Blade*, and the military book which made quite a hit with the boys in my barrack.

In my barrack there are fifty men and

Sunday morning when the boys were cleaning up to go to town, I "took them all over" just out of curiosity sake and found that forty out of the fifty men are using Gillette Safety Razors. I thought that was some percentage and called it to the attention of the other ten men who were using anything from an old-fashioned straight blade to a Gem. This in my estimation is conclusive proof of the popularity of the Gillette Safety Razor in general among the boys in camp.

Well, Arthur, I hope you are still enjoying that good health of which you wrote in your letter and as regards to mine I'm always in good shape as a rule when under normal conditions. Give my regards to the boys in the shop. Now I cannot think of anything else of interest so will close hoping to hear from you soon. I remain

Sincerely yours,

THOS. W. BUTLER,

Jacksonville, Fla.

DOWNEY-CANNING

Miss Florence M. Canning of the Gillette Billing department was married Sunday, February 10, to Private Richard E. Downey. The groom is at present stationed at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, where he is a member of the Motor Mechanics Regiment, Aviation Section, Signal Corps.

Mrs. Downey is the most recent addition to our list of war brides.

Northern Blades Get Sharp Edges in Zero Weather

Montreal "Gillettes" have a Real Good Time on Their
First Annual Sleigh Drive and Dance

ONE hundred and fifty of the Montreal office and factory employees braved the zero weather on Friday evening, February 8th, and to the blowing of horns and singing of "Oh! Canada" started on their first annual fourteen-mile drive around the mountain in gayly decorated sleighs, each bearing a large, brightly illuminated "Gillette" sign. Following the drive a dance was held in the Auditorium Hall.

The sleighs left the hall at 8.30 on the trip around Mount Royal, whose beauties, though widely known, must be seen to be appreciated.

The Weather Man could not have done any more; the night was an ideal one—clear, crisp and moonlight. This, together with the merry songs, blowing of horns and laughter of all, tended to make each and every one feel that "it was good to be there."

On the return to the hall refreshments were partaken of and, judging by the amount consumed, thoroughly enjoyed.

Dancing started at 11.30, and much credit is due Mr. James Bolton's conducting of same—as floor manager he could not be excelled.

Cooperation, which is so much desired in the Gillette organization, was very much in evidence throughout the entire affair, and the presence and friendly spirit of the executives and their wives went far toward making one and all agree that "it was the best time ever."

Much of the success of the affair was due to the efforts of Messrs. Maguire, Aird, Bolton and Smith, whom we believe are justly proud of their initial bow.

Three a. m. and "God Save the King" brought to a close an evening which will long be remembered by those present.

"NO STROPPING —"

By W. E. NESOM.

She reared a brood of twelve, nor lost
A one, and so they praise her—
Her children do—by calling her
"A perfect safety-raiser."

In view of how, for many years
She had to stint and slave,
They say she did the business by
The closest kind of shave.

Her discipline at most, they claim,
Comprised a random slap,
And no one ever heard of her
Resorting to the strap.

That, while a little sharp at times,
No blood she ever drew.
She kept a guard upon herself,
And kept her temper, too.

They say of her, with proper pride,
That she was never bested,
Although at many awkward turns
She had her mettle tested.

Their statement of the case is strong,
And much conviction brings—
A safety-raiser she appears,
Upon the face of things!



WALTER EDWARD KIMBER

Close Attention to Details Wins Promotion for This Young Man

THIS young man, whose picture we print, is Walter Edward Kimber, who has charge of the distributing of incoming and outgoing mail, and carries on our interdepartmental messenger service. He is what we call our "Canadian Gillette Pocket Edition."

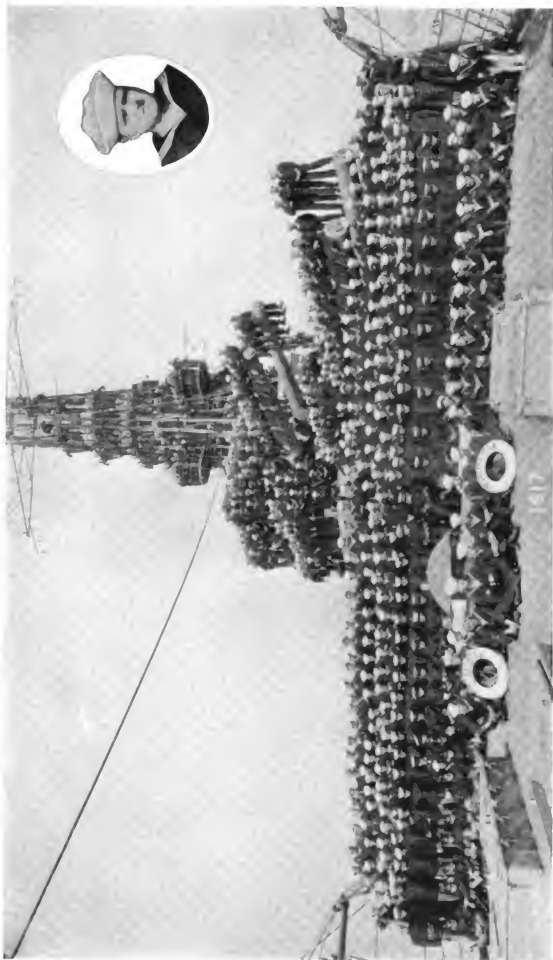
Walter was born June 21, 1903, and on finishing grammar school he was employed by Mr. L. A. Archambault who kept a French book store at 162 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal. Fortunately and unfortunately Mr. Archambault failed; unfortunately for Mr. Archambault and fortunately for Walter because he was employed immediately afterwards by The Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited. He was employed as messenger in our stockroom on May 4th, 1917, but did not last long in that position because of promotion to the main office in November 1917.

After reading through the January issue

of THE GILLETTE BLADE he informed the boys in the Shipping Department that his ambition at the present moment is to own one share of "Gillette" stock because of the fact that he feels sure that this a stepping stone toward a position in life such as the one now held by Mr. J. E. Aldred.

A boy's training in the Boy Scouts is reflected in this young man by his strict attention to business and the military imprint on his deportment. His erect figure, military stride and his coming to "attention" when spoken to mark him as not only having benefited by his scout work, but by his close observance of the attitude and demeanor of the older men who have left us to answer the call at the Front.

Walter is too young to fight but he has the right spirit and if the same is continued he will make an able representative in years to come of the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited.



CREW OF U. S. S. VIRGINIA
Owen Maguire (inset) formerly of our Power Department is standing in the third row from the front, the ninth man from the left

Recent Additions to the Gillette Roll of Honor

| | |
|---|--|
| Allen, Irwyn F. (Machine Shop) Co. C, 33rd Regiment, U. S. Engineers, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. | Greene, Thomas (Printing Dept.) U. S. S. Calvin Austin, Federal Wharf, East Boston, Mass. |
| Linsky, Cornelius (Blade Polish. Dept.) U. S. S. Calvin Austin, Federal Wharf, East Boston, Mass. | Carney, Bernard (Printing Dept.) U. S. S. Calvin Austin, Federal Wharf, East Boston, Mass. |
| Driscoll, John G. Bumkins Island, Boston Harbor, Mass. Barracks No. 9, M. M. 2/c. | Morrison, Robert (Handle Dept.) U. S. Base Hospital No. 7, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. |

Promotions from the Ranks

| | |
|---|---|
| Page, Corp. Albert W. Co. B, 101st Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces, via New York Post Office. | Sweeney, Corp. Frank J. 4th Co., Officers' Training School, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. |
| Pickering, Corp. George Co. H, 101st Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces, via New York Post Office. | Bero, Corp. J. Joseph Co. K, 325th Infantry, Camp Gordan, Atlanta, Georgia. |
| Ryan, Corp. Herbert Co. B, 101st Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces, via New York Post Office. | Mannion, Mechanic James T. Headquarters Co., 104th Infantry, Amer. Exped. Forces, via New York Post Office. |

New Addresses of Gillette Boys

| | |
|---|--|
| Abrams, Max Co. I, 60th U. S. Infantry, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. | Fisher, Charles Battery A, 101st Regiment, Field Art., Amer. Exped. Forces, via New York Post Office. |
| Chaisson, Wm. J. U. S. Naval Training Camp, Bumkins Is- land, Boston Harbor, Mass. Barracks No. 5, Section No. 3. | DeCourcy, Harold S. S. V. 9/629, Par B. C. M. Amer. Exped. Forces, France. |
| Murray, Edward F. 101st U. S. Engineers, Co. B, Amer. Exped. Forces, via New York Post Office. | Wright, Samuel T. Section 562, U. S. A. A. S. Amer. Exped. Forces, via New York Post Office. |
| Kochadorion, Hagop U. S. Naval Training Station, Bumkins Island, Boston Harbor, Mass. Division No. 2, Section No. 4. | Page, Edward A. U. S. Naval Operating Base, 4th Co., Aviation, Hampton Roads, Va. |
| Sweeney, Corp. Frank J. 4th Co., Officers' Training School, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. | Foley, John J. Co. D, 101st Infantry, American Ex- peditionary Forces, via New York Post Office. |
| Perry, Joseph A. 2nd Veterinary Detachment, Depot Bri- gade, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. | Pearson, Sgt. Frank M. Co. H. 3rd Regiment, Pioneer Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. |

Rice, Julius
Headquarters Co., 101st Infantry, Amer.
Exped. Forces, via New York.



CORPORAL HERBERT RYAN, *left* and PRIVATE OWEN McATTEER, *right*, of Captain McCarthy's Co. B, 101st Infantry, *from a photograph taken somewhere in France*

Somewhere in France.

December 30th, 1917.

DEAR SISTER:—

I received your letters and was glad that you and everyone at home are in good health.

I am in good health and feeling fine. I was glad to receive such useful things as the stockings, as I need heavy socks as it is getting cold now. I also received the razor and razor blades and the package from my fellow employees. The package was good, as it contained good old Perfection cigarettes, candy, Bull Durham and other useful articles. I received a letter from Charlie and it was a very nice letter. Tell Charlie when Co. B gets going we will never stop until we hit Berlin. We are going to bring the Kaiser back to Gillette's with us, when we return home. I have bought a Liberty Bond since I arrived here, paying five dollars a month, so you see I have not much money to spend foolishly.

We had a good time Thanksgiving and Christmas. On both days we had a swell Turkey dinner with all the fixings, and we also had cake, nuts, figs, apples and cranberries. So you see the boys are living the life of Riley. I suppose the old shop is deserted now, as I hear a lot of the boys are

drafted now, and some of them enlisted. "Boston's Own" must be the whole "works" now, but wait until the 101st comes home and we will be the only boys in the world. Tell Charlie I will write to him later. I am going to write to Mr. Thompson and thank him for what he has done for me. Think I will close now, as the candle is getting small and it is near time for me to get under my four big blankets. Hoping to hear from you often.

Your Brother,

PRIV. OWEN McATTEER,

Co. B., 101st Inf., Am. Ex. Forces.

Somewhere in France,

January 22, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND:

Just a few lines hoping this letter finds you in good health. I am in good health and enjoying myself under the conditions here. We are training hard every day, and it is very interesting work. The last few weeks we had some bad weather but now the weather is better. Since last Friday we are having summer weather and I'll bet you are having some cold weather in the States now. All the boys from the factory are in good health. All the boys received a package from our fellow employees in the factory, and they were delighted when they received the package. Our razor is well advertised in the town where we are camped, and it seems all the boys are using the Gillette Razor. Even the French soldiers are using the Gillette. We had a wonderful time on the way over, and when we arrived in France we got a wonderful reception from the French people. Everything over here is very dear, and we boys do not have much money, as we allot home about three-quarters of our pay. We do not buy any sweets, as the stuff they have here is no good. Captain McCarthy showed us boys from the factory the cablegram which Mr. Thompson sent, sending his and the other employees best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The cablegram was delayed for some time and he did not receive it till after the New Year. It was very good of Mr. Thompson to send it, and I know all the boys appreciated it very much. Think I will close hoping to hear from you soon.

Your friend,

CORPORAL HERBERT F. RYAN,

Co. B, 101st U. S. Inf.,

Am. Exped. Forces,
via New York.

(Censored.)

Gillette Service List

Employees Who Wear the Gillette Service Pin
for Ten Years and Over

| <i>Name</i> | <i>Department</i> | <i>Years</i> | <i>Months</i> |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|--------------|---------------|
| †King C. Gillette..... | President | 22 | 2 |
| William E. Nickerson..... | Mechanical Expert | 16 | 6 |
| William H. Parry..... | Draughting | 16 | 5 |
| Alfred D. Vezina..... | Powder and Printing | 15 | 2 |
| Oscar Sorenson..... | Auto Screw Machine | 15 | 2 |
| Joseph Sicari (ex-officio)..... | Fruit and Candy | 15 | 2 |
| Thomas W. Pelham..... | Legal and Sales | 14 | 7 |
| Ada L. Hunt..... | Honing "A" | 14 | 6 |
| James N. Rice..... | Buffing | 14 | 5 |
| George E. Hardwick..... | Blade Polishing | 14 | 3 |
| Thomas Monahan..... | Handle | 13 | 10 |
| Pearl H. Massie..... | Blade Polishing | 13 | 9 |
| Mary F. Murphy..... | Stropping | 13 | 9 |
| Frank Garbarino..... | Grinding | 13 | 8 |
| John F. Sullivan..... | Stropping | 13 | 7 |
| Flora Harrington..... | Blade Packing | 13 | 6 |
| Julia Morrison..... | Stropping | 13 | 6 |
| Benton R. Read..... | Office | 13 | 6 |
| Louise Denny..... | Burnishing | 13 | 5 |
| Arthur Nolette..... | Stropping | 13 | 5 |
| Alice E. Burke..... | Blade Printing | 13 | 4 |
| Ethel Nelson..... | Honing "A" | 13 | 4 |
| Minnie G. Quinlan..... | Blade Inspection | 13 | 4 |
| F. M. Brown..... | Experimental | 13 | 2 |
| James L. Driscoll..... | Salesman | 13 | 2 |
| Frederick E. Dorr..... | Draughting | 13 | 1 |
| Elizabeth M. Driscoll..... | Leather Goods | 13 | |
| Margaret Mullen..... | Honing | 13 | |
| William H. Sargeant..... | Millwright | 13 | |
| Hannah E. Sullivan..... | Leather Goods | 13 | |
| Mary Bennett..... | Blade Cleaning | 12 | 9 |
| Ivan H. Gaskin..... | Electrical | 12 | 9 |
| Laura Hall..... | Stropping | 12 | 9 |
| John F. Kelley..... | Honing "A" | 12 | 9 |
| Mary McCullough..... | Wiring | 12 | 9 |
| Mae Barry..... | Honing "A" | 12 | 8 |
| Florence G. Brady..... | Blade Inspection | 12 | 8 |
| Olive A. Cole..... | Advertising | 12 | 9 |

(Continued)

| <i>Name</i> | <i>Department</i> | <i>Years</i> | <i>Months</i> |
|----------------------------|-------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Elizabeth Curtaz..... | Office | 12 | 8 |
| Alvina Oster..... | Honing "A" | 12 | 7 |
| Hannah Brady..... | Packing | 12 | 6 |
| Mary G. Dowd..... | Blade Inspection | 12 | 6 |
| Teresa Hayes..... | Hardening | 12 | 6 |
| Tillie Krause..... | Honing "A" | 12 | 6 |
| Margaret V. Nolan..... | Leather Goods | 12 | 5 |
| Margaret Oram..... | Packing | 12 | 5 |
| Joseph Briscoe..... | Night Watchman | 12 | 4 |
| M. Teresa Walsh..... | Leather Goods | 12 | 4 |
| Mary Conley..... | Blade Cleaning | 12 | 3 |
| Nelson H. Fairweather..... | Machine | 12 | 3 |
| Philip Muldoon..... | Power | 12 | 3 |
| Gertrude M. Allison..... | Leather Goods | 12 | 2 |
| Nellie Crowley..... | Grinding | 12 | 2 |
| Azilda Rogers..... | Burnishing | 12 | 2 |
| Mary R. Sullivan..... | Office | 12 | 1 |
| Gustave Illgen..... | Leather Goods | 12 | |
| Sara MacAskill..... | Blade Packing | 12 | |
| Frank J. Sullivan..... | Office | 12 | |
| Louis Gale..... | Plating | 11 | 9 |
| *William J. McCarthy..... | Office | 11 | 9 |
| Nellie Mudge..... | Leather Goods | 11 | 9 |
| W. F. Tribou..... | Machine | 11 | 9 |
| Frank J. Fahey..... | Treasurer | 11 | 8 |
| J. Frank Rebuck..... | Sales Dept. | 11 | 8 |
| Florence LeCroix..... | Office | 11 | 7 |
| Julia Sullivan..... | Paper Box | 11 | 7 |
| Mary A. Bouchey..... | Leather Goods | 11 | 6 |
| Mary Fougere..... | Leather Goods | 11 | 6 |
| Margaret Fraser..... | Blade Packing | 11 | 6 |
| Sabina McDonald..... | Leather Goods | 11 | 6 |
| George W. Evans..... | Blade Cleaning | 11 | 5 |
| Sadie Nelson..... | Grinding | 11 | 5 |
| Walter Olsen..... | Machine | 11 | 5 |
| Arthur M. Williams..... | Salesman | 11 | 5 |
| Frank H. Foster..... | Salesman | 11 | 4 |
| Arthur Matheson..... | Buffing | 11 | 4 |
| Mary M. Neves..... | Stock | 11 | 4 |
| Edna Davies..... | Grinding | 11 | 3 |
| Annie Easterbrook..... | Stropping | 11 | 3 |
| Frank Kelley..... | Shipping | 11 | 3 |
| Louis Linderman..... | Burnishing | 11 | 3 |

| <i>Name</i> | <i>Department</i> | <i>Years</i> | <i>Months</i> |
|-------------------------|-------------------|--------------|---------------|
| *Edwin F. Murray..... | Buffing | 11 | 3 |
| Elizabeth Oakes..... | Stropping | 11 | 3 |
| Mary O'Brien..... | Grinding | 11 | 3 |
| Anna Ryan..... | Grinding | 11 | 3 |
| Frederick A. Grant..... | Salesman | 11 | 2 |
| Edward J. Hoar..... | Plating | 11 | 2 |
| Arthur Olsen..... | Press | 11 | 1 |
| Alice Read..... | Blade Inspection | 11 | 1 |
| Escar J. Torrey..... | Draughting | 11 | 1 |
| Frances Cady..... | Grinding | 11 | |
| Mary Huban..... | Honing | 11 | |
| Katherine Clegg..... | Grinding | 11 | |
| Susie Daley..... | Stropping | 11 | |
| Mary Davidson..... | Grinding | 10 | 10 |
| Mary Flaherty..... | Grinding | 10 | 10 |
| Louise Hughes..... | Honing | 10 | 9 |
| Joseph A. Barry..... | Salesman | 10 | 8 |
| George King..... | Machine | 10 | 8 |
| Bernard J. Walsh..... | Honing | 10 | 8 |
| John Cole..... | Machine | 10 | 6 |
| Martha Reynolds..... | Burnishing | 10 | 6 |
| Bertha Magee..... | Stock | 10 | 5 |
| Clara E. Dawson..... | Office | 10 | 4 |
| John F. Flaherty..... | Stock Room | 10 | 3 |
| Anna Flynn..... | Honing | 10 | 3 |
| Grace E. Logan..... | Blade Inspection | 10 | 3 |
| William Standish..... | Machine | 10 | 3 |
| Ethel Fox..... | Packing | 10 | 2 |
| Margaret Gorham..... | Stropping | 10 | 2 |
| James Hirst..... | Machine | 10 | 2 |
| Mary F. Murphy..... | Leather Goods | 10 | 2 |
| Mary Shea..... | Honing | 10 | 2 |
| Susie Simmons..... | Stropping | 10 | 2 |
| Amelia Curtaz..... | Blade Packing | 10 | 1 |
| Mary Flaherty..... | Honing | 10 | 1 |
| Abbie Lee..... | Grinding | 10 | 1 |
| *Frank Pearson..... | Power | 10 | 1 |
| *Harry Cossaboom..... | Machine | 10 | 1 |
| Mary F. Mealy..... | Leather Goods | 10 | |
| Katherine Ryan..... | Honing | 10 | |
| Theresa B. Ryan..... | Office | 10 | |

† Mr. Gillette is credited with time from when he first thought of his razor.

All other time is figured from actual beginning of work.

* Indicates the boys serving with the colors.

Watch South Boston Grow

Editorial in *Boston Herald*, February 27, 1918

IF the war department carries out its plans for a seaboard terminal on the commonwealth lands beyond the New Haven freight yards, it will turn the public's eyes toward one of the most available yet least appreciated districts of our city. Only such a region, with wide spaces open, and with access from our main ship channel, could meet the government's requirements of a site for great warehouses and wharves, in a good supply of labor, skilled and unskilled. Yet to most of us, even the historic part of South Boston—old "Dorchester Neck"—is unfamiliar territory, and, barring engine drivers, teamsters, owners and real estate men, new South Boston only South Bostonians know.

Ask almost any central Bostonian to make an offhand sketch of the forked peninsula, noting the half-dozen bridges of approach, locating City Point, the Carney Hospital and Commonwealth Pier, drawing the long-tailed triangle made by Broadway, East and West, Dorchester street and Dorchester avenue, and see him drop his pencil, as if you had said Carondelet or Staten Island.

Like most places with deferred possibilities, South Boston has had periods of discouragement. Her population has ebbed and flowed; the outgoing and incoming currents have not spoken with the same accent. Some of her churches have languished; some have changed hands. Where the Perkins Institution for

the Blind once gave mariners a towering landmark, there now spreads a one-story garage. Here and there a costly residence grows shabby, hollow-squared with the back piazzas of crowded three-flat houses. And those hastily built-up streets between old Telegraph hill and Dover street bridge, too many of them streets not in width but in name, look year by year more dispiriting; they recall the gridironed low grounds of Charleston and Savannah.

But these details mean little to a real South Boston man. His glance is fast to the promise of the map; he sees the signs of things coming. For instance, that standard gauge railroad track on First street, now giving spur-track chances block by block from the freight yard clear to the Walworth shops at City Point, is for him but one of many untrumpeted improvements, surer and more helpful than any Strandway. He will tell you that the old double-track roadbed, cut through the neck of the peninsula and giving the only entrance to all the freight yards on the Commonwealth flats, is now to have its width doubled; the dingy old bridges over it are coming down; substantial new work will replace them. Plans, he adds, are drawn for a half-million dollar addition to the Gillette safety razor factory in this same neighborhood. He will ask you if you have not seen for yourself the fourth huge stack that has lately risen beside the row of three at the Edison plant, on L street, near East

First. In any case, you recognize on the Summer street extension, not five minutes from the South station, the great wool warehouse, which, with the fish market and the Commonwealth pier, gives to the district a distinction for things the largest of their kind the world around. If you look sharply in the vacant lots near by, you will see concrete foundation piers already in place for new construction.

If war means fuller use of these

hundreds of level acres beside our deepest ship channel, what is to come when peace has once more freed the nations' commercial navies? Our 1200-foot dry dock, out beyond the fish pier, will hardly suffice for those happier days. Meantime, if you meet any man who has not strolled across South Boston for ten years, for three, or even for one, urge him as a loyal citizen to rediscover its opportunities.

Monthly Dinner of the Employees of Gillette Safety Razor Co., Canada, Ltd.

THE gathering of the Gillette employees at their Monthly Dinner at Freeman's Hotel, Montreal, on Wednesday evening, February 20th, was rather more interesting than usual.

This meeting marked the first attendance of the entire office staff, foremen and foreladies, and was one calculated to create unity and co-operation.

Generally speaking it was a "foremen's" meeting, and Mr. Petersen called on Messrs. Brown, Patterson and Welton to report on the results attained during the month, following Mr. Bittues' talk at the last meeting when he asked for all efforts to be directed toward an increase in production.

Mr. Brown, of the Stropping Department, gave facts and figures relative to the increase and his reasons for them.

Mr. Patterson, of the Grinding Department, gave a summary of his short stay in the Boston factory and

mentioned the features which impressed him most while there.

Mr. Welton, of the Hardening and Printing Department, spoke on the labor saving features of the new polishing drums and the advances in production on the fifth floor.

Mr. Petersen gathered up the facts as each one spoke and dwelt at some length on the important features brought out.

Mr. Flanagan referred to the progress made by the Company comparing the office work as now arranged and distributed among fourteen (14), to the year 1906 when Mr. Bittues and himself composed "The Gillette Staff."

Mr. Bittues then further outlined the work laid out in new and still greater amounts of production and what was expected of each one. We believe his final remark, "I leave it with each one of you" must inevitably result in a more closely connected corporation as it created a desire on the part of each one to do his "bit," and to increase the gen-

eral *esprit de corps* of the entire organization.

Presentations were made during the evening to Messrs. Keen and Rogers who left the following day with the Royal Flying Corps, and to Mr. Barrett who is now awaiting orders to join the U. S. Army.

The meeting was an educational one, and we feel will result in an even more distinct advance in the progress of the company.

Somewhere in France,
January 27, 1918.

MR. LOUIS GALE,

DEAR SIR:

Just a line to let you know that I received the Xmas box you sent, also your letter of the 3rd of January. The box I received came in handy, and every article was just what we needed. You can imagine us for once since our arrival in Sunny France (nix on the Sunny part) having plenty of smokes, and the Frenchies were all sore when they saw us with so much tobacco and good things to eat. Well, sirs, I am still in the best of condition and full of fight as are all the rest of the Gillette boys.

You must excuse me for not writing to you sooner but we are drilling all day long and we non-commissioned officers attend a school every night for a few hours, learning all the different kinds of warfare that they are using over here, so you can see we don't have much time for ourselves.

The day will soon be here when we will be called on to show the world what the Americans are made of and will bring back to the good name of the U. S. of America the fair name she always had. That's what we are here for, and we are in perfect condition to meet the Boche, and when we do they will know who we are and where we came from—the good old U. S.

All us fellows over here are thankful for everything both the firm and the girls are doing for us who are so far away from home, and we are all glad that we are doing our bit for our God and country, also the dear friends whom we left behind us in God's country, but we all have got to pray for the best.

Whatever you could do for my wife, if she needs any help, why I will be very thankful to you. I am glad to hear that

your business is so prosperous, and I hope it will increase a hundred times.

Anything that you may send us fellows will be greatly appreciated by us and we will be thankful for whatever you do for us—anything is accepted by us.

I will close for now, sending you all my best regards and wishes.

Tell Mr. Rice that I was asking for him, also Mr. Thompson and all the rest of the firm. Write soon. Please excuse this writing as I am writing under difficulties.

CORP. MARTIN A. MULLEN,
Co. B, 101st U. S. Inf., Am. Ex. Force,
Somewhere in France.

(Censored)

Via N. Y.

Somewhere in France,
January 29, 1918.

MR. LOUIS GALE,

DEAR SIR:

Received your package and was very glad to get it. There has been a mistake in my company on the address. I am in Headquarters Co. instead of D Co. the way it was addressed. The package I received was marked second package. I received no first package. It must have been on account of the addressing. I was told the first package contained cigarettes and tobacco. I'm sorry I didn't receive them because cigarettes and tobacco are rather scarce over here and I haven't any at present. I am awfully grateful to the War Committee for thinking of me and the rest of the fellows.

There is a little favor I would like to ask of the War Committee and that is this: I have received mail from home and things are not as they should be on account of my going away. Now if you would help my folks in any way I would be more than grateful to you.

Thanking you for what you have done for me, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
PRIV. J. A. RICE,
Headquarters Co., 101st Inf.,
American Expeditionary Forces.
Via New York.

(Censored)

MRS. MARGARET BRISCOE

Mrs. Margaret Briscoe, mother of our night watchman, Mr. J. J. Briscoe, passed away February 5th at the age of 76 years. Mr. Briscoe has the sympathy of all his fellow employees in his bereavement.



SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS

Tew enjoy a good reputashun, give publickly, and steal privately.

Tew git wrong things out ov yure child's head,—comb it often.

The longest lived thing i kno ov is a nickname.

In shooting at a deer that looks like a calf, always aim so az tew miss it if it iz a calf, and to hit it if it iz a deer.

In fishing for krabs, use yure fingers for bait, yu kan feel them when they fust bite.

If yu want tew git a sure krop, and a big yield, sow wild oats.

Blessed are they who have no eye for a key hole.

There iz no pashun ov the human harte that promises so mutch, and pays so little az revenge.

Jokes are like butternuts. To be good, they musn't be cracked flatways.

It iz just az natral tew be born poor az tew be born naked, and it iz no more disgrace.

Whenever yu hear a man who alwus wants tew bet hiz bottom dollar, you kan make up yure mind that that iz the size ov hiz pile.

One ov the most reliable prophets i kno ov, iz an old hen, for they dont prophesy enny egg, until after the egg h-iz happened.

Ridikule that aint true haz no partikular power.

When a man measures out glory for himself he alwus heaps the haff bushel.

There is no kure for vanity; gitting thoroly wet cums the nearest to it, for the time being.

There is lots of people who mistake their imaginashun for their memory.

A bizzy-body is like a ritch cheeze, full of little things.

A good karakter is allwus gained bi inches, but iz often lost in one chunk.

There iz a grate menny ginger-pop people in this world, after they hav bin uncorked a fu minnitts, they git to be dredphul flatt.

If yu are going to make amusements a stiddy bizzniss, ketching flies iz as good az enny.

The most kritikal people to suit are

those who board at the alms houses.

I perfer the gravity ov the owl to the loquacity ov the magpie, it iz better to look wise, than to talk foolish.

Necessity iz the very best gift ov heaven, without it poor human natur would only be a herd ov loafers.

What a man gits for nothing, he iz very apt to value at just about what it kost.

Opportunitys are like birds, they will slip out ov yure hands if yu giv them haff a chance.

If yu would eskafe envy, abuse, and taxes, yu must liv in a deep well, and only cum out in the nite time.

A man who kant find ennything to do, gennerally hunts with grate caushun.

Yung man, set down, and keep still, yu will have plenty of chances yet to make a phool ov yureself before yu die.

A BEAM IN HER OWN EYE

A plate of apples was being passed among a party of little girls. There was one particularly fine apple on the plate. Modesty caused several of the little ones to resist the temptation to take the big apple, but soon one of them yielded. The next child with disappointment showing in her face said angrily: "How selfish of you to take the biggest apple, I—I was just going to take it myself."

(There is a moral to this story, and possibly the reader will find it.)

CERTAINLY NOT

A certain Miss Wilberforce took part in a political campaign and by her quickness at retort became very popular. On one occasion she was greeted with the shout, "Miss Wilberforce forever!" at which she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you; for really I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce, forever."

EXCHANGE

Little Girl: "That bun you sold me yesterday had a fly in it, and muvver says you ought to give me another one."

Baker: "I can't do that, but tell your ma that if she'll let me have the fly back I'll give her a currant for it."

THE HEART

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if on the troubled sea
Thou hast cast a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast loosed a bird
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the woods to warble near thee;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled, O, never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lips' fever.

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
Or like the jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee,
Or like the string of that harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered.
Gently, O, gently touch the cords
So soon forever shattered.

MY FATHER'S LOG CABIN

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit, or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, which was raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlement on the rivers of Canada.

If any of our readers are interested to know from what sources these selections are taken they may ascertain same by applying to the Editorial Department of "The Gillette Blade."

NO KILLER

"They tell me, Mr. Slathers," simpered the fluffy young thing, "that you are quite a lady killer."

"They do me an injustice, upon my word, Miss Giggley," responded the gallant old beau, laying his hand on his heart, and making a profound bow; "I catch 'em alive."

LIFE

Of all the miracles the most wonderful is that of life—the common, daily life which we carry with us, and which everywhere surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides and seasons, are as nothing compared with it. Life—the soul of the world, but for which creation were not! It is life which is the grand glory of the world. It was, indeed, the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. Is not the sun glorious, because there are living eyes to be gladdened by his beams? Is not the fresh air delicious, because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it? Are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, and colors gorgeous, because there is the living sensation to appreciate them?

Without life, what were they all? What were a Creator himself, without life—intelligence—understanding—to know and to adore Him, and to trace his finger in the works that he hath made?

Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction,—cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof and shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to raise his children to a condition better than his own,—may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!—*Daniel Webster.*

THE REAL SALESMAN

ONE who has a steady eye, a steady nerve, a steady tongue, and steady habits.

One who understands men and who can make himself understood by men.

One who turns up with a smile and still smiles if he is turned down.

One who strives to out-think the buyer rather than to out-talk him.

One who is silent when he has nothing to say and also when the buyer has something to say.

One who takes a firm interest in his firm's interests.

One who knows that he is looking out for his own interests by looking out for his customer's interests.

One who keeps his word, his temper and his friends.

One who wins respect by being respectable and respectful.

One who can be courteous in the face of discourtesy.

One who has self-confidence but does not show it.

One who is loved by his fellow-men.

—THE SALT SELLER.

The Gillette Blade

APRIL 1918



THE GILLETTE SERVICE FLAG
Seventy-Three Gillette Employees Are with the Colors



GET

Patriotism, magical emotion, which makes you rise superior to all obstacles, support all weariness, willingly accept all necessary discipline and joyfully face all dangers.

— *Joffre*

The Gillette Blade

Vol. I

April, 1918

No. 6

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of,
the Employees of the

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston

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Our Principal Raw Material—Steel

H. E. K. RUPPEL, Chief Chemist

THE number of materials required for the comfort of man increases as the standard of his civilization advances. There are at the present time tribes in Africa whose sole requirements are a rude brush hut and a bone-tipped spear. In contrast to this, consider the vast number of materials used in our own complex state of society. Rash, indeed, would be he who would dare to estimate their number. These numerous materials may be briefly divided into two classes. First, those materials which are dispensable, owing to the facts that substitutes are available. Secondly, those materials which are absolutely indispensable and irreplaceable. Examples of each class will readily suggest themselves to the reader, yet a few illustrations may not be amiss.

We are all accustomed to look upon wheat as a necessary article of diet, nevertheless, it can be replaced by other cereals such as rye, corn and rice. If wheat had never been known, its absence would not necessarily have impeded human progress nor rendered impossible the present complex state of society.

In the same way, many other largely used commodities can be replaced without appreciable loss to the community. During the last century New England owed a considerable share of her prosperity to the pursuit of the sperm whale and sperm oil was regarded almost as a necessity for lubrication. Today this oil is scarcely found on the market.

Few, indeed, are the substances which are wholly indispensable. Save the air we breathe and the water we

drink, iron and steel have proved themselves the most essential to the human race. They represent the most rigid examples of the second class and are quite irreplaceable. Had nature failed to furnish us with iron ore, from which steel is made, she would have rendered the use of most of her other materials impossible. Brass, copper, aluminum and other metals may in a certain few instances replace iron and steel but without steel tools for working them even such substitutions would not be possible. Wooden habitations, except of the most primitive character, cannot be built without steel tools. Lack of steel means lack of all modern machinery upon which man is so dependent for his comfort and livelihood.

Let those of us whose daily task brings them into such intimate contact with steel realize that they are working with that metal which, more than any other, has influenced the destiny of mankind.

Undoubtedly, steel represents the principal raw material in our own business. Without good steel it is impossible to produce good blades and the quality of the blade must ever remain the keystone of our success. In order that there may be no misunderstanding it should be emphasized that the above statement refers to material and not to mechanical operation. We all realize that the blade would be useless without the holder and that the operations involved in making the latter are as important as those involved in producing the former. The difference lies in the fact that, whereas we could, if necessary, replace the raw

material used in the holder by some other metal, we cannot thus replace the steel used for blades.

It is with considerable hesitancy that the writer approaches the definition of steel. Such hesitancy is largely due to the fact that metallurgists are not in complete accord on this subject.

Probably the best definition is that recommended in 1912 by the committee of the International Society for Testing Materials. This definition may be briefly stated as follows:

Steel is iron, either pure or associated with other elements, which has been cast from a molten state and which is usefully malleable at some temperature. The term steel also covers an alloy of iron and carbon which has not been cast, but which will harden on quenching and which is suitably malleable within some range of temperature.

The above definition covers practically all the common alloys of iron and carbon except cast iron, wrought iron and malleable cast iron.

All commercial steel contains carbon, which varies from a few hundredths of one per cent to about 1.6%. The amount of carbon is determined by the use for which the material is intended. In general, steel with carbon below 0.6% is used for machine and structural parts and steel with carbon greater than this amount is used for tools.

In addition to carbon all steel contains small amounts of manganese, silicon, sulphur and phosphorus.

The two former are generally added to improve soundness, but every effort is made to eliminate the



THE FAMOUS IRON PILLAR AT DELHI, INDIA

The column shown at the right through the arch is one of the finest specimens of ancient iron forging (See page 7)

two latter, since they are detrimental to the steel. Within comparatively recent years so-called "alloy steels" have come into very general use. In addition to the elements above mentioned, alloy steels contain nickel, chromium, vanadium and tungsten either singly or in combination.

Unlike copper, gold and some other metals, iron does not occur in the free state on our planet. Exception must be made of the small amounts which reach the earth as meteors from the sky and which hold only a scientific interest. Iron occurs in the earth in combination with many other elements, but from a commercial standpoint only a few of them are available. Such a natural combination, from which a metal may be extracted on a commercial scale, is called an ore. Before the metal can be extracted the ore must be mined. The only ores used for the extraction of the iron are the oxides and carbonates, of which the former are by far the more important.

The atmosphere surrounding the earth contains approximately twenty per cent of the gas called oxygen, and this is the substance, or correctly speaking, the element, which we find associated with the iron in the ore to form the oxide.

These ores resemble grains of sand and lumps of rock and are yellow, brown, red or black in color.

The first step in the manufacture of iron or steel consists in mining the ore. This ore is removed from the earth by two general methods; first, by driving shafts and burrowing beneath the surface, and, secondly, by digging the ore directly from the surface. This latter method produces

great yawning pits from which the ore is removed by steam shovels and is used wherever possible owing to its economy. Excavating from the surface is largely practiced in the Mesaba Range of Minnesota, where the Hull Rust Mine is an enormous amphitheatre, half a mile wide and nearly two miles long, into the deepest part of which a ten-story office building could be placed without having the flag pole project beyond the original surface.

We are rightly accustomed to think of the Panama Canal as an enormous excavating operation, and yet in the Mesaba district the average monthly ore removal is equal to about one and one-half times the material removed at Panama during the best month. As a further indication of the enormous production of steel and iron it may be stated that during 1916 about 67,000,000 tons of ore were shipped from this district alone. Nature has been very bountiful in the distribution of iron ores and deposits are found in almost every country.

Iron was used long before the dawn of the historical period. It is found in the Black Pyramid of Abusir, near Cairo, dating about 3000 B. C. In Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria and China its use has been traced back to 4000 B. C. The knowledge of iron seems to have had its origin in Africa, from which place its use spread over Europe from south to north. Among the early Egyptians iron was considered an impure metal and as such was ascribed to Seth, the evil spirit supposed to rule the central areas of Africa. This seems to bear out the theory of African origin.



VIEW OF AN OPEN-PIT MINE IN MINNESOTA

Surface mining such as this is one of the reasons why the United States produces more than half the world's Pig Iron output

Under the name of "ferrum," iron was well known to the Romans, to whom it was of inestimable value in spreading their dominion over the world of that period.

Near Delhi in India there is a pillar of wrought iron 24 feet in length erected about the fourth century. This pillar is still in an excellent state of preservation and is frequently cited as an example of the marvelous property of ancient iron to resist corrosion, but the fact is generally overlooked that the climatic conditions of this region are unfavorable for the corrosion of iron.

Although some improvements were made in the metallurgy of steel and iron during the Middle Ages, its use was principally confined to weapons, tools and utensils. The chief strides both in the application and technology of steel occurred during the nineteenth century, which marks the introduction of railroads, steel ships, steel structures, electrical apparatus and innumerable other innovations, all of which require an enormous supply of steel.

After the ore is mined the iron must be extracted. The primitive method of accomplishing this con-

sisted in heating the ore with charcoal on a simple type of forge. The temperature attained in this early process was insufficiently high to cause the iron to melt and it merely became pasty, in which condition the individual particles adhered to each other, forming a porous lump. After removal from the forge this lump was hammered into a coherent metallic mass. Such crude methods are still used by the natives in some parts of India and Africa.

Some of the iron produced by the ancient smith was carburized either fortuitously during the reduction of the ore, or intentionally by means of a subsequent operation. Had this not been the case this early iron could not have made satisfactory weapons, for which it was largely used.

That the Greeks of the ninth century B. C. were familiar with the process used for hardening and tempering of steel is evident from Homer's simile in which he compares the hissing of a stake driven into the eye of Polyphemus to the sound emitted by steel when quenched in water for hardening. Indirectly this substantiates the view that relatively high carbon steel was known at that time.

By far the most of the steel produced today is made from crude cast iron known as pig iron. Pig iron is produced in blast furnaces, some of which are a hundred feet in height, and the name is derived from the method of casting. This process had its origin during the fourteenth century when the smith endeavored to increase his output by increasing the height of his forge and by applying water power to the production of his blast. He not only succeeded in in-

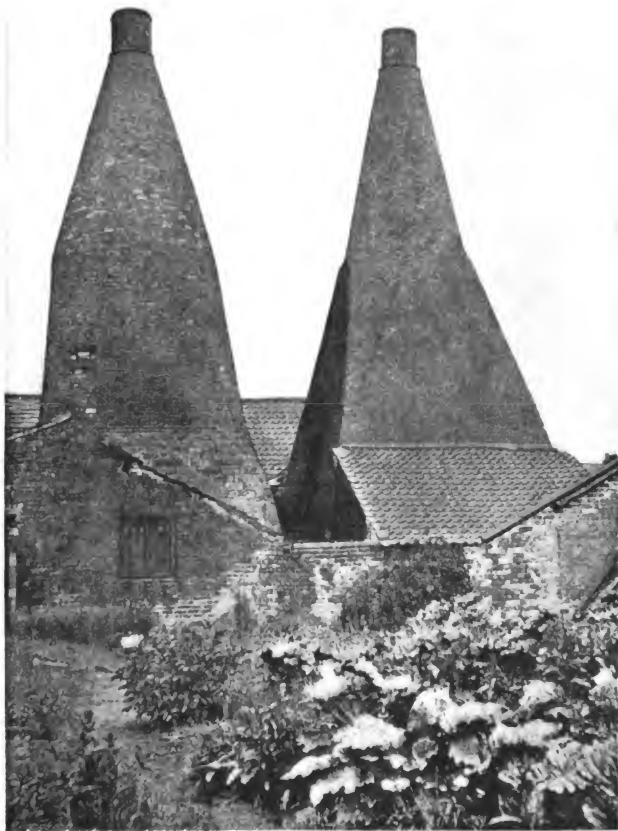
creasing the efficiency of his forge but he actually succeeded in melting the iron, and we can well imagine his astonishment when, instead of a porous lump of glowing iron, he found for the first time a sparkling pool of molten metal, which he soon learned to cast into various complicated shapes.

Alas! how great must have been his disappointment to find that the cast iron thus obtained lacked the malleability of the steel with which he was so familiar and that with all his skill he could neither forge nor weld his new product. The smith of this early period knew no method whereby he could convert his cast iron directly into steel and the first successful process for accomplishing this result was introduced by Henry Bessemer in 1855.

Prior to the above date, steel was made from cast iron by an indirect method, which consisted in first converting the cast iron into wrought iron and then converting this latter product into steel. The wrought iron was not invariably made from cast iron but was sometimes reduced directly from the ore.

Wrought iron is still the raw material most generally used for the production of fine tool steel by the cementation and by the crucible processes. Until very recently all of the highest grade steel was made by the crucible process and this is still true to a very large extent, although the electric furnace bids fair to rival the results obtained in the crucible method.

The cementation process consists in packing the bars of wrought iron with charcoal in a specially designed



CEMENTATION FURNACE BUILT ABOUT 1750

These furnaces at Sheffield, England were built by Benjamin Huntsman who devised the crucible process of steel hardening (see page 10)

furnace and in holding them at a high temperature from seven to eleven days, depending on the amount of carbon desired in the finished product. Many of the readers of this article will recognize the similarity between this process and that of case hardening. In fact the cementation process may be described as a prolonged case hardening operation, the object being the same in both cases, namely to introduce carbon into the iron. After the bars are removed from the furnace, the surface is very much blistered and the term, blister steel, is applied to the material. Such bars are not homogeneous and contain the slag present in the wrought iron. In order to render them uniform they are heated, piled and rolled or worked under a hammer. After this operation the material is known as shear steel. A repetition of the treatment results in double shear steel. The cementation process is centuries old and yields an excellent product, especially after remelting in a crucible.

The second process which still extensively uses wrought iron as a raw material is the crucible process. This method was originally devised in 1770 by Huntsman to remove the slag from blister steel and to render it more nearly uniform than could be done by rolling or working. To accomplish this result he melted blister bar with glass in suitable crucibles.

The use of blister steel in the crucible process is fast disappearing and it is now customary to melt a mixture of wrought iron, charcoal and ferromanganese. Ferromanganese is an alloy of iron and manganese and is

added to improve the quality of the steel.

The operation is divided into three periods. The first of which is the melting-down period, during which the contents of the crucible are allowed to become molten. When this is nearly completed, the melter removes the cover from the crucible and examines the contents with an iron rod to determine when the charge is entirely liquid. During this period considerable gas is evolved from the steel and it is said to boil.

The intermediate stage is spoken of as the killing period, during which silicon from the crucible is absorbed by the steel.

When the charge has been properly killed, the melter withdraws the crucible from the furnace with a pair of long tongs and pours or teems the molten steel into a mold, where it is allowed to solidify. This is the third or final operation and is known as the teeming period. The solid block of newly made steel, when taken from the mold, is termed an ingot.

The materials used in the crucible process must be exceptionally pure, since the only refining which takes place is the elimination of the slag from the wrought iron and the possible removal of dissolved gases. Owing to the cost of the raw materials and of the labor, this process is now confined to the manufacture of high grade steel to be used for cutlery, tools and other similar commodities.

The crucible process is essentially a quality process and the quantity of steel produced by this method is insignificant when compared with that made by the Bessemer and open-



MOLTEN STEEL FLOWING FROM THE FURNACE

How 150 tons of steel are handled as it runs from the new furnace of the Central Iron and Steel Company, Harrisburg, Pa.

hearth processes about to be briefly described.

With the increasing demand for steel, a desire arose among metallurgists for a more economical method capable of yielding a larger output and one by which pig iron could be converted directly into steel without first transmuting it into wrought iron.

As already stated, these demands were first met by Henry Bessemer, afterwards Sir Henry Bessemer, who invented the process which is still called by his name.

Two modifications of this method, known respectively as the acid Bessemer and the basic Bessemer, are in use.

The acid process requires pig iron low in sulphur and phosphorus, since it does not eliminate these elements. In the basic process sulphur and phosphorus are eliminated and hence a more impure iron can be used. As a matter of fact a certain amount of phosphorus is essential to furnish the heat in the latter process.

Of the two modifications the acid process is the more extensively used

in this country, owing to the relatively pure ore available for making pure pig iron.

The operation, generally referred to as blowing, is carried out in large egg-shaped vessels called converters. These vessels taper rather abruptly near the top to form a spout. The diameter of this spout is approximately equal to one-fourth the diameter at the middle. Converters are so mounted that they can be tilted around a horizontal axis.

The first step in the acid process consists in bringing the converter to an almost horizontal position and in charging it with molten pig iron of suitable composition. It is then restored to its upright or vertical position and air under pressure is blown through the charge. At first scarcely any flame is visible at the top, but in a short time an orange flame appears which gradually becomes white. During this stage the charge emits a noise resembling distant thunder. The white flame dies down rather suddenly, giving place to a dull brown flame which marks the end of the blow. A blow requires approximately ten minutes. Ferromanganese is then added and the whole charge is teemed or poured into a ladle from which it is distributed to the ingot molds.

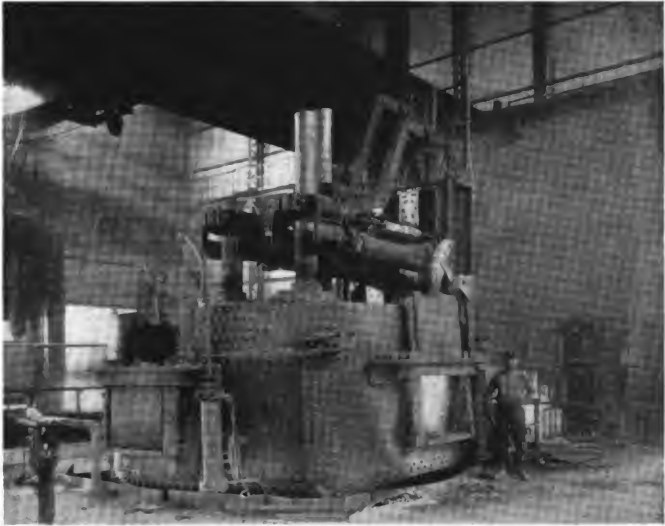
The basic Bessemer process is carried out in much the same general way as the acid process. In addition to the raw materials used in the latter process, lime is added to remove the sulphur and phosphorus. The operation is divided into two stages known as the fore-blow and the after-blow. As above stated, the basic Bessemer process is of relatively small importance in this country.

Owing to the short time required to complete a blow, it is difficult to control the operation and hence steel made by either modification of this process has some rather undesirable qualities and in consequence they are being displaced by the open-hearth process in which the operation can be more accurately controlled.

The open-hearth process was first successfully used by Martin Brothers in France in 1865.

As in the Bessemer process there are two modifications, acid and basic. Pig iron, steel scrap and iron ore constitute the raw materials of the charge in both modifications of the process, but in addition lime is required in the basic charge for removing the phosphorus and sulphur present in the pig iron.

The operation is carried out on a large shallow hearth heated by producer gas using the regenerative system. The regenerative system of heating consists in passing the hot burnt gases through a pile of fire-brick before conducting them to the stack. The fire-bricks are arranged with flues resembling a checkerboard, from which it takes the name of checkerwork. Such checkerwork is situated at each end of the furnace and the arrangement is such that the air and gas may be passed in either direction. When the burnt gases have sufficiently heated the checkerwork, the gas and air currents are reversed so that the unburnt gas and air pass through the hot fire-brick before entering the furnace. By thus pre-heating the air and gas a considerable economy is effected in the fuel consumption.



THE LARGEST ELECTRIC STEEL FURNACE OPERATING IN THE WORLD

A 20-ton Heroult type steel furnace producing as high as 27 to 30 tons. Over 200 electro-chemists witnessed the pouring of a heat from this furnace at the Duquesne plant of the Carnegie Steel Co.

The following description applies to the acid open-hearth process which requires a pig iron low in phosphorus and sulphur.

Pig iron and steel scrap are first charged into the furnace and are melted down. Iron ore is then gradually added to remove the carbon and silicon from the pig iron. The carbon burns to a gas, just as coal does in an ordinary fire, and passes out of the stack in the gaseous condition. The silicon forms a compound with the iron ore and floats to the surface as a liquid slag. Samples of the melt are taken at intervals and allowed to

solidify. From the fracture, the melter judges when the carbon has been reduced to the desired amount. This method of testing is by no means infallible and it is now customary to make a rapid determination for carbon in the laboratory.

When the steel has reached the desired composition, the slag is run off or tapped and the molten steel is drawn off or teemed into a large ladle to which ferromanganese or other alloys are added to increase soundness or to produce alloy steels.

The basic open-hearth process is used to a considerable extent and, as

stated above, in addition to the raw materials of the acid process lime is required to remove the phosphorus and sulphur. In fact two slags are generally made, the first to remove phosphorus and the second to remove sulphur. The conditions prevailing in the furnace must be different for each slag.

The time required for making steel in the open-hearth is a matter of hours and hence the operation is under accurate control. In fact, the steel may remain under the blanket of slag for a long time without suffering any ill effects.

Open-hearth practice is considerably more expensive than Bessemer and the two processes are sometimes combined under the name, duplex process.

Compared with the crucible process, the open-hearth is better adapted to large production and is also less costly. On the other hand the quality of crucible steel is generally higher than that of open-hearth steel.

In order to combine quality and output with a reasonable degree of economy, the electric furnace has been applied to steel making and has made wonderful strides within the last fifteen years. A detailed description of the different types of electric furnaces used in steel making would involve a technical description scarcely warranted by the scope of the present article. The high quality of the steel produced in the electric furnace may be attributed to the neutral atmosphere existing in the furnace and to the possibility of obtaining very high temperatures under accurate control.

The mode of operating depends on

the raw material available and varies from the simple melting of high-grade steel scrap, without any appreciable refining, to the conversion of pig iron into steel. The operation in the latter case very closely resembles that used in the open-hearth. In many instances the electric furnace is limited to the ultimate refining of molten steel already partially refined by one of the other processes. It is very well adapted to the manufacture of so-called alloy steels.

After the ingot, made by any of the above processes, has solidified, it usually passes to the soaking pit, where the temperature between the inside and outside is equalized.

The upper part of every ingot contains a cavity known as a pipe and it is necessary to remove enough of the top to eliminate the imperfection. This operation is called cropping. Should this pipe not be removed, it would exist as a flaw in the finished product made from the ingot and as such would, in many cases, prove a menace to human life.

Many finished products like rails and structural shapes are rolled directly from the ingot at the mill, but a considerable amount of steel is forged or rolled into sheets, bars and other forms which serve as raw material for innumerable industries.

Rails, structural shapes and some other products are used just as they come from the rolls, but a considerable amount of steel, intended for subsequent fabrication into finished products, is heat treated after being rolled or hammered. Heat treatment is employed to secure certain definite physical properties in the finished product. Among the chief results de-



LOADING ORE AT ONE OF DULUTH'S GREAT PIERS

The largest of these docks is nearly half a mile long. An ore loading record of 378 tons a minute was established in 1909 at one of these piers.

sired are softness, resistance to impact or shock and extreme hardness.

Annealing is the process of softening steel and consists in holding the steel above a red heat for a definite period of time and allowing it to cool very slowly. The proper annealing temperature is determined by the composition of the material. Sheets, rods and other forms intended to be shaped cold must be annealed to eliminate the brittleness imparted by the rolls.

Tool steels are too hard to machine after rolling and must be annealed. This process is generally carried out by the steel maker.

A steel of definite chemical composition may vary very greatly in its physical properties depending on the heat treatment employed. To improve such physical properties the steel is quenched or rapidly cooled from a suitable temperature and drawn or reheated to a temperature lower than that from which it was quenched. This treatment when properly carried out strengthens the steel and makes it more resistant to impact. As a result it enables us to use parts of smaller cross-sections without decreasing the factor of safety and the process is being extensively employed for projectiles, guns, gears,

automobile and machine parts. In fact, it is this heat treatment applied to alloy steels which has rendered the light weight automobile possible.

Tool steel, as it comes from the rolls, is too hard to machine properly, but not hard enough to be used for working other metals. As above stated, this steel is softened or annealed and is then forged or machined to form the finished tool. This soft tool must be hardened and tempered. Hardening is carried out by cooling or quenching the tool from a red heat generally in oil or water and tempering consists in reheating it to a relatively low temperature to remove the brittleness imparted by hardening.

Many steel parts, intended to re-

sist abrasion, are made from low carbon steel and case hardened. Case hardening consists in increasing the carbon at the surface by heating the steel with charcoal, bone meal or other carbonaceous materials. When such steel is quenched the surface hardens but the centre or core remains soft and consequently tough.

In conclusion, the writer would state that he has endeavored to select only the more salient features and that he has avoided, as far as possible, any detailed scientific or technical discussion.

He sincerely hopes that he has succeeded in presenting at least a bird's-eye view of the subject to the reader.

THE AVERAGE MAN

Contributed by CLINTON I. PROUTY, Sales Department .

Kindly insert in next BLADE enclosed copy, which I know has always done me good and may be of use to others.

The man who is an average man:
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blessed with any peculiar luck,
Just steady, and earnest, and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess,"
He knows, and answers "no" or "yes";
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three things he's learned: that the man
who tries
Finds favor in his employer's eyes;

That it pays to know many things well,
That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits; till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay.
And the men who shirked whenever they
could,
Are bossed by the man whose work made
good.

For the man who wins is the man who
works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes:
The man who wins is the man who tries.

PERSONNEL
of the
Directorate of the
Gillette Safety Razor Co.
BOSTON, MASS.

OFFICERS

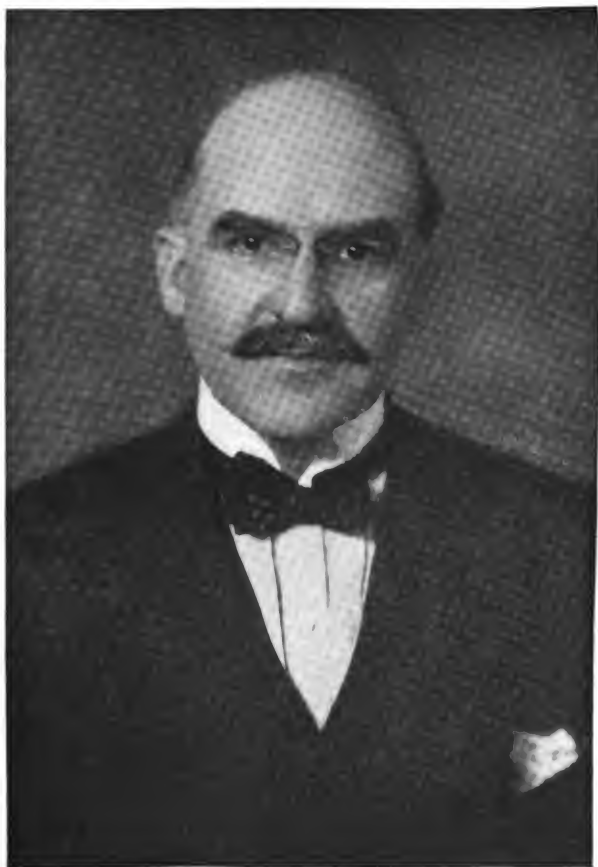
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of the Gillette Safety Razor Co.
whose portraits appear on preceding pages and Bradley W. Palmer



MR. H. E. K. RUPPEL

Chief Chemist, Gillette Safety Razor Co.

MR. RUPPEL, Chief Chemist, in charge of our Analytical Laboratories and who is the author of "Our Principal Raw Material—Steel" which appears in this issue of THE GILLETTE BLADE, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 20, 1881. He received his early education in the public schools of that city preparing for college at the Boys' High School, Brooklyn, and entered Dartmouth College in 1899, graduating in the class of 1903 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

While attending Dartmouth he specialized in physics, chemistry and mathematics, continuing his work in physics throughout the years of 1903 and 1904. As a result of this extra effort on Mr.

Ruppel's part he was given the degree of Master of Arts. In order to still further complete his education in science, he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he did graduate work and received the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1906.

December 1st, 1906, Mr. Ruppel entered the employ of the Gillette Safety Razor Company where he has had charge of their Laboratory and has directed the analytical work of this company ever since.

Mr. Ruppel is a member of the American Chemical Society, American Electro-Chemical Society, American Society for Testing Materials, International Society for Testing Materials.

My Conversion to Self Shaving

CHARLES E. KENNEDY

ONE year ago a nephew—who has since been mentioned in my will—told me of his safety razor. How often, when searching for contentment, we quite overlook the big little things of life only to stumble fairly upon them by chance! How often during the past year, while whistling blithely at the youthful countenance of fifty years in the mirror of my bathroom with Gillette in poised hand, have I quoted, with mental apologies to Dean Swift, "He gave it as his opinion that whoever could make two (Gillette) blades to grow where only one grew before deserved better from his country than the whole race of politicians put together!"

Thirty years in the thrall of barber shop! Thirty years of barber shop talk, of splutter, choke, and worst of all, shop joke. Thirty years of scheming to find time for a shave, all swept into painless history by the chance remark of a once quite ordinary but now pedestaled nephew!

Merely from a sense of gratitude to the House of Gillette I would tell the story of my long, long fight with a Vesuvius of whiskers—how they grew and grew on me—how the more I gave them the cut direct the more they continued to grow upon me, following me like an avenging spirit, shadowing me sleeping and waking! In its telling I feel that I am but relating the experience of hundreds of thousands of my fellow men the world

over, some of whom are still groping in outer darkness.

CHAPTER ONE

IN WHICH THERE IS NO EARLY
RECOLLECTION OF ANYTHING
BUT AN OCCASIONAL HURT-
FUL HAIR CUT

Tradition in my family has it that when in 1867 I first saw the light of day (or more strictly speaking, of night, for I was born at 2.30 A. M. of a Friday morning) my head was almost totally destitute of hirsute growth. When the older children observed this, to them, extraordinary deficiency, they were assured that time would remedy it. Our very oldest sister, Jennie, to lighten the transient gloom that had settled upon the family because of my apparent baldness, prophesied that some day I would have the most abundant hair of any of them. How true was this careless prediction has since been verified in countless barber shops strewn all the way from New York to San Francisco, to far Winnipeg in the north, to say nothing of Atlanta, Georgia. I have suffered in them all!

Our native village boasted no "ton-sorial parlor." When the boys of my family wanted a haircut, or when mother thought we required one, we were yanked into a highchair, smothered in a big kitchen apron, and to the accompaniment of clanking

shears and the occasional rap of knuckles against the side of our heads, were despoiled of our locks. How well I remember those tears, mixed with fine hairs rolling down my piteous face, and the exquisite itching between shoulder blades caused by still other fine hairs that sifted between my neck and the strangling apron! How I mentally took oath, by bell and book, that when a little bigger I would run away, join a band of robbers and live in a cave where they would let one's hair grow to any length!

And yet, as I look backward upon my lifelong fight with whiskers those transient days of childhood hair cutting become idealized into a dream of unmolested peace. To be sure I agonized for a half hour under mother's dulled shears once a month or so—but wait, that was as nothing to the eternity of time spent later in a barber shop first once, then twice a week and then every day, lasting for full three decades!

CHAPTER TWO

IN WHICH I AM INTRODUCED TO BILL FURST'S BARBER SHOP IN A BIG WESTERN CITY

When at the ambitious and deeply confident age of nineteen an older brother got for me a situation as night clerk in a newspaper office in a Western city I anticipated a vigorous and successful battle with the seemingly easily vanquished dragons of society. If I digress to explain that in time the problems of life were fairly satisfactorily solved, it is only to emphasize the one long drawn out

hirsute battle that ceased only with the termination of my half century.

I had not been long in the newspaper office until a dudish day clerk who wore a very high paper collar and who patronized me with all the lordliness of a city bred youth suggested that I needed a shave. "Go up to Bill Furst's shop in the Forest City House," he said. "I am a regular customer of Bill's. Just tell him I sent you," and he rubbed the faint down on his chin in a very mannish way. Well, my face did look a little fuzzy, which coupled with a wish to appear acclimating myself to city ways, made me fall in with the hint, and I found my way to Bill's basement shop.

The trouble began then and there, and I soon became a regular Saturday visitor. Let us pass over the next two years during which time I grew small mustaches trained according to the fashion of the day to point out horizontally from each nostril, and when waxed, looking much like a couple of exclamation points laid on their sides.

My barber shop days were now Wednesdays and Saturdays, and from the more frequent shaving at the hands of careless youths who gazed at me through the mirror and talked sporting news instead of watching the grain of my beard, I had developed that pest of all pests, a number of ingrowing hairs. A small matter to waste good paper and ink writing about say you? Well, little matters have caused a great many homicides, and have even determined the outcome of important battles. Any man who has suffered the goug-

ing of small pincers in the hands of a blunt fingered barber at a half dozen points around his neck in the search of ingrowing hair without a desire to dismantle the shop has more than my allowance of patience and forgiveness of spirit! This pest of the barber shop habitué was not in my case laid even temporarily in the grave until my thirtieth year when I fell into the hands of an operator who had enough sense to trace the grain of an ordinary beard and conduct his razor accordingly. The trouble recurred at intervals, however, during my entire thirty years of barber shop terror; but today—oh today—thanks be to the name Gillette, each and every one of the hairs in my grizzling beard grows outward to the sun!

CHAPTER THREE

IN WHICH MY FREQUENT PROMOTIONS
LESSENED SHAVING
ANXIETIES NOT IN THE
LEAST

Running along from my early experiences in Bill Furst's barber shop until I reached my twenty-fifth year I earned, or at least got, frequent promotions in the newspaper office. But the trouble was, the more these increasing responsibilities were fastened upon me the more frequently I required a clean shave, with its consequent distress and loss of time!

As a newspaper reporter I was obliged to attend many functions, to interview different celebrities, even to write up swell weddings, for this was before the days of women writers on Western newspapers. Now, it

was all right to hang around police court or to follow up fires with a few days leakage of whiskers in evidence, but when assigned to do a wedding or concert, cleanliness of face was deemed necessary.

When I was promoted to the position of city editor the increased hours and responsibility, coupled with the time wasted in barber shops, began to tell upon my health. So, within a couple of years I was driven one day to make a fateful choice—either to brazenly defy the current dictates of local fashion by growing a full beard or resigning my job of fifteen hours per day on the newspaper. Long and prayerful consideration in the bosom of my family, and alluring offers of combined salary and commissions, led to my accepting the position of advertising manager upon a less prosperous daily in the same town.

CHAPTER FOUR

IN WHICH I FOUND IT HAD BEEN
BETTER TO ENDURE THE ILLS I
HAD THAN FLY TO THOSE,
ETC., ETC.

For several months I surely did enjoy that advertising work. The hours were long, but there were intervals when I could lounge in the barber shop and obtain a fairly easy separation from the ever oncoming, heart-rending Niagara of whiskers.

Then, just as I had begun to feel somewhat at peace with the world and its many mercies, chief of which were two girl babies who would escape my life torture in the whisker line, the Imp of Unrest came and

perched upon my shoulder! It whispered in my ear that a larger and more profitable financial horizon could open up to me in the field of expert advertisement writing. You see, I had made quite a hit preparing copy with a punch in it for certain local merchants, some of my work even being reproduced with eulogies in Uncle George Rowell's then incipient *Printers' Ink*.

To make a long, and to me, painful story short, I became occupied in various metropolitan centers exploiting the overworked bug, "The drop of ink that makes all the world think"—a really and truly advertising "expert." It was then I journeyed and fell among—hotel barbers! Up to this dire epoch in my war with sanguinary fiends of the razor, I could mostly choose one who, after sufficient survey and experiment over my features, reduced the pulling to a minimum. True, such ones occasionally moved away or inconveniently died just when all ingrowing hairs had been eliminated, but upon the whole they spread some little happiness along the path of hirsute despair. Not so in the hotel barber shops of strange cities. In spite of increasing income and fame I gave up and in sheer desperation hurried home, leased a decaying newspaper which, incidental to my frequent trips to the barber shop, occupied all my waking and some of my sleeping hours.

CHAPTER FIVE

IN WHICH I AT LAST FIND THE
PEACE THAT PASSETH ALL
BARBER SHOPS

And now a few more words about

this nephew of mine. He always was a likeable young fellow, quick of wit, ever with ear bent in the direction of novelty, especially in invention. When in a casual talk he spoke of his Gillette safety razor I paid heed only to say that the word "razor" always got on my nerves. For better effect let us Swiss Family Robinson this further family talk as we smoked our Christmas cigars.

NEPHEW: "There are razors and razors, Uncle, even among safety razors."

UNCLE: "Yes, Nephew, and there are barbers and barbarians even among barbers."

NEPHEW: "I am not speaking of barbers, Uncle."

UNCLE: "And I don't want even to think, much less talk about them on this day of peace and good will to all mankind!"

NEPHEW: "For six months I have shaved myself with a Gillette safety razor and saved hours of time, a good many dollars, and I am sorry to say—no, I am glad to say—saved a lot of profanity."

UNCLE: "For thirty years I have been a slave of the barber, paid shaving bills and tips running into hundreds of dollars, lost thousands of dollars of valuable and unrecoverable time and saved—no profanity!"

NEPHEW: "Yes I know, but just the same I am going to send you over my Gillette tomorrow. Try it out and let me know about the—profanity."

Again let us shorten the story. I did try it, and fell into the land of contentment. Why, the comforts of this last year have given me a new

lease upon life. To those past enemies, my beard and the barbers, I extend commiseration and forgiveness. While the one continues to grow, I now meet them smilingly on their own ground each morning and with-

1645 East 115th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio

out pain or invective Gillette them rapidly away. The other, the barbers, I visit without rancor in my soul when I need a haircut or the soothing hand of a manicurist. Verily "the world moves on!"

Safety Razors Are in Demand Among Soldiers

THE safety razor is having its inning these war-time days. Among tens of thousands of Christmas gifts sent to soldiers in military training camps safety razors have more than held their own. The demand for razor blades has been unprecedented and thousands of razors sent to soldiers in camps have been supplemented with extra sets of blades.

Shaving outfits also have shared largely in gifts sent to soldiers. Even in the trenches of Europe clean shaves are said to be required. A soldier who spent two and half years on the battle front and is now in

Cleveland, recently declared:

"Any soldier, particularly an officer, who wants to improve his standing will keep his face shaved. The men who really want clean faces somehow manage to shave even under gun fire. I shaved regularly when I was not in a hospital disabled. The American soldiers in particular pride themselves on clean shaven faces. I have seen thousands of troopers with blood stained and trench dirty faces, but beneath the blood and dirt you found clean shaven faces. I have seen soldiers torn to pieces while shaving themselves." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THOUGHTS TO THINK ABOUT

1. All the problems under the sun, may be solved, one by one.
2. Haste hurries successward, but is hindered on its way; Progress makes haste slowly, but gets there first.
3. Find a fault and correct it, that's noble and true; excuse it, neglect it, it soon will be two.
4. He has opinions, strong ones but no pride of opinion, no arrogance.
5. His eyes contain the penetrating light of truth before which all disguises fall away.
6. 'Tis the little things of life that make or mar happiness.
7. It is better to be small and shine, than large and cast a shadow.



JOHN J. BURKE

In Charge of Credit Department, Gillette Safety Razor Co.

THE life of a credit man is no bed of roses. If he does his duty, he is a bonehead in the estimation of every salesman in the organization. Their private opinion, oftentimes publicly expressed, is that the firm would be a thousand times better off if they would "put somebody in the credit department who had breadth of vision and progressive ideas."

But if by chance the poor credit man swallows some of the alluring bait dangled in front of him in the form of big orders from doubtful sources, then he has the bosses to reckon with.

A credit man who can show a very small percentage of losses to his firm is a valuable asset. And the fact that our percentage of loss through bad

debts is in an extremely small ratio with the sales and is growing smaller each year, even though the business is increasing, is the best indication that Mr. Burke is thoroughly alive to the responsibilities of his position in our Credit Department.

Mr. Burke was born March 9, 1873, in South Boston, Mass., and was graduated from the Lawrence School, South Boston, in 1888. He came to work for the Gillette Safety Razor Co., March 3, 1908, taking charge of the Adjustment Department. In March, 1911, he was placed in charge of the Credit Department which position he has held for seven years with credit to himself and with profit to the company. He is married and has two children.

The Gillette Trade-Mark

F. E. DORR, *Draughting Department*

IN the summer of 1908, Mr. Pelham called me over to his office, which was in the Kimball Building at that time, and told me the "Company wanted to register the word 'Gillette' as a trade-mark so that it would cover all their goods, such as the razor, brush, soap, blade, toilet articles, etc. The word 'Gillette' must be so designed and arranged that it would be accepted for registration and answer for anyone of the articles the Company should make."

I thanked Mr. Pelham for calling on me for such an important mission and on returning to the draughting room, which was on the third floor of Building A at that time, reported the outcome of my visit to Mr. Parry. All Mr. Parry said was, "Go to it," and I did.

About two days later, Mr. Gillette by chance came into the draughting room, and seeing his name in various forms all over my drawing board, stopped and wondered what I was doing. Before he had a chance to speak, I told him I was working on a trade-mark for the Company. He smiled at my designs, and as I look back and think of some of the things I had

drawn for a trade-mark, I could hardly blame him. I had for one, a back ground of Gillette blades, with "Gillette" in fancy letters, which, he told me, would be good only as a trade-mark for blades. Next he questioned a design with the word "Gillette" in large letters with a broom passing through the letter "G," meaning, "A clean sweep for Gillette." After giving my broom design a good laugh, I began to believe my talent as a trade-mark designer was a failure. By further search Mr. Gillette found the diamond shaped outline, with the name Gillette in the centre and the arrow piercing the letters. He asked me the meaning of the arrow through the letters. I told him my idea was that the arrow was forging ahead, carrying Gillette with it. He told me I need not go any further as I had struck upon the design that pleased him. My sketches were then handed to Mr. Pelham and the Gillette Diamond Trade-Mark was selected by the officials and is now used on every article the Company manufactures and is known all over the world.

A NEW EMPLOYEE'S OPINION

Somerville, Mass., March 23, 1918.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.,
GENTLEMEN:

I have been in the employ of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. since April 19, 1917, in the Buffing Room and, as it was suggested in the last issue a little item in THE GILLETTE BLADE from any employee would be

appreciated and given space, perhaps this would make a little interesting reading for my co-workers whom I think will appreciate this article.

I will be brief and simply give my impression of what I think of one of the best regulated factories in the United States. Coming here last April 19th, a "perfect stranger" looking for work, with but a

small experience at buffing, I was set to work by that prince of good judgment, Mr. Rice, in the aforesaid Buffing Room. He and his two foremen are always ready to give a helping hand to any employee who will try to work for the interest of the G. S. R. Co., even if they are not so *swift* as the more experienced hands. My impression of the firm, its treatment to employees, etc., is all that any fair-minded man could wish, so I trust you will give a workman's impression of the surroundings of your great

plant, as it may do no harm and perhaps may do a heap of good, as I have been treated fine since joining the ranks and *doing my bit* for said firm.

If you think that this employee's impressions are worthy of consideration, give them a space in your columns in the next issue *as they are sincere*. I will not give my name as it is a very common one, but I guess you will "get me" when I tell you my number—1850.

Very respectfully, 1850.

Somewhere in France, Jan. 28, 1918.

MR. LOUIS GALE,
DEAR MR. GALE:

Received the package from the War Committee of the G. S. R. Co. yesterday and was much pleased with it. We are just turning in our old issue of sweaters and I would have been without any but for the timely arrival of the package.

Mrs. Johnson is some instructor all right as the sweater was a very good one and must have taken some time and pains to finish it. All of the Gillette boys are well and when the time comes will be there with bells on. I ran into Pickering and Glasheen from your department uptown last week. They had received their first package and were tickled with it. I have had it pretty soft for the last three weeks as a fellow in my room had the measles, but a little while ago the doctor came in and said that our vacation was over, so it's me for a long drill tomorrow.

I guess that before long we will be in the trenches, but you can't scare this bunch. They think that the sooner they go in the sooner the war will be over. As for myself I don't expect to bring you any grain gold for a long time. How is Eddie Hoar and is he still knocking the pins like he used to? We paraded through the town yesterday and it was a great sight to see everybody salute the flag. Most of the fellows can "parlez vous" now and it's fun to hear them trying to pronounce some of the words. As this is all I can think of I will close now and with best wishes for the success of the War Committee,

I remain sincerely,

CORP. ALBERT W. PAGE,

Co. B, 101st Inf., Am. Ex. Forces.

P. S.—The initials on the paper around the sweater were B. P. If you let me know

whose they are I will thank her in a letter.
Censored.

Hampton Roads, Va., Feb. 6, 1918.

MR. LOUIS GALE,
DEAR LOUIS:

Just a few lines to thank you for the package you sent. It was just what I needed and it is good of you to think of me, and you don't know how a fellow that is away from home appreciates such thoughtfulness. This is a big camp here and getting bigger all the time. The part I am in is the aviation section and is a training school for aviators. There are about thirty or forty planes here now and room for hundreds more. I don't think I will be here long as I signed for sea duty and not for the aviation. However, I may get transferred to the aviation and that will mean a lot of red tape so I guess I will go where I am sent. We get great feeds down here and sometimes get chicken. For instance, today we had for breakfast, boiled rice, scrambled eggs and fried potatoes, coffee; for dinner, pork chops, corn, gravy and potatoes, soup; for supper, beef stew and pudding, including tea or coffee and sometimes cocoa. So you see we are not so badly treated after all. I wouldn't mind staying here for the summer. We don't do much, only drill and guard duty. Give my regards to all the boys at the shop and I will appreciate anything you may wish to send, as this is a new camp here and you can't spend any money at all unless you go into Norfolk, which is about once a month. I received the last "BLADE" and it was good to look at.

Yours sincerely,

E. A. PAGE,

Fourth Company, Aviation, U. S. Naval
Operating Base.

Major William J. McCarthy First in Action

ALL Gillette folks read with interest the report recently brought back by Lieut. Drohan returning from the 101st Infantry, now in the first-line trenches in France. An interview credited to Lieut. Drohan and printed in the *Boston Post*, Monday, March 25th, reads:

FIRST BATTALION GOES IN

"We reached the front. There was the rumble of artillery, the roar of guns. To the first battalion fell the honor of first entering the front-line trenches, while the other battalions remained in support.

"The sector taken over by our first battalion was in that part of the

Marne known as the Aisne. Captain McCarthy, acting as major, led the boys. Hardly had they reached the line than they were in action. Not much, true, but action. German snipers shot away. Our snipers answered. Artillery roared and shells were constantly passing overhead."

The Acting-Major McCarthy referred to is our former purchasing agent, who left the United States last fall as Captain in command of Company B, 101st Infantry, formerly the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry. It is no surprise to read of his advancement as the military bearing of William J. McCarthy impressed on the minds of all his acquaintances his splendid soldierly qualities.

Recent Additions to Gillette Roll of Honor

JOHN J. CURTIN, Buffing Dept.
WILLIAM C. DAUNT, Machine Shop
THOMAS S. FRASER, Buffing Room
ISRAEL JASPER, Machine Shop

JAMES McLAUGHLIN, Grinding Dept.

ARTHUR MELLEN, Printing Dept.
ANTONIO SMALDONE, Machine Shop
PHILIP B. WILLIAMS, Machine Shop
GEORGE R. BROWN, JR., Salesman

New Addresses of Gillette Boys

Foley, John J.
Co. D, 101st U. S. Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York Post Office.

Pearson, Sgt. Frank M.
Co. H, 3rd Regiment, Pioneer Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Glasheen, James L. (Made Corp.)
Co. H, 101st U. S. Infantry, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York Post Office.

Butler, Thomas W.
Motor Truck Company No. 444, Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

Kairit, John W.
Battery F, 55th Artillery, C. A. C., Fort Strong, Boston, Mass.

Cashman, Frank
504 Engineer's Corps, Service Battalion Co. A, American Expeditionary Forces, via New York Post Office.

Wright, Samuel T.
S. S. U. No. 562, Convois Automobiles, Par B. C. M., American Expeditionary Forces, via New York Post Office.

Kearney, William H.
Motor Car 304, Block 1-20, Camp Hill, Newport News, Va.

Harris, F. D.
Camp Johnson, Receiving Co. No. 9, Jacksonville, Fla.

The Salesman

CLAUDE H. BRADNER

THE salesman who neglects his toilet and his tailoring handicaps his possible efficiency; the salesman who so orders his life that his brain is working under protest, and therefore not up to the gauge of his capabilities, is reducing his mark on the commercial score-board; and the salesman who does not **KNOW** and, looking into the eyes of the other man, can not truthfully say: "This is just as I represent it to be" is lowering his colors to a record which accompanies the mediocre and commonplace.

The salesman does not have "**FAITH**" in his proposition. he **KNOWS**. He is an intellectual Missourian, and "can show" and is willing to "be shown." Faith has been relegated to the realm of the speculative. It is the good will of the business of the Ecclesiastic. True, it is the virtue of believing something which can not be proven, and does not have place in the field occupied by the salesman.

The salesman who does not **KNOW** and who can not demonstrate to the world that he **KNOWS** is not a **SALESMAN**.

No mendicant ever became a salesman, and no salesman should ever become a mendicant. A spendthrift of money he may be (and generally is), but he values the most precious of all possessions—**TIME**, and makes the most of it.

At the head of the list of all the professions is certainly that of salesmanship. It is the salesman who keeps aglow the furnace fires of the factory and the forge; it is the salesman who keeps on every sea, headed for every port, the laden ships of commerce; it is the salesman who makes possible the great cities, who builds the railroads, and gives employment to the myriads of workingmen throughout the land.

THE SALESMAN! No time-server or sycophant is he. He neither fears nor favors gods or men, but **STANDS ERECT, THINKS, ACTS, AND DOES HIS WORK.**

LONG LIVE THE SALESMAN!

Safety

RALPH E. THOMPSON, Superintendent

THE "Safety First" thoughts should be revised in all of us.

Lately the extreme carelessness of employees, not only for personal safety, but for the safety of fellow employees, has impressed me as being little short of criminal.

We are providing belt guards, tool guards, double levers on punch presses and taking all the steps possible to properly protect our employees from injury, yet upon repeated occasions, I find that someone has failed to keep the guard in place or use the guard as instructed.

I also find empty trays, or other foreign matter, projecting or blocking the aisles, which should always be kept absolutely clear, thus jeopardizing the safety of those having occasion to pass through.

We are busy. We are all pitching in to do our bit to get out production, and we are crowded, but that does not constitute an excuse for not "playing the game safe." It is all the *more* reason why no chances should be taken.

Our record of injuries, in the past few months, is not up to the Gillette Standard and is giving the management no little concern. If it were possible, we would have it arranged so that no one could ever possibly be injured. Unfortunately, however, this is impossible for us to do as a company. Every employee must recognize his or her responsibility and do their part individually, as per the following instructions:

1st—Take the necessary precaution to see that you do not injure yourself.

2nd—See that no act or carelessness on your part might cause an injury to others.

3rd—In cautioning fellow employees to be careful.

4th—By suggesting to your foremen or the Superintendent's Office, ways or means which would add to the safety of any machine, stairway, etc., which would tend to reduce accidents.

I might add to item No. 4 that we are only too anxious to have our employees point out dangerous operations on machines so that we may provide guards or otherwise reduce the risk. One does not have to be an inventor and every idea suggested will be thoroughly investigated by us and no one need be at all bashful in calling unsafe conditions to our attention.

In closing, I wish to state that all employees cut, scratched, or injured, no matter how slight, must go to our hospital for treatment. Too many assume that a slight scratch is not worth the trouble of going to the hospital, but in several instances this neglect has cost the employee dearly.

The hospital is run so that our employees may have attention at once and we must insist that all injuries be properly dressed there as soon as possible. Also, if anyone gets cut out of the factory, go to the hos-

pital and let us see that the wound is properly cared for.

Let us therefore take "Safety

First" to heart and all pitch in to see how *few* accidents we can possibly have—no matter how slight.

GILLETTE EMPLOYEES TO WED

It has been announced that Miss Azilda Rogers, of the Gillette Handle Department, and Mr. Frank Kelley, of the Gillette Shipping Department, will be married Sunday, April 28th.

O'CALLAGHAN—ROGERS

Miss Nellie O'Callaghan, of the Gillette Order Department, was married Easter Sunday to Mr. Fred Rogers. Miss O'Callaghan left her duties at the Gillette office March 23rd.

DUNN—MULLIGAN

Miss Sadie Dunn, of the Gillette Blade Packing Department, was married Sunday, April 7, to Mr. John C. Mulligan. Mrs. Mulligan was attended by Miss Catherine Dowdal, of the Gillette Blade Packing Department as bridesmaid.

REPORTED RECOVERING

We are all glad to know that Miss Sadie Nelson, who has been very ill with pneumonia for the past two months, is recovering. Miss Nelson has been employed in the Grinding Department for the last twelve years.

WELCOME BACK

Bill Standish was home ill with a bad cold for more than a week. We are glad to welcome him back and congratulate him on his speedy recovery.

Oscar Sorenson, one of our oldest employees, and who rarely misses a day, is back at work after being away ill for about a week.

MR. GUSTAVE BORGSTROM

Mr. Gustave Borgstrom, brother of Miss Ruth Borgstrom, of the Blade Packing Department, passed away February 2nd at the age of 27 years. Miss Borgstrom has the sympathy of all her associates in her bereavement.

MISS HULDA PETERSON

We are all sorry to learn of the death of Miss Hulda Peterson, who was employed as a Print Inspector in the Grinding Department. Miss Peterson passed away on March 3rd and was buried from her home in Charlestown, Mass., March 6th.

MISS CATHERINE MCCONNAN

We are sorry to announce the death of Miss Catherine McConnan, of the Hardening Department. Miss McConnan passed away at her home in South Boston, March 16th, after a few days illness with pneumonia.

SAVE COPIES OF "THE GILLETTE BLADE"

With the appearance of this the fourth issue in its present form of *THE GILLETTE BLADE* we suggest to our readers that they carefully preserve their copies for binding at the end of the year. The many business articles and war letters from "our boys" with the Colors form an interesting record of happenings associated with our organization and they will prove interesting and valuable to refer to in time to come. Don't forget to put your copies away each month for safe keeping.

YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME

THE GILLETTE BLADE has come to stay. The interest all are taking in it has more than justified its continuance, but we must extend the activity represented by obtaining contributions from our employees.

These contributions may be articles on how we can improve our conditions, or suggestions affecting our product, or anything that would be of interest to other employees. *THE GILLETTE BLADE* is circulated just among ourselves and it seems to me that some of the factory "gossip" should be written up and handed to your foreman, who will see that it is turned over to the editor for publication. I am personally very deeply interested in having more factory news contributed each month than they can possibly print, so that the factory will be more than represented in each issue.

RALPH E. THOMPSON, Superintendent.

SELECTIONS IN
PROSE and POETRY
for
GILLETTE READERS



EDITED BY A
FRIEND of all
GILLETTE WORKERS

THE WORST IS YET TO COME

"I want a box of cigars for a fair, slim gentleman, please."

A REASON

May: "You seem to prefer the beach to the piazza."

Maud: "Yes, I prefer to be burnt by the sun than roasted by the gossips."

FOREARMED

He: "Do you think we can keep our engagement secret for a while?"

She: "Certainly, dear. Everybody has promised me they'll not say a word."

OW! !

Flashy Youth: "I wish I knew what that pretty typewriter girl was buying who just went out. I suppose it was something for me."

Dept. Store Salesgirl (sizing him up): "I think it's quite likely. She bought a steel hat-pin."

ONE TO BE PITIED

A tender-hearted little girl was looking at a picture of Daniel in the lions' den. She suddenly began to cry, whereupon her mother said:

"Are you crying for the poor man, dearie?"

"No, I'm crying for that little lion over there in the corner. He isn't going to get any at all."

VALUABLE

Mrs. Hayriz: "Fer the land's sake, Hiram, what be that air contrapshun?"

Hayriz: "It's a present our boy John sent us from the city, Hanner. He writ on a card it wuz a barometer."

Mrs. Hayriz: "Oh, I've heerd tell uv them things. I wonder which way yew screw th' thing when yew want it t'rain?"

CHEER UP

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.

UNNECESSARY

"My husband is particularly liable to seasickness, captain," remarked a lady passenger. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?"

"Tain't necessary, Mum," replied the captain. "He'll do it."

DANGER

Miss Newly Rich (who has just returned from a trip to Egypt): "Oh, the pyramids were wonderful, and just covered with hieroglyphics."

Grandma: "Sakes alive! Did ye git any of 'em on ye?"

SELFISH

Employee: "Sir, I'd like a raise, I've just been married and—"

Employer: "So you want more money for your wife?"

Employee: "No sir; I want it for myself. She knows just what I'm getting now, you see."

WELL UNDERSTOOD

A gentleman meeting in the street a colored man who had formerly worked for him but had been discharged some six months before, inquired: "Well, Josephus, what have you been doing of late?"

"I'se done been working in a girage."

"Then," said the gentleman, "I suppose you know all about an automobile."

"Yes, I reckon I does," Josephus replied. "I'se worked over um, and under um, and all round um, and I allows I knows pretty much all about um. Der is only just one ting about um I don't understand."

"Well, and what might that be?"

"I doesent see how dey gits um to go wifout hitching a horse to um."

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

THE TRUE MEN

Great men are the true men, the men in whom nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary; they are in the true order. It is the other species of men who are not what they ought to be.

FREEDOM

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword;
thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee
has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings has smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast
from heaven!

WELL SAID

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.

TACT AND TALENT

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

Editor.—If we are not born with talent we can at least cultivate tact.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Ticked with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The schoolbell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was

not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school, or you'll buy it!" "Alas! thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone, this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal, is too much."

It sank deep in my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers,—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter,—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

Franklin.

If any of our readers are interested to know from what sources these selections are taken they may ascertain same by applying to the Editorial Department of "The Gillette Blade."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE "BOSS"

DON'T lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end, and that end will be the wrong end for you.

Watch your work not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short and a short day's work makes my face long.

Give me more than I expect, and I will give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

You owe so much to yourself that you can not afford to owe anything to any one else. Keep out of debt, or keep out of my place.

Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, never see temptation when they meet it.

Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Don't do anything for me that hurts your self-respect. Anybody who will steal for me will steal from me.

It's none of my business what you do at night. But if what you do at night affects what you do the next day, and you do only half as much as you should, you'll last only half as long as you hoped.

Don't tell me what I like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet for my vanity but a guardian for my dollars.

Don't kick if I kick. If you're worth while correcting you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time picking specks out of rotten apples.

The Gillette Blade

MAY 1918



The
Old-Time Razor



The
Razor Of Today

THE EVOLUTION OF THE RAZOR
*The Development of the Gillette Has Made
Self-Shaving a Pleasure*



GET

Ye Towne Gossip *by* K. C. B.
Courtesy *Buffalo Inquirer*, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, March 3

IF I have to
I CAN do it.
BUT I don't like it.
AND WHEN I got on a train.
WHERE THERE was a barber.
IN THE buffet car.
I WAS glad.
AND I went in.
TO THE little hole.
IN THE side of the car.
WHERE THE barber is.
AND I took off my coat
AND MY collar.
AND MY tie.
AND HID my scarf pin.
AND GOT in the chair.
AND SAID to the barber.
"A SHAVE, please."
AND HE fixed everything.
AND MADE the lather.
AND LEANED against the chair.
AND LATHERED me.
AND RUBBED my face.
WITH HIS fingers.
AS BARBERS do.
AND EVERY little while.
WE'D HIT a curve.
AND HIS hand would slip.
AND I'D close my lips.
AND MY teeth
AS TIGHT as I could.
TO KEEP him out.
AND I did.
AND HE stropped the razor.
AND CAME over.
AND LAID on my chest.

WITH BOTH his elbows.
AND ALL his weight.
AND I was lying there
WITH MY eyes closed.
AND I opened them.
AND ALL I could see.
WAS the white of his eyes.
HE WAS so close.
AND IT made me think.
OF LOU Tellegen.
AND EDITH Long.
WHEN THEY'RE making love.
AND I said to him.
"IS IT necessary.
"TO LIE all over me?"
AND HE said it was.
AND HE had to do it.
SO WE'D both move
AT THE same time.
AND IN the same direction.
WHEN THE train swayed.
AND I could see
THAT He was right.
AND I closed my eyes.
AND HE got on me again.
WITH HIS elbows.
AND HE stayed there
FOR THIRTY minutes.
AND HOWEVER I lived
I DON'T know.
AND THEN he wanted.
TO CUT my hair.
AND I knew right away
HE'D HAVE to sit on my lap.
TO DO it.
AND I wouldn't let him.
I THANK you.

Sent in by A. M. WILLIAMS, Sales Department

The Gillette Blade

Vol. I

May, 1918

No. 7

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of,
the Employees of the

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston

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The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON, Director

PART I—MR. GILLETTE'S INVENTION

RAZORS appear to have been made in very ancient times. The first use of steel was probably for weapons principally. It requires a rather high quality of material to make a razor in any way satisfactory, and skill in steel working had to be very considerably advanced before the metal produced was capable of taking and holding a shaving edge. The form of the razor until very recent times would seem to have invariably been that of a wedge or V shaped blade with flat sides. I recall having seen old Chinese razors and they were of this pattern, with short broad blades.

The first step toward modern practice was taken, as far as I have been able to learn, about one hundred years ago when razors began

to be made in which the blades were thinner and had clamped-on back pieces. These were made, I believe, in Sweden, and were more easily honed than the old V shape since the edge and back piece only rested on the hone instead of the whole flat side of the blade as in the older type. These thinner blade Swedish razors with the reinforced backs were very highly thought of two generations ago. When I was a boy my father had one of them which had belonged to an older brother, then deceased. When I was about seventeen years old my father presented me with a pair of razors in a case and these were of the old V shape. I used them for many years.

The second step in advance was the so-called concave or hollow

ground razor in which the sides of the blade instead of being flat were curved inwardly. This made the razor lighter and gave it the same advantage in honing as the reinforced back kind before mentioned. Practically all modern straight razors are concave or hollow ground in this way. Forty years ago quite a business was done in "hollow grinding" old and highly esteemed blades of the V sort.

The next and third step forward was the invention of the safety guard, which consisted in attaching to an ordinary razor blade a corrugated or toothed piece which rested on the skin just in front of the edge and had the tendency to prevent the user from cutting himself. These safety devices were rather crude but served, nevertheless, to give some small measure of safety.

The fourth step consisted in making the razor blade relatively short, separating it from the shank and ordinary handle and mounting it detachably in a frame by means of clips and other devices, in improving the relations of the guard and the edge and also in arranging the handle in more convenient form. The basket shaped safety razors preceding the Gillette were instances of these improvements.

We now come to the fifth and doubtless the greatest of the forward movements. This was embodied in King C. Gillette's work in evolving a new and highly original type of razor, in which the blade could be sold for such a low price that the necessity for honing and stropping could be eliminated, the blades be-

ing thrown away when dull and new ones substituted. This type as now developed in the Gillette Safety Razor in its present familiar form gives to the user the maximum of efficiency and safety and the minimum of annoyance and trouble.

Mr. Gillette's invention does not consist primarily in any particular form of blade or design of blade holder, but in the conception of a blade so cheap as to be discarded when dull. To obtain such a blade he abandoned the forged type and resorted to one of sheet steel, so that it might be punched out of a plate, or cut off from a strip, and the expense of forging and hollow grinding avoided. The "no honing" and "no stropping" idea is fundamental in Mr. Gillette's scheme of improvements. It enables the user to substitute a new and sharp blade at much less expense than would be incurred in having a dull razor rehoned and also involves much less trouble. Mr. Gillette's efforts were directed mainly toward the making of blades sufficiently cheap to realize the "no honing" and "no stropping" principle. What he really did was to transfer from the blade to a separable holder the rigidity necessary for shaving, leaving in the blade itself merely enough substance to take a cutting edge and the Courts have taken this view.

Prior to Mr. Gillette's invention the trend in the art of razor making was all toward an expensive blade which should be made to do duty as long as possible, even a lifetime in some cases, and be indefinitely honed and stropped. It will be seen that

Mr. Gillette's idea was a complete right-about-face in the art and has all the characteristics of a really great invention. It has boldness of conception and originality to a very marked degree. This view has also been voiced by the Federal Courts upon the granting of injunctions against infringers.

Mr. Gillette carried his theoretical progress in his new type of razor to great completeness. The blade was to be made of relatively thin sheet steel and thereby economy in material and labor secured. It was to have two edges, one on each side, and the economy in this way was still further increased. The adjustment of the blade edge to the guard was to be obtained by flexing the blade so as to bring the edge nearer to, or farther from the guard teeth, in order to obtain a finer or coarser cut. It will be seen at once that these three characteristics of the Gillette razor readily distinguish it from all preceding razors. It may be said, however, that since it has been on the market, hundreds of razors have appeared which have infringed the Gillette patents, or at least have imitated the Gillette razor as closely as the makers dared. One of the most striking tributes to the value and originality of the Gillette invention rests in the avalanche of imitations which have seen the light since the Gillette razor has become known to the world. The great majority of these imitations have either died at birth or soon afterward, or have been suppressed by the courts as infringers of the Gillette patents, so that at present only four or five

other safety razors of any importance are on the market.

It would be unjust to the Gillette razor to contrast it with the great public utilities which have been given to the world in the last hundred years, like the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, the telephone and others of similar scope. It can, however, be truthfully said that among the lesser of the great inventions the Gillette razor has achieved a success without a parallel. It can further be said that this success is based on the genuine merit of the razor itself. Advertising, business management and other aids may play a valuable part, but in the last analysis only merit in the goods can secure permanent prosperity. The Gillette razor is of real benefit to mankind, for it adds decidedly to cleanliness and comfort and by inducing more people to shave themselves it becomes a great saver of time, money and health. This being indisputably true, it follows that Mr. Gillette, through his invention of this new type of razor, is a benefactor of the race, and no buyer of a Gillette razor, if he uses it with care and intelligence, can deny that he has received more than his money's worth and must remain permanently in debt to Mr. Gillette and the Gillette Safety Razor Company.

Mr. Gillette developed in his own mind a remarkably clear idea of what he wished to accomplish and clung to this idea with commendable tenacity. In spite of the fact that razor experts laughed at his scheme, called it visionary and absurd and discouraged him in every way, he

stuck to his text and in good time had the satisfaction of having his dream come true. His first thought in connection with the razor came in 1895 and for six years he continued to think and work over the problem at every convenient opportunity. He made a variety of models, some of which were approximations to the present razor, but none of which were quite satisfactory. Great difficulty was experienced in hardening the blades and no machinery was in existence for putting on the edges. The enterprise seemed to be up against a stone wall and somebody seemed to be necessary who had had special training and was otherwise equipped to handle the problem of development. This problem included the working into practical shape of the razor itself, the invention and building of sharpening machinery, of methods of hardening and tempering for thin blades, manufacturing processes for the blade holders, and a thousand and one different things which could be expected only from one of some scientific training and

(To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for June.)

practical experience, combined with at least a fair amount of originality and inventive capacity. The first part of this article will be closed at this point. The next part will be devoted to a consideration of the preparation of the person who, by good luck or otherwise, and with the assistance of others, succeeded in developing the Gillette idea to a point where it became a success on the mechanical side. We must always distinguish however between the invention of the Gillette razor so admirably accomplished by Mr. Gillette and its practical development as carried forward by others, for the two things are quite separate and each required a type of mind and a training quite distinct. We should remember also that the really great invention was that of Mr. Gillette and that no amount of development work can in any way approach it in importance or in merit. Without it there would have been no foundation to build upon and nothing to develop.

Gillette Again Goes "Over the Top"

FOR the third time within a year the employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. have gone "over the top" in their subscriptions to the Liberty Loan.

The Third Liberty Loan just closed shows a total of \$70,000 subscribed to by Gillette employees. The company has also subscribed to \$300,000, making a total Gillette subscription to the Third Liberty Loan of \$370,000. When it is con-

sidered that the combined subscriptions of the Gillette employees and company to the First Liberty Loan was \$200,000, and their subscription to the Second Liberty Loan was \$500,000, the effort made in this last loan indicates unusual patriotic interest on the part of our employees.

With a grand total of \$1,070,000 subscribed to the first three Liberty Loans every one has just cause to be proud of their effort and sacrifice.



THEODORE L. SMITH

MR. THEODORE L. SMITH, whose portrait accompanies this article, has joined the Gillette organization in the capacity of Production Engineer.

Mr. Smith enjoyed the privilege of having been born in the historic town of Concord, Mass., December 24th, 1877, having been nearly, but not quite, a Christmas present to his parents.

After acquiring the major part of a high school education, he worked at various jobs ranging all the way from that of a licensed guide in the Maine backwoods to that of traveling salesman.

During the Spanish-American War he served as a sergeant in the 6th Massachusetts Regiment in Porto Rico.

Mr. Smith was first introduced to machinery at the old Standish Woolen Mills in Plymouth, Mass., where he was severely injured in the Carding Room and his right arm was saved only by the skill of an old army surgeon.

This experience had the effect of making him a "Safety First" man for life.

Mr. Smith entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1901 to take a course in Mechanical Engineering, but his studies were interrupted for two years, during a part of which time he was employed by the Stone & Webster Engineering Corporation in the Statistical Department. In February, 1907, he began work with the American Locomotive Company as a draftsman but was soon after transferred to the Standard Practice Department to work under the supervision of Mr. Harrington Emerson.

The American Locomotive Company operates several large plants and Mr. Smith was transferred from one to the other and finally became Production Engineer for the Schenectady plant. After eleven years' service with the American Locomotive Company, he resigned his position to associate himself with the Gillette Safety Razor Company on April 22nd.

Mr. Smith is married and is the proud father of three children.



SOUVENIR DINNER MENU

The menu was used at the testimonial dinner to Messrs. Pelham and Rebeck

Complimentary Dinner to Messrs. Pelham and Rebeck

THE Executive Staff of the Gillette Safety Razor Company tendered a complimentary dinner to Mr. Thomas W. Pelham, Sales Manager, on the eve of his departure for England, and to Mr. J. Frank Rebeck, Assistant Sales Manager, in appreciation of a most successful Western trip.

The dinner was given at Young's Hotel, Friday evening, April 12th, and was another example of the get-together idea which is accomplishing so much in this organization.

Mr. Pelham, who shared the honors of the occasion, sailed for the fourth time through the War Zone in three years' time, from an "Atlantic Port" on the S. S. *Philadelphia*, April 16th, and he was made the recipient of the best wishes of all present for a safe and successful trip. (Note:—At this time we are pleased to be able to mention that a cable received April 30th announced Mr. Pelham's safe arrival in England after two weeks on the high seas.)



J. FRANK REBUTK

Ass't Sales Manager Gillette Safety Razor Company

The events which prompted the extension of this complimentary dinner to J. Frank Rebutk are of unusual interest to all Gillette folks, as it shows the unusual enterprise resorted to by our representatives in meeting and mastering trade conditions:

Mr. Rebutk's report of his trip is reprinted herewith:

"On February 18, 1918, late in the afternoon, the Company learned of a prospect for a big order in Baltimore, so I packed my grip and left that evening. Expecting to return the following night I took only the

necessary traveling articles.

"When in Baltimore on the 19th, after closing a big deal, I heard of other prospects, West, so decided to go to Chicago that afternoon. While in that city other opportunities were presented, so I proceeded to St. Louis, then on to New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, returning by way of Chicago, traveling 9,000 miles in 22 days, 16 nights of which were spent in sleeping cars.

My schedule of traveling was as follows:

| <i>Left</i> | <i>Date</i> | <i>Arrived</i> | <i>Date</i> |
|---------------|-------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Boston | 2-18, 7.30 P. M. | Baltimore | 2-19, 9.00 A. M. |
| Baltimore | 2-19, 1.00 P. M. | Chicago | 2-20, 11.00 A. M. |
| Chicago | 2-20, 11.59 P. M. | St. Louis | 2-21, 9.00 A. M. |
| St. Louis | 2-21, 4.30 P. M. | New Orleans | 2-22, 11.15 A. M. |
| New Orleans | 2-23, 11.30 A. M. | San Antonio | 2-24, 4.30 A. M. |
| San Antonio | 2-24, 7.50 P. M. | El Paso | 2-25, 5.45 P. M. |
| El Paso | 2-27, 10.15 P. M. | Los Angeles | 2-28, 11.00 P. M. |
| Los Angeles | 3-1, 8.00 P. M. | San Francisco | 3-2, 10.00 A. M. |
| San Francisco | 3-2, 6.00 P. M. | Portland | 3-3, 8.50 P. M. |
| Portland | 3-4, 2.00 P. M. | Seattle | 3-4, 8.00 P. M. |
| Seattle | 3-5, 11.59 P. M. | Chicago | 3-9, 11.00 A. M. |

Side-trips, Tacoma, 3-5, and Toledo, 3-9 and 10.

| <i>Left</i> | <i>Date</i> | <i>Arrived</i> | <i>Date</i> |
|-------------|------------------|----------------|------------------|
| Chicago | 3-11, 5.30 P. M. | Boston | 3-12, 8.55 P. M. |

"While on the above trip, I was in daily touch with the home office either by telegraph or telephone, also in telegraph communication with five Gillette representatives, who were working on the same proposition in all parts of the United States. In that time I received sixty-six telegrams and dispatched ninety-eight.

"A fair example of traveling speed is herewith given. I arrived in St. Louis on February 21st, at 9 A. M.; had my first appointment at 9.30 A. M., and was requested to return for a final conference at 4.00 P. M. My train for New Orleans was scheduled to leave at 4.30 P. M., so with Mr. Grant, our St. Louis represent-

ative, called at 3.50 P. M. for the final conference, instructing Mr. Grant, that should I receive the order, I would give him a certain signal, to call a taxicab, so I could make the 4.30 train. The contract was closed at 4.05 P. M. and when I went out of the office Mr. Grant had the machine waiting, so together we went to the hotel, telegraphed the order to Boston, paid my hotel bill and made the 4.30 train for New Orleans, thereby saving a day.

"Our grips are always kept at the office and we have ourselves in readiness to start on a trip on a moment's notice, regardless of personal inconvenience, as the Gillette Company has the first claim at all times."

Never be content with yourself or your work. No successful man is ever satisfied. He could not have been successful if he had been.

Personality

Now what is your niche in the mind of the man who met you
yesterday?

He figured you out and labeled you, then carefully filed you
away.

Are you on the list as one to respect, or as one to be ignored?

Does he think you the sort that's sure to win, or the kind
that's quickly floored?

The things you said — were they those that stick, or the
kind that fade and die?

The story you told — did you tell it your best? If not, in
all conscience why?

Your notion of things in the world of trade — did you make
that notion clear?

Did you make it sound to the listener as though it were good
to hear?

Did you mean, right down in your heart of hearts, the things
that you then expressed?

Or was it the talk of a better man in a clumsier language
dressed?

Did you think while you talked? Or but glibly recite what
you had heard or read?

Had you made it your own — this saying of yours — or
quoted what others said?

*Think — what is your niche in the mind of the man who
met you yesterday*

*And figured you out and labeled you, then carefully filed
you away?*

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN (*In "Including Finnigan"*)

Make a Garden and Help Win the War

From Circular by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

LAST Spring when the government was urging everybody to make a war garden, we decided to make full use of some of our vacant land near our factories. We plowed the ground and put it into condition for planting. It was divided into 265 plots. A bulletin posted in the factory advised our people that these garden lots were ready. In a few hours they were all taken and work began at once.

A shed was put up for tools. Then the question came up, how to keep track of the cost of seeds, time put in and the final results—the idea be-

ing to prove to ourselves that war gardens well handled are profitable as well as patriotic. So a time-clock was put in the tool house.

The gardeners quickly caught the spirit and punched the clock "in" when they came to work on their gardens. When they put their tools back later, they would punch "out."

Seeds were sold to the gardeners at cost, all time was accounted for and produce taken from the gardens was checked, weighed and priced at current retail prices. So there was no guesswork about Firestone war gardens.

| | | |
|---|----------------|-------------|
| Number of gardens assigned..... | 265 | |
| Number of hours worked..... | 15,313 | |
| Average number of hours per garden..... | 57 | |
| Number of weeks | 23 | |
| Average hours per man per week..... | 2 hrs. 29 min. | |
| Value of products at retail prices..... | \$14,205.59 | |
| Total cost of seeds..... | \$ 500.17 | |
| Labor, watchmen, plowing..... | 2,390.17 | |
| Miscellaneous expenses | 134.22 | 3,024.56 |
| Net value | | \$11,181.03 |
| Average value of products from each of the 265 gardens | | 53.60 |
| Average amount per hour received by each gardener in value of products..... | | .94 |

The above table shows how carefully the gardens were checked and demonstrates their practical value.

The individual with only a backyard space will find these figures just as interesting as did the Firestone war gardener and what was done in the Firestone plot can be accomplished in your back yard.

The United States Food Administration urges everyone to plant a war garden but they also caution against raising more vegetables than

the individual can use. There will be a great demand for potatoes and dried beans during this next year and the war gardener who plants these commodities is taking no chances. Lettuce and greens of all descriptions are desirable if planted in correct quantity. Don't plant more of these than you can use. The idea of the war garden is to save and not waste. Can or dry your surplus. Save, conserve the food you raise. Do not waste it!



GEORGE L. DYER

President, The George L. Dyer Company

THE subject of this sketch, whose very interesting article on Advertising appears in this issue of THE BLADE, is one of the best known advertising men in the country today.

Mr. Dyer is a product of the Middle West, Chicago having been his home for a number of years. It was here he made his advent into the advertising world, via the newspaper route.

After considerable experience with various concerns as Advertising Manager, Mr. Dyer decided to go into the Agency business, forming a partnership with Mr. Arnold of Philadelphia, the firm name being Arnold & Dyer. Later this partnership was dissolved and Mr. Dyer established himself in New York, the firm name being, The George L. Dyer Co.

Mr. Dyer knows advertising and its relation to the successful marketing of a product—his genius is of the constructive kind that builds business and makes advertising pay the manufacturer.

Mr. Dyer has handled the advertising of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. about eight years and great credit is due him for his excellent work in connection with the worldwide success which has come to the Gillette razor.

Getting Across to the Public

GEORGE L. DYER

THE whole success of advertising as I see it, and as it has worked out in years of practical experience, consists in having the facts on your side and getting them across to the public in such a way that they will be understood and believed.

The reason that so much advertising doesn't get across is because—first, it is not read; second, it is not believed; third, it represents a faulty article, or an unbusinesslike management.

The more limelight you throw on a faulty proposition, the more you show its defects.

In this country of ours we have universal education and an enormous circulation of magazines and newspapers. We have an earning capacity and standard of living unequalled anywhere else in the world. You find a potential customer in almost every one of our hundred million Americans.

This is a Democracy. The only power is in what the people think and do. The motto for every man and for every business should be: "I Serve."

And a business must show that service to the people in terms that the people can understand.

It must take the public into its confidence.

Never before in any time or in any country has such a large percentage of people been able to read and write as here in the United States.

Practically all thought is formed and all ideas are acquired by means of the printed word.

What is said in the United States Senate or by the President counts for little to the country—until it is printed.

Overnight the printed word has the Nation for an audience.

Analyze any of the outstanding successes in advertising and you find, first of all, an article that makes life better worth-while for the average citizen.

It may be a finer flavor in his food; the saving of work for his wife. It may be standardized quality and right style in the clothes for himself and his family. Better furniture; the multitude of household conveniences; the talking machine and player-piano; the motorcycle and automobile. These are only a few of the hundreds of fundamental betterments that might be cited.

Individual instances are hard to pick out of the great mass of things, because many of the big successes have been cited so often.

If I were asked to reduce an advertising success to its simplest elements, these elements would be what I call the "S. P.'s": that is—Service and Sincerity, Perseverance and Publicity.

Take the instance of Mellin's Food, brought out in America about thirty-five years ago by Thomas Dobbin, a Boston druggist, and first advertised by a four-line reading

notice in the *Boston Transcript*. This notice was read by the mother of an ailing baby; and it was the photograph of this baby, brought back to health by Mellin's Food, which established for all time the testimonial character of the Mellin's advertising.

From produce grown in a quarter-acre backyard garden; then to the sale of a few dollars' worth of bottled horseradish, and so to a steadily increasing business by advertising—until today it is a business running high into the millions—is the history of the H. J. Heinz Company.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder is another instance. Up to Gerhard Mennen's time the only powder for soothing an irritated skin was precipitated chalk. Mennen saw the need, and put up the first talcum powder. From neighborhood sales he turned to the wider field of the national market. At first with a few dollars' advertising investment; then with larger and larger appropriations; until today Mennen's is a household word all over the world.

Every family in America knows W. K. Kellogg, the man who invented corn flakes. The rise of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is a typical example of service, plus sincerity, plus persistence—and publicity.

Twenty years ago W. K. Kellogg was associated with his brother, Dr. Kellogg, in connection with the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Together they made some of the most original scientific investigations on food values and the relation of foods to health.

The interest of W. K. Kellogg was not in foods as medicine—but in

foods to eat. He had vision of the great public ideals as to food standards. He rendered a real service to the public, and his establishment is one of the greatest food institutions in the world. W. K. Kellogg has spent ten million dollars to educate the American public to the value of corn. The attitude of the Government today, of the press and the public, shows how farsighted he was, and how right.

There is Waterman, who first conceived the service of a pen that would write without constant dipping. He peddled his first pens on the street corners, until advertising showed the way to a world-wide market.

When I was a little lad I knew a chap by the name of Ziegler, who was a prescription clerk in a drug store in a small town in Iowa. He made a combination of corn-starch and cream-of-tartar, and sold it for baking purposes. Housekeepers who tried it came back and asked young Ziegler for more of that "Baking Powder." Ziegler died a multi-millionaire. His fortune was made by the service and advertising of Royal Baking Powder.

In 1892 a man by the name of Bliss opened a retail shoe store at 113 Summer Street, Boston. He had a new idea of style and of standard quality in shoes. Service and sincerity, persistence and publicity, built the Regal Shoe into a national institution with a chain of stores across the Continent and a turnover of ten million dollars a year.

There are thousands of small successes in advertising almost as dramatic that the world hears little

about. Ten years ago, when my advertising business was situated in Philadelphia, a young man came into my office with some pieces of bright silk dangling from his fingers. He was a salesman for a ribbon house. His idea was to make a superior fancy silk band for hats; to make them adjustable with two little invisible hooks that were a part of the band.

He had about \$300 in money, and he wanted to advertise. He interested me because he was so much in earnest and he knew the ribbon business from the ground up.

I guess I put in a thousand dollars' worth of my time spending that \$300 for him in the most effective way I could find.

That was John E. Wick, of the Wick Fancy Hat Band. He did a million dollars in hat bands last year, and has become the hat-band authority of the world.

Practically all of the College Hat Bands, Regimental Colors, Club Stripes and Puggaree Scarfs and the like that you see on men's straw and soft felt hats, and on women's hats, too, are Wick manufacture.

Hat bands led to tapes, braids and narrow fabrics. Wick is this year supplying the Government with practically all of the tapes used in uniforms and equipment. And shipping quantities to Great Britain.

There was John B. Stetson, a poor lad from the North of Ireland, a hatter by trade, who came to Philadelphia. Stetson reaped the reward of higher quality and better style in men's hats, in the shape of the largest hat business in the world.

There was Edward Howard, who invented the modern watch, revolutionized the watch-making industry of the world, and lived to see the Howard Watch accepted everywhere as the last word in a fine timepiece.

You have only to look at the career of the Gillette Safety Razor to see the whole thing work out in typical form.

Here is the fundamental service that applies to every man of shaving age.

The first Gillette advertising cost \$200. The razor was new, untried, a radical change from anything the consumer had ever known.

The advertising brought in 187 orders, each with its \$5 enclosed—a total of \$935 worth of direct business; to say nothing of the indirect effect, which was not inconsiderable, as is shown by the fact that a second small appropriation brought in upwards of 1500 orders.

From that beginning to the year 1917, with its sales of more than a million razors, upwards of one hundred million blades and annual net profits of \$4,500,000, is simply the history of capitalizing a universal human want through sound advertising and merchandising.

Advertising is responsible for so many great successes that the layman is in danger of assuming that it can put anything across.

Advertising must work with the tide—follow the processes of the human mind.

There was "Sunny Jim," for instance—a quaint character brought out in connection with a breakfast food some years ago, and exploited

at a cost of a million or two of dollars, only to prove that while everybody knew Sunny Jim, the public in general was not buying the food!

The facts are that nothing will succeed by advertising that would not have succeeded in some measure without it. The service must be there. It must be a service that fills a public want. What advertising can do is to expand the number of people who know of the service and appreciate the sincerity of the concern or the institution that is back of the service.

Going further into my personal experience, I could tell you the story of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothing and of Kirschbaum and Kuppenheimer.

I could tell you of Herbert Franklin and his successful fight to establish the Air-Cooled Automobile.

I could tell you of the Osthys—who first designed costume jewelry—who invented white gold of practical hardness, and who built the greatest ring business in the world by making their gold rings full-weight and a little heavier than

United States Government assay requirements.

I could tell you of William Plummer and how he revolutionized the Belting service in American power plants.

How the Corn Products Refining Company came to do an eighty million dollar business with Karo and Mazola and Argo, and Kingford's Starch.

I could tell you how Brer Rabbit came North with the real New Orleans molasses from New Orleans.

And twenty other instances of service, sincerity, perseverance and publicity.

When you hear someone say of any great successful business that "advertising did it," remember that advertising *helped*, and helped mightily. But there was a lot more to it than that.

There was a high order of business sense and responsibility back of the success, and a product of true merit.

Three hundred and forty different safety razors have been put on the market—the Gillette is the only pronounced and universal success!

THE KHAKI AND THE BLUE

Tune, Battle Hymn of the Republic

RACHEL ANDERSON, *Paper Box Department*

Our boys have left the factory,

The boys we loved so well.

To fight for God and Country,

That we may safely dwell

At home in peace and safety

Till the war at last shall end,

Our lads who marched away.

The Allies cried across the sea,

"Come on you Yankees, come,"

So Sammie said, "I guess my boys

We'll have to fight the Hun."

"We'll fight and bravely do our share

Until the battle's won,"

They said and marched away.

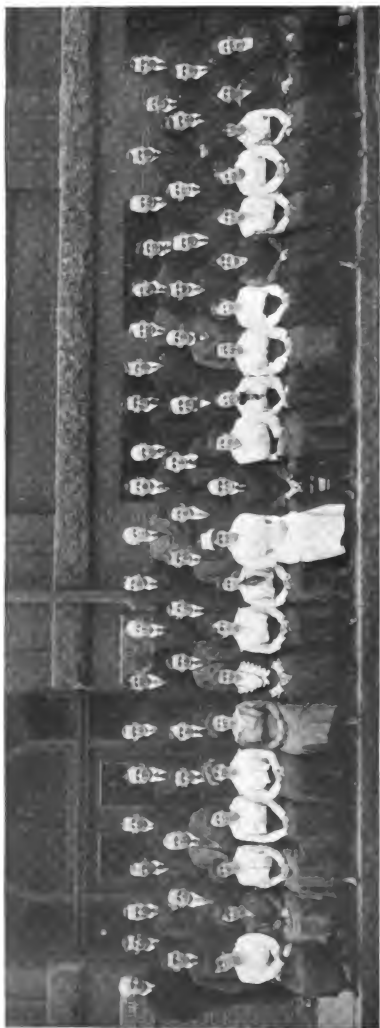
Chorus

When in camp or on the water,

Or battlefield, we'll see them through

For we girls will keep on knitting

For the Khaki and the Blue.



GROUP DEPARTMENT HEADS, GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., TAKEN APRIL 27, 1918

Upper Row Left to Right—Edward R. Wharton, Handle Press Dept.; Frederick M. Porter, Asst. Foreman Machine Shop; Albert A. Raphael, Traffic Dept.; J. Norman Rice, Buffing Dept.; George Hardwick, Store Room; John F. Helm, Asst. Electrical Engineer; Edward J. Hoar, Plating Dept.; William G. Standish, Asst. Foreman Machine Shop; Nelson H. Fairweather, Machine Shop; Henry E. K. Ruppel, Chief Chemist; William E. Nickerson, Mechanical Expert; Alfred D. Vezina, Chief Blade Inspector; John F. Kelly, Honing Dept. 3 "A"; Walter A. Murphy, Stock and Wiring Depts.; Theodore L. Smith, Efficiency Expert; Harvey C. Hatfield, Chief Engineer; Ivan H. Gaskin, Chief Electrical Engineer; Arthur Matheson, Asst. Foreman Buffing Dept.; Edward E. Ephlin, Asst. Foreman Store Room; Charles E. Rock, Service Dept.; Frederick M. Dorr, Asst. to Chief Draftsman; J. Frederick Curran, Asst. Superintendent. *Second Row Left to Right*—Louis Gale, Chief Handle Inspector; Frederick C. Blank, Chief Engraver; William H. Parry, Chief Draftsman; Louis J. McCourt, Asst. Foreman Stock and Wiring Depts.; Arthur Olsen, Blade Press Dept.; Oscar Sorenson, Automatic Screw Machine Dept.; Guy L. Sides, Hardening Dept.; Frank L. Kelly, Asst. Foreman Traffic Dept.; George S. Lord, Store Room; Abraham Okum, Asst. Foreman Plating Dept.; Frank J. Garbarino, Grinding Dept.; George Evans, Blade Cleaning Dept.; Hugh K. Fisher, Printing Dept.; Thomas McKeon, Asst. Foreman Buffing Dept.; John F. Sullivan, Strapping Dept.; James A. Daly, Honing Dept. 4 "B"; James B. Rattray, Carpenter Shop. *Lower Row Left to Right*—Edna E. Davies, Grinding Dept.; Florence G. Brady, Asst. Forelady Blade Packing Dept.; Minnie Quinlan, Blade Inspection Dept.; Sarah Macaskill, Blade Packing Dept.; Mary F. Murphy, Strapping Dept.; Pearl Massie, Store Room; Margaret Smith Daly, Chief of Employment Dept.; Mary McCullough, Wiring Dept.; Ethel D. Fox, Asst. Forelady Packing Dept.; Catherine A. Johnson, Head Nurse; Ralph E. Thompson, Factory Superintendent; Hannah A. Brady, Packing Dept.; Alice V. Roycroft, Paper Box Dept.; Frances Hayes, Hardening Dept.; Ada L. Hunt, Honing Dept. 3 "A"; Katherine Driscoll, Honing Dept. 4 "B"; Elizabeth M. Driscoll, Leather Goods Dept.; Margaret V. Nolan, Asst. Forelady Leather Goods Dept.; Mary O'Donnell, Handle Press Dept.; Louise A. Denny, Burnishing Dept.; Mary Crouke, Asst. Forelady Burnishing Dept.



GROUP FACTORY FOREMEN TAKEN APRIL 27, 1918



GROUP FACTORY FORELADIES TAKEN APRIL 27, 1918



The Little Knack of

TRY this when you shave tomorrow morning.

Lather the beard thoroughly, and rub in well — that's essential with any shave.

Put in a new blade and screw the handle down *tight*. Then if you want a specially close shave, *unscrew* the handle a *part* turn.

Hold the razor *naturally* and *easily*, and tilt the handle so you can just feel the blade engage the beard.

(Here's where some men make a mistake. They tilt the handle up or down *too much*, and make a scraper of a Gillette instead of a razor.)



f the Gillette Shave

SHAVE with short, slanting strokes. It doesn't require any brute force to shave with a Gillette—the razor does the work.

Keep the edge of the blade as nearly flat against the skin as you can.

Any man will catch the knack of using his Gillette in one or two shaves so he won't feel the slightest pull. In fact, when the Gillette is properly used the beard slips off without you knowing it.

The all-important thing is to *lather well*, and to hold the razor *easily*, with the handle tilted so the blade just engages the beard.



Capitalizing an Idea

J. FRANK REBUCK, Ass't Sales Manager

IN December, 1917, our Adjustment Department received a letter from a Gillette owner stating he had used one of our razors for at least ten years, and that until quite recently it had given complete satisfaction, but during the past three months, he had purchased several packages of Gillette blades, none of which could be used for more than one or two shaves, and had come to the conclusion that we were cheapening our product by using an inferior grade of steel.

We followed the same procedure in such cases, writing him fully, stating we were using only the highest grade steel and that no expense had been spared in perfecting our processes of sharpening, tempering, grinding, honing and stropping, therefore producing the best shaving edge in the world, but we would appreciate his returning the blades for examination, as they may have become damaged between factory and consumer; if so, we wanted to know to what effect.

He forwarded the blades, and our expert on giving same a careful examination advised customer that the poor results could not have been due to the blades, but came from some other cause, so suggested that he forward his razor handle for inspection. Our reasons for this request was that we had had similar complaints, and in most instances found that the razor handle had become damaged, perhaps by dropping on a hard surface, thereby bending

the guard or turning the cap up at one corner, which would throw the blade out of alignment.

We had no reply to his letter, so we wrote the customer the second time, still no reply. We then had one of our representatives call for a personal interview. The complainant was a man of "Big Business," and consented to bring in the razor to his office the following day, and just as we expected, we found it damaged in such a way that it would have been impossible to obtain a smooth velvety shave. A new cap was supplied in this instance, free of charge, and our representative advised that he would call later for a report.

On calling a few days afterwards, the customer greeted him most cordially and stated that no words were adequate to express his appreciation, not only for the good results which we made possible by supplying a new part, but for the persistence of our company to please and satisfy a customer.

He called in a number of his staff and told them the story, remarking it was no longer a surprise to him why the Gillette Company was so successful, for our making such an effort to render a service to an individual was the answer. This brought forth various comments from those present, most of whom were Gillette owners, some claiming they were not receiving perfect satisfaction, but when questioned as to the position they were holding the razor on the face, it was not sur-

prising to find that several had not mastered the correct angle stroke. They were raking, not shaving, therefore it was explained that if one imperfect stroke was taken, the delicate edge would be turned, and regardless of the position the razor was held afterwards, satisfactory results would not be possible as the edge had become dulled. They grasped the idea and admitted the principle was sound.

Here was an idea—why not capitalize it?

A discussion at our daily "round table" meeting was the next move, and all agreed that if one man would, by receiving some special service, acquaint his associates with the results of our efforts, thereby creating new interest among Gillette owners, would not thousands of Gillette owners, who had had a similar experience, on receiving individual attention, also extol our efforts to such an extent to be of great advertising benefit to the company in proportion to the case in mind, and if so, why not inaugurate a "Campaign of Service" covering the United States?

A consultation with our Advertising Agents was called, and a definite plan was decided upon.

The United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, was laid out in zones, nineteen in all, comprising seventy of the leading cities within that boundary. A prospectus was printed, outlining the plan, to which was attached a letter for the retailer, explaining in detail our special assortment razor and blade order, our offer of a display free, also in addition a form postal card

for his return reply, convenient for him to request either our special assortment, new window trim, or both. This prospectus is now being mailed to our active retail customers six weeks before the campaign in the respective zones. To the jobber we enclose a special letter in addition to copies of the literature going to the retailer, explaining how he could cooperate and take advantage of this novel and extensive educational campaign, which would start in Boston April 1st, and extend over the above given territory throughout the country.

It was our plan to have Gillette Service Experts stationed in the most centrally located stores in the various sections for a period of one week in each city, to be of service to every Gillette user, showing him the little knack of the Gillette shave; how to prepare the face for shaving; the correct angle stroke and the adjustment for a close or light shave.

Full page newspaper advertisements are appearing in the big cities acquainting Gillette owners with the meaning of "Gillette Service Week," and giving the names and addresses of the dealers where these experts can be interviewed, also advising them to bring in their razors for inspection, and if same was damaged, a new part would be given, free of charge.

We employed thirteen young women for this work, first having them in our factory for a course of study and intensive training, which included instructions from Gillette officials, heads of departments, foremen, etc.

The work involved a tremendous

amount of detail; first, arrangements had to be made through our traveling force for space in the stores; second, our publicity representative arranges for window trim material in each store, and impresses upon the dealers the importance of displays during the campaign in their particular zone; third, our advance agent, one of the thirteen women, reserves accommodations in advance for the service experts who follow, and advises them as to the location of the stores, street car lines and ascertains other information necessary for their convenience and comfort; fourth, our direct representative supplies the experts with extra razor parts for use in replacing damaged handles, also furnishing

them with display signs, folders and other essentials needed for the work.

We have the names of all Gillette owners who have had their razors examined, and with those whom we have made adjustments; it is our intention to communicate by mail to ascertain just what results they are now obtaining, thereby welding a friendship that will be of untold value to the organization.

Reports so far turned in and the number of letters received from Gillette owners and dealers who have been benefitted, congratulating us for this, the greatest educational and service campaign introduced, warrants the company giving consideration to adopting it as a part of our general policy in the future.

France, April 10, 1918.

MY DEAR MISS COLE:—

Received your letter of Feb. 18th some time ago, but this is my first writing day in some time, so I hope the telephone here or battalion runner will not bother me for an hour or two in order that I may wade through the bunch of mail received during the last month or more—how's that?

YOUR GILLETTE BLADE is a pippin (cigar ad excepted) and especially the number containing the bashful, still alluring face of yours truly and the words of wisdom printed underneath will go bounding down through the future centuries of Gillettism.

The book is a high-class affair to my lowly mind and will greatly help us (can I still say us?) in informing the trade of the stability and high grade of our wonderful concern.

I received yesterday the March copy; the pictures of Messrs. Joyce, Gillette, Nickerson and Pelham were sure mighty good to look at. I have still hopes of being allowed an uninterrupted hour or so to read it through.

Yes, got your wonderful socks, also pair from Miss Boudreau. Style, shade and size perfect in both cases. Kindly accept my sincere thanks and will you also thank Miss Boudreau for me. "War Com's" cards enclosed herewith for Louie's file.

Herbie Ryan and Albert Page are both making good in their new positions and the other Gillette boys are all doing well up to this writing. My personal orderly is Private John Hurley, whose letter I noticed was printed in your January number. John is a mighty handy man to have about and handles things for me in great shape.

Private Wallace is orderly for my battalion adjutant. I was some surprised to see our former Colton St. gum shoeman playing orderly; remember I'm not trying to build up a Gillette army headquarters about me, but some how or other I find a few Gillette men always about.

My headquarters here is located in what at one time must have been a pretty little hamlet, but now in ruins. I have a room that is not very bad, but the dugout in the rear, while not so pleasant, offers more protection when Heinie gets busy. The trenches run about the town, and believe me this is one busy corner. But the peculiar point is that in my back yard is the remains of a very nice garden and some of the flowers still persist, so I am sending you a copy of one that grew close to No Man's Land, which kindly accept with my best wishes, "Mac."

Captain WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY,
Co. B, 101st Infantry, A. E. F.



W. F. SHAVER

Salesman Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Ltd.

OUR Canadian factory announces the appointment of Mr. W. F. Shaver, who has been assigned to the Canadian West Coast territory, and we remark in passing that this is a most happy combination for business—Mr. Shaver representing the Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Mr. Shaver was born in Canada, December 3, 1889, and attended the Victoria School until 12 years old—then Montreal High School, completing the course at the age of 18.

Mr. Shaver, when interviewed, said:

"I intended to become lawyer and musician, but on account of weak eyes I was forced to drop my studies and enter commercial life.

"I started with Messrs. Thos. Robertson & Company, Ltd., wholesale plumbing supplies, as assistant cashier, then had charge

of collections, credits and did some traveling. At end of about six and one-half years I was offered a position as shop tracer with the Northern Electric Co., which I accepted. After about six months I was promoted to assistant head of material order department, which department ordered all raw material used in telephone shop. I held this position until I left (after about five years' service)—then accepted position as private secretary to Forne C. Webster, director of Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. at Montreal. As the private secretary job was not booming I filled in time during the coal-selling months, selling coal and doing other work, such as tracing cars, etc.

"On March 1st, 1918, I accepted position with Gillette Company and I'm here yet."

History and Accomplishments of Our "War Committee"

LOUIS GALE, *Secretary*

WHEN the war broke out and our boys began to answer the call of their country by enlisting, Mr. Thompson saw at once the necessity of forming an organization among the employees to look after the welfare of the Gillette boys in the U. S. Service, to make them feel that they were not forgotten by their fellow employees and friends, although they were far away from us.

A War Committee of nine members was formed, whose duty it was to keep in touch with all our boys and keep them supplied with necessities from time to time.

Mr. R. E. Thompson was appointed Chairman; Louis Gale, Secretary; Frank J. Sullivan, Treasurer; Miss Olive A. Cole, to take charge of knitting and printing; Mr. J. J. Burke, Purchasing Agent; Mr. Raphael to take charge of shipping of packages to boys; Mr. A. Mathewson, Mr. N. Fairweather and Mr. J. F. Kelly, were placed on committee of collections.

When the War Committee was organized there were forty-seven boys in the service of our country. It took a great deal of time and patience to get in touch with all of these boys who were scattered both here and abroad, and obtain proper addresses for our files.

At the first meeting of the committee it was decided to send each boy a Christmas package, containing candy, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco, gum, Gillette

blades, shoe laces and playing cards. We also decided to start a knitting club among the girl employees for the purpose of keeping our boys supplied with socks, sweaters, wristlets, helmets, etc. This work was placed in the hands of Miss Cole, who, with the kind assistance of Mrs. Johnson, Miss Fessenden and Miss Sutcliffe, has successfully carried on the knitting club since its organization.

The Gillette girls certainly deserve credit for the amount of knitting which has been accomplished. Some of the girls in their eagerness to help have taken yarn home in order that their mothers may be able to do "their bit" towards knitting socks for our boys.

The next step was to obtain funds with which to purchase the supplies. An appeal was made to fellow employees to contribute towards the soldiers' fund, to which they responded nobly. Would state, however, that a few of the departments have fallen behind somewhat in the last two collections. Should conditions prove such as to necessitate another appeal for collections at a later date, we trust everyone will respond to the call.

Collections up to date amount to \$947.58. Donation of \$100 received from Gillette Safety Razor Co., making a total of \$1,047.58. Total expenditures were \$531.17, leaving a balance on hand of \$516.41.

The following postal card was included in each package sent to boys:

DEAR BROTHER:—

The "War Committee" of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. wishes to keep in touch with you. Your address is on our records as follows:

Please advise any changes, and also anything we can send YOU or do for your family.

L. GALE, Sec'y

Receipt of Package No. _____ is hereby acknowledged.

This organization is not only doing wonderful work for the boys with the colors, but it is also rendering aid to the families of our boys who are in need. We have received letters from the homes of some of our boys requesting aid. Representatives from the organization have been sent to investigate conditions and have rendered aid where they thought necessary. The Committee is also looking into the matter of Government allowances for those families who were found to be in actual want.

Owing to numerous letters received from the boys in France re-

questing smoking materials, the committee decided to forward each boy in France a package containing 4 packages Piper Heidsick chewing tobacco, 100 Perfection cigarettes, 6 packages Bull Durham smoking tobacco, 3 packages Manco smoking tobacco, 6 packages rice paper and 2 dozen Gillette blades. These packages were all shipped by Mr. Raphael on March 10.

The following report will give you an idea of what the Gillette girls are doing to help win the war:

Amount of knitting finished and returned, 46 sweaters, 71 face cloths, 142 pairs of socks, 1 helmet.

The knitting of socks will be continued for the present and would suggest that we all put our "shoulder to the wheel" and see what we can do to help win the cause.

Up to date we have 81 boys in the U. S. Service, 28 of whom are now with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

AN APPRECIATION OF "THE GILLETTE BLADE"

C. I. PROUTY, *Sales Department*

The writer was deeply impressed with remarks made by Mr. Fahey in the March issue of THE GILLETTE BLADE relative to the absence of articles by employees in the rank and file.

Every new issue of the BLADE has been more interesting than the previous one.

I look forward with pleasure to the 15th of each month when I know there will be a new issue out. Each copy has a few articles by salesmen, but up to now all have been contributed by new salesmen. Heiser had a day off and contributed last month. Good for him.

I note the Canadian force is right there with their contributions.

Are we going to let them beat us to it? Each month with the BLADE we receive data upon which we build up new sales.

With us salesmen talking is easier than writing, and for that reason we may have been reluctant in sending in articles, but we should all bear in mind that same will be re-written if necessary before going into print.

Mr. Thompson told us in January what we had "got to do" and also what "he would do," but it now looks to me as though it was a case of what we are going to do and what *he's got to do*. A house organ such as THE GILLETTE BLADE should keep the whole organization, both outside and inside, bound closely together, should keep the salesmen informed as to one another, keep them up to date as to house news, information concerning their goods, and trade possibilities, should stimulate them to continued loyalty and enthusiasm, and with all this, should strike a sincere note of helpfulness.



GILLETTE BASKET-BALL TEAM

*Standing : Joseph Sullivan, right forward ; Pat Gorham, centre ; John Murray, right back
Sitting : Matthew Feeney, left forward ; Charles Johnson, left forward
Absent, John Conroy, left back*

Gillette Basket-Ball Team Closes Successful Season

THE Gillette Basketball Team has played seven games this season, winning four and tying one with the Cambridge Y. M. C. A., and losing to the Gate of Heaven and St. Anne's teams. The Gate of Heaven was far too heavy for the Gillette team, but rather than call the game off, we played them.

We were to play for the Amateur Championship of South Boston April 2nd, but the games were called off.

We defeated Osceola's Emmanuel Church, Tigers and St. Mark's Five.

The team is managed by Joseph Sullivan and captained by John Conroy, both

of the Store Room.

Positions of players are: John Conroy, left back; John Murray, right back; Pat Gorham, centre; Charles Johnson, left forward; Matthew Feeney, left forward; Joseph Sullivan, right forward.

The feature playing of the games was the work of Conroy, Murray and Sullivan, while Johnson and Feeney did fine work in the forward positions.

Pat Gorham's work at centre position was good. The team had good pass work. Allowing that the D Street gymnasium was closed, the fellows, as a whole, did fine work without practice.



HARRIS S. BEECHER

Advertising Manager, Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Ltd.

ADVERTISING in Canada in these war times may seem to the uninitiated almost like fishing for mackerel in an inland freshwater mill pond. With Canada's man power so unitedly with the colors, it probably seems stranger still that Gillette Safety Razors could find a field for effective advertising in the land of the Maple Leaf.

But in Canada, as in all the Allied countries whose men are fighting for the common cause, the people at home as well as in the trenches know the importance of shaving to the man with the colors.

In charge of the effective advertising of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd., is Harris S. Beecher, who has successfully helped to acquaint the people of Canada with the Gillette Safety Razor.

Mr. Beecher, who is yet a young man, is a Canadian by birth, having started life

in Montreal in 1894. He stepped into his business career at an early age, first working for a real estate company.

After a short period in this business, he was engaged by a manufacturer of inks and carbons.

In 1911 he entered the service of the Bell Telephone Co. of Canada as clerk in the Directory Department. Soon after he was promoted to the Directory Advertising Department, and in 1916 was placed in charge of this newly created Advertising Department.

Prospects with this company being somewhat limited, Mr. Beecher decided to make a change. He made application through a newspaper advertisement to the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited. His services were accepted, and since March 4, 1918, he has been in the Advertising Department.

B. P. D.

FLORENCE G. BRADY, *Blade Packing Department*

You ask me if I worry, if my hair is
streaked with gray,
I assure you you'd not ask me if you'll
trail me for a day,
For each foreladies' troubles (and they're
many you can bet)
Are as different and as varied as the Presi-
dent ever met.

We think of our department as the finest
in the place
And try to keep it up to date and set a
Gillette pace.

When evening comes and work is done, and
all the girls go home
Then Miss Macaskill and myself just sit
right down and moan.

For the rattle and the tattle and the prattle
and the noise

Lord! One would think that Satan had let
loose scores of boys,
But its just the sweet young girlies, with
a great desire to pour
All the incidents that happened at the dance
the night before.

It's all about a Jack or Joe, or Tom or
just a Jim,
But in each one's voice you'll hear, a ref-
erence to "Him."

We wonder how they do it, how they always
look so good
After staying up for half the night, I know
I never could.

Then it's just the small collection for the
boys who have gone across,
You wouldn't think a nickel much, or such
an awful loss,
But to get that nickel from some girls, it's
just like pulling teeth,
I know that soon my friends will be collect-
ing for a wreath.

It's not because they're stingy, for they're
generous to a fault,
But they have not learned the way just yet,
the way to call a halt
On their expenditures for candy, and it's not
that they don't care
For the soldier boy in Khaki, fighting for
them "Over There."

Then we have the girls who will stay out,
perhaps three times a week
And feels somewhat offended if to her we
have to speak,
Forgetting that it's for her good (we like
the little squab)
Just to find a good and strong excuse to
keep her on the job.

I just can't find the time and space to tell
all that we do
Or show you what we're up against, but this
I'll tell to you,
That taken all together, they are just the
finest crowd,
And to think that I can help them is enough
to make me proud.



GIVE HIM A GILLETTE

Officer: "Did you shave this morning?"

Private: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "H'm. What did you use—a pen-
knife?"

Private: "No, sir. I've lost my penknife,
so I had to use an army issue razor!"

Ferrier in the Passing Show.

Soldier Life in Sunny France

Letters from Our Boys at the Front

Somewhere in France, March 28, 1918.

DEAR MISS COLE:

I am still at "the abbey," having a hard time to realize that I am really a soldier and not far from the front. We have all the comforts of home here, real beds, music, books, magazines and all that sort of thing. I think we will start for the front in a few days, because the big bosch drive has begun, and the men in our service arc very busy. Some of them are working forty and fifty hours at a stretch, so of course we will soon be needed.

I met DeCourey in this camp last week; he is not in the French army, but in the U. S. A. A. S. attached to the French army. My section too is with the French army—hence the French address. He has already been at the front, and is back in this camp on repose, before going up the line again. He said that he had been to Paris and had seen Mr. Barry. Mr. Barry told him that Mr. Pelham was expected in Paris soon. I wish I could see him while he is there. I expect to get to Paris soon, and perhaps Mr. Pelham will be there then.

It was very kind of you to send copies of THE BLADE to mother and Mr. Manahan. They were very much pleased with them, and wrote me some very nice things about you. Mr. Manahan, or "Kirk" as we all call him, is my grandmother's cousin. Since my birth I have always been his special pet. He is over eighty now, and about the finest old boy in the world. When I was a youngster he took me to all the circuses which came to town and bought me all the peanuts and pink lemonade I could hold. I used to spend every Sunday at his home, and I certainly had some wonderful times, for he is a traveler and a fine story-teller. He has been all over that part of France which is now the front and I feel that I am quite familiar with it, because of hearing him describe it.

It is raining hard today, and the "Y" hut is crowded with men. The director of the hut here is a Lowell man who was a Methodist clergyman before he came over. Every time we meet we talk about the people we know "back home." I thought I had seen him before, so one day, after trying to place him in my memory, I asked him if he had ever been in Lowell. I am

realizing more and more every day that this world is a very small place.

Last Saturday I went fishing, and spent the whole day on the bank of a river trying to hook a carp. Of five of us, one got three small fish, and the rest of us got disgusted. Right side of the river is a large canal with large locks. It makes me think of the Erie at home. While we were there several canal boats went through the locks, and we scampered about helping the old French woman to open and close the gates. One boat we saw was pulled by a man on one side and a pretty little French girl on the other. It was a tough task for a girl. I know because we helped her to pull for a way. We let the man shift for himself, but I suppose you could have guessed that. Most of the boats had horses, but this one had a rope going to each tow path with a harness on the end to fit a human being instead of a horse. The day's sport ended with tragedy, however. One of the boys, a chap named Goldsby, from Florida, was treated to a chew of tobacco by one of the boat men. Jack did his best with it, but it finally got him, and he has reported at sick call every day since. We had to almost carry him back to camp. At one spot, we were obliged to cross a brook on stepping stones. I wish you could have seen our patient trying to cross that brook. You know we all have hob nails in our boots, and they are pretty slippery on a stone surface, especially if it is wet. When he got in the middle of the brook, old Jack started to skid, and I think he would have been going yet, only he ran out of rocks. He pulled me in too, but I only got my feet wet. He says he had a good time though, and even if he did get sick and fall into the brook he showed us up, because he caught all three fish. I was hoping that I might have some fried fish for dinner, but instead we had to eat canned beans. We took three cans with us, each of which had the label torn off. We thought we had a can each of beans, tomatoes and pineapple, and we had them marked so we could tell them apart, but when we opened them, the first can was beans, the second beans, and the third some more beans. When we got to camp that night and went to mess what do you think we found? Yes, beans. Wasn't that rubbing it in?

It is quite stylish to go to the barber shop here—the reason being that the chief shave artist is a lady. So one day, I left my "Gillette" tucked away in my belt, and went in search of new adventures at the barber shop. Believe me I found them, too. To begin with, the razors are stropped on something that looks like a stick of wood, and which gives the blade an edge like a stick of peppermint candy. Then after the painful operation is over, and the whiskers have been thoroughly plowed, one must wash the lather from one's own face and pay a nickle for said shave. One can go through the whole list—haircut, shave, shampoo, massage and tonic for a franc and a half or thirty cents. When one goes to the barber here there is no disguising the fact either, for they use toilet water and perfumes so freely that one thinks he is a whole little funeral of his own. They almost skin you alive, then drown you with an atomizer, choke you with powder, stick your hair down with wax and then you are through, but feeling much the way you did the day you had ten teeth filled and two extracted. I guess the little ol' Gillette is good enough for me.

I must close for they say the mail has come in, and I can't wait any longer. I have stuck it out manfully for two pages, but still thinking more of the mail than of the letter I am writing. Best regards to the folks at the factory.

Very sincerely,

Private SAMUEL T. WRIGHT
S. S. U. No. 562, Convales Autos.
Par B. C. M., A. E. F.

Somewhere in France, Feb. 20, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:

I received your package yesterday and I was very glad to hear and receive your package. I am feeling tip-top and enjoying excitement here on the front. We have had quite a lot of excitement since we have arrived on the front, we see air battles when the day is clear, and have shells break all around us.

I have seen a number of our boys since I have been over here, and we were very glad to meet once again, they are here on the front too I understand.

I received a letter a short while ago from Mr. Gale and I answered it right away.

Those blades came just at the right time, as I was all out of blades.

I would like very much if you would send me copies of that paper the committee

is printing as reading matter is scarce.

I hear all the news about the shop from one of the girls in the hardening room, and sorry to say I couldn't ring in on that share buying, as I would like to have had a couple of those shares.

I hope to be back in time to see the opening of the new building.

I can't think of much more to say so I guess I will close hoping that the "war committee" keeps up the good work and to hear from you soon. I remain,

Yours truly,

Cook, GEORGE ANDERSON,
Headquarters Co., 103 U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

Somewhere in France, March 8, 1918.

FRIEND TOM:

Just a few lines in answer to your letter of Dec. 17. I was more than glad to get it, although it was one long time in getting here. You had 101st Infantry on it so it went to the infantry first and then up here to me.

Well Tom, I am sorry to hear that Roy hasn't heard from me as I wrote to him three times and only had one letter from him. I met a friend of his, Henry Littlefield, and he told me Roy was going to enlist again, so I thought he did and was too busy to write.

I met George Pickering a short while ago, and believe me we had one mighty long talk. We cleared the way for his company a short while ago to go over the top. They went over and were more than successful in bringing back quite a few prisoners. Our artillery fire did wonderful work, wounding and killing a considerable number of Germans. I think your wish has been fulfilled, for we certainly have plugged the Huns.

If you see Mr. Pickering tell him I met his son and he is in the best of health.

It is no news about the committee that has been organized as I have received three packages from them. The last two I received while I've been here and they were more than useful, believe me.

Well, Tom, I have been at the front for quite a while and there are no signs of leaving for some time yet. It is some life with the air fights and our own artillery duels. I have seen quite a few machines brought down and they were certainly a wreck when they landed.

I think Tom, I'll close for now, thanking you for writing. I remain, yours truly,

Mechanic, CHARLES FISHER,
Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Recent Additions to Gillette Roll of Honor

EDW. T. FITZGERALD, Store Room

JOHN BERNAN, Store Room

(Both these men are located at Wentworth Institute, Boston, Mass., for the present.)

PATRICK J. O'MALLEY, Plating Dept.

TIMOTHY J. FRANE, Cleaning Dept.

CHARLES P. ENGLISH, Special Police

New Addresses of Gillette Boys

Warnock, Harold

U. S. S. *Iowan*, care Postmaster, New York City.

Page, Edward A., M. M. 2/c

U. S. S. C-4, care Postmaster, New York City.

Williams, Pvt. P. B.

Kelley Field No. 1, 1st St. T. B., Line 348, Section H, South San Antonio, Texas.

Mitchell, Peter H.

U. S. Naval Forces operating in European Waters, Base Seventeen, care Postmaster, New York City.

Jasper, Israel

9th Company, 3rd Battalion, Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.

Thomas Linehan

26th Company, 7th Battalion, Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Brown, George R., Jr.

Company B, 301st Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Devens, Mass.

Bradish, Frank

U. S. N. R. Force, Reg. 4, Company 6, Section No. 2, Charleston, S. C.

McLaughlin, James

Line 156, Section D, Camp Kelley, San Antonio, Texas.

Otto C. Schmidt

24th Co., 6th Battalion, 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Philip B. Williams

Armorer's School, Wilbur Wright Field, Fairfield, Ohio.

James T. Dacey

26th Company, 7th Battalion, Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Happenings Among Gillette Boys with the Colors

Sergeant E. Frank Ward, Co. D., 301st Infantry, has been transferred from Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., to Jacksonville, Fla.

Sergeant Ward's transfer is for the purpose of attending the Officers' School at Camp J. E. Johnson, where he will take training for an officer's commission in the Quartermaster's Corp. He was formerly Assistant Superintendent of the factory.

A card received from Private Edward F. Murray, Co. B., 101st Inf., A. E. F., France, and dated April 2, 1918, reads:—"Heard a little bad news yesterday; Jim Manion had an accident; lost his fingers and an eye tinkering with a German de-

tonator. Hope it is not true. Everything is well with me." While the foregoing cannot be confirmed at present writing, all Gillette folks hope for the best.

In the casualty list of April 30th Charles Fisher, formerly of the Gillette Machine Shop, is reported slightly wounded. He is aged 22 years, and is the son of Mrs. Margaret Fisher of 339 E. 8th Street, South Boston. He was born in South Boston and was educated in the district's schools, graduating from the Thomas N. Hart School. He married Miss Empress MacWilliams of 97 Norfolk Street, Somerville. He enlisted as a mechanic in the 101st Field Artillery.



Gillette Military Poster

THE above illustration shows the twenty-four sheet poster, size 20 feet by 9 feet, used in our bill-posting campaign for the months of March and April. The patriotic note of the subject and the attractive colorings in which same is reproduced, made this a very effective poster.

The dark blue background brings out in strong relief the khaki of the

soldiers' uniform—the various tints in the young lady's costume and the colorings used in the wording—Give Him a Gillette Safety Razor.

A special Army and Navy campaign in a selected list of mediums was run in connection with this posting and the results obtained were most gratifying. Our posting is handled by the Poster-Advertising Co., Inc., New York City.



GILLETTE BUILT GARAGE

During the enforced vacation caused by the coal shortage of the past winter, Edward J. Boushell, Philip Kenyon and Oliver Velmore of the Burnishing Department constructed a garage in Wollaston for Mr. Goodsell, of Second Floor Stock Room, Building C.

With the exception of the framing all the work was done while the factory was closed Mondays, the dimensions of the building are: length twenty-two feet, width twenty feet, height to roof nine feet.

While carpentering is not their regular line, they are justly proud of this job, which considering the weather, was finished in remarkably quick time. Mr. Morris Pickett and Joseph Boyle should receive honorable mention for their assistance one cold afternoon. The accompanying picture was taken when the building was receiving its finishing touches.

DELANO—McALNEY

Miss Madeline McAlney resigned her position in the Leather Goods Department, April 13th and was married April 18th to William Delano, who is waiting to be called into the service of Uncle Sam. They will make their home at Neponset, Mass.



THE LATE W. B. PHILBRICK

THE Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Ltd., regrets to announce the death on April 28, 1918, of W. B. Philbrick, who covered Ontario and the Maritime Provinces for the company since October, 1915.

Mr. Philbrick was born May 4, 1866, at Candia, N. H. When seventeen years of age he started on the road for Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co., of Boston, traveling through Maine. Later he engaged in the grocery business at Roxbury, Mass.

He joined the organization of the Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Ltd., in October, 1915.

Early in February of this year

Mr. Bittues, Managing Director of the Canadian company, realizing that Mr. Philbrick was ill, called him to his office from Toronto. Latterly his condition was such that his demise was hourly expected and the end came at 2.30 A. M. Sunday, April 28th.

Mr. Philbrick leaves behind him a record to be proud of. He was honest, upright, efficient and American at all times.

He held malice toward none and was absolutely devoted to all Gillette interests,—his loss is deeply felt.

Mr. Philbrick is survived by Mrs. Philbrick, to whom we extend our most sincere condolences.

Obituary

Miss Mary Keefe, employed in the Leather Goods department for about one year, died at her home in Roxbury, April 16th, after a short illness.

Miss Caroline Jones of the Packing Room has the sympathy of her many friends in the death of her sister which occurred April 8th.

Miss Margaret Leahy of the Packing Room has the sympathy of her many friends in the death of her father, which occurred April 15. He was buried at Halifax, N. S.

We are all sorry to hear of the death of Miss Katherine Clark, Inspector in Stopping Department, who died April 7th at her home in Dorchester and was buried April 10th. Miss Clark was employed in the Stopping Department for nine years.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Simon Cleary, father of Margaret Cleary, Stopping Department, who passed away March 7th at his home in Dorchester.

With sincere regret we hear of the death of Mrs. Mary Boyle, mother of William Boyle, Store Room, who died at her home in South Boston, April 3rd. Mrs. Boyle was buried April 6th.

Mrs. Ella G. Geary, sister of Miss Grace Cole of the Inspection department, passed

away March 15th. Miss Cole receives the sympathy of all her friends in her bereavement.

Gertrude Allison, of the Leather Goods Department, has the sympathy of all in the death of her mother, Mrs. Caroline Allison, who passed away at her home in Somerville, April 27th, after a long illness.

Miss Helen Phillips, of the Blade Packing Department, passed away at her home in Roxbury, April 24th. Miss Phillips was employed in the Blade Packing Department for five years.

Mrs. Annie Crichton, wife of our Head Janitor, Mr. James Crichton, passed away April 26th.

The funeral services were from her late home at 49 Savannah St., Mattapan, at 2.00 P. M., Tuesday, April 30th.

Mrs. Crichton was born in England forty-nine years ago. She had been married twenty-six years and besides her husband leaves five children—two daughters and three sons. One son, twenty-five years of age, is now fighting in France with the Canadian troops and has twice been wounded.

We extend to Mr. Crichton and his family the sincere sympathy of all the Gillette employees in their great bereavement.

OUR DUTY

FLORENCE G. BRADY, *Blade Packing Department*

One year ago, at Duty's call, our boys all marched away,
Prepared if need to give their lives, with hearts so light and gay,
And as they went we all invoked a little silent prayer
That God in His great Mercy would protect them "Over There."

We love our boys who give their all that you and I may live,
We long to do all that we can, to know what we can give,
Gillette Safety Razor girls were never known to fail
And the "Female of the Species" now must cater to the male.

The time has come, when in the trench and battle line they stand,
And suffer different torments from the Flemish muddy land,
We can ease them from these torments, help their feet to bear the shocks,
By knitting for each of our boys a pair of useful socks.

And so we ask each girl we have, each wife and sweetheart too,
To stand in back of our brave boys as they stand back of you,
Knit each a pair of good warm socks, and when you have them done
Start in again and do your "bit" and knit another one.

SELECTIONS IN
PROSE and POETRY
FOR
GILLETTE READERS



EDITED BY A
FRIEND of all
GILLETTE WORKERS

EASY DIVISION

The Boss: "How many of yez do be workin' down there?"

Workman: "Three, sor."

The Boss: "Well, half of yez come up here."

NATURALLY

"I looked into the mirrow Halloween night," simpered Vanessa, "and I saw the face of the one I love best in all the world."

"You can do that any evening," audibly opined Stella.

SPEED

"Tell me," requested the foreign sociologist, "what is the significance of the eagle that is shown on American money."

"It is," responded the Son of Liberty, "an emblem of its swift flight."

QUESTION AND ANSWER

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood?

Why, just as much wood as a woodchuck would,

If a woodchuck would chuck wood.

GOOD

Teacher: "Tommy, what is the meaning of the word futility?"

Tommy: "I don't know exactly, but an example of it would be trying to tickle a turtle's back with a chicken feather."

BETTER HANG ON TO HIM

There are husbands who are witty;
There are husbands who are pretty;
There are husbands who in public
Are as smiling as the morn;
And though now and then you'll find one,
Who's a really good and kind one,
Still, the really perfect husband
Has never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated
To a man who may be rated
As "pretty fair,"
Should cherish him forever and a day;
For the real angelic creature
Perfect quite in form and feature
Has never been discovered
And he won't be, so they say.

WOULD NOT MISS IT

"You should sleep on your right side, madam."

"I really can't do it, doctor. My husband talks in his sleep, and I can't hear a thing with my left ear!"

NO RELEASE

Maud: "My fiancé is a heartless wretch."

Belle: "What's the trouble?"

Maud: "I've got a better offer and he won't release me from our engagement."

POINTS ON THE NATIONAL GAME

Father: "If you want to make a hit, you must strike out for yourself, my son."

His Son: "You're mixed in your baseball talk, father. If you strike out, you can't make a hit."

LONESOME

Quizzy Billy: "Hallow, Joe, what's tha wheelin' the barrow on Sunday for?"

Joe: "Oh, the missus, she's away, and the dawg's daid, and a fellow looks such a fool walkin' by hisself."

WOMAN'S WILES

Oh, woman, in your hours of E's,
Why do you spend so many V's?
Poor man must mind his P's and Q's
To earn the X's that you U's:
While he is working like the B's
The dough he needs you're prone to C's;
Yet, with such tact you put him Y's,
You seem an angel to his I's.

WANTED A WEEPING WHALE.

Capt. H. P. Nuse of the Celtic was regaling a little group of ladies with sea stories.

"One trip," he said, "there was a woman who bothered the officers and me to death about whales. Her one desire was to see a whale. A dozen times a day she besought us to have her called if a whale hove in sight.

"I said rather impatiently to her one afternoon:—'But madam, why are you so anxious about this whale question?'

"'Captain,' she answered, 'I want to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to see such an enormous creature cry.'"

REWARD OF THRIFT

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
An' gather wealth by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being
one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge
dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other
men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge,—a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom
builds.
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to
its place—
Does not encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so
much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

SORROW

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to
mend.
Eternity mourns that. "Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel
them."
Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned
out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true
power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

DESIRABLENESS OF A TASTE FOR
READING

Were I to pray for a taste which should
stand me in stead under every variety of
circumstance, and be a source of happiness
and cheerfulness to me during life, and a
shield against its ills, however things might
go amiss and the world frown upon me, it
would be a taste for reading. Give a man
this taste, and the means of gratifying it,
and you can hardly fail of making him a
happy man; unless, indeed, you put into
his hands a most perverse selection of books.
You place him in contact with the best so-
ciety in every period of history,—with the
wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the brav-
est, and the purest characters who have

adorned humanity. You make him a denizen
of all nations, a contemporary of all ages.
The world has been created for him.

DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE

Where, unreasonable complainer! dost
thou stand, and what is around thee? The
world spreads before thee its sublime mys-
teries, where the thoughts of sages lose
themselves in wonder; the ocean lifts up its
eternal anthems to thine ear; the golden sun
lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch
themselves above thee; and worlds rise upon
worlds, and systems beyond systems, to in-
finity; and dost thou stand in the centre of
all this, to complain of thy lot and place?
Pupil of that infinite teaching! minister at
nature's great altar! child of heaven's
favour! ennobled being! must thou pine in
sullen and envious melancholy, amidst the
plentitude of the whole creation?

GO TO WORK

"Go to work." Such is the brief but signifi-
cant admonition which Nature utters aloud
in every human ear; an admonition, in fact,
which the God of Nature has put into her
mouth, and which she is ever and anon re-
peating to all the dwellers upon earth. She
reminds us, by a thousand plain signs, that
everything within her domain is at work,
and that therefore we have no right to stand
still. She shows us that every atom and
particle of the material world is in a state
of constant activity,—that change and modi-
fication, of some sort or other, are going on
unceasingly, and that nothing does or can
remain at rest.

Having nothing to do is the very worst
excuse that could be preferred for doing
nothing. To have nothing to do is a dis-
grace to a reasonable being; to love it is a
vice, and to persist in it is a crime. Whether
by circumstances adverse to us we are de-
prived of employment, or are in no need
of it through the possession of a competence,
we are morally bound to find or create a
vocation for our activities and faculties.

The lazy die and are buried, and no man
misses them; the workers live on in their
works, and, in a true sense, possess the
earth long after the earth holds their lifeless
clay. Their monuments are around us, and
above us, and under us, and we honor them
for their work's sake, whether we will or
not. "Heaven helps those who help them-
selves," is a well-worn maxim, embodying in
a small compass the results of vast human
experience.

*If any of our readers are interested to know from what sources these selections are taken
they may ascertain same by applying to the Editorial Department of "The Gillette Blade."*

OVER three hundred years ago Shakespeare wrote a play which he named *Troilus and Cressida*. The scene is laid at Troy then besieged by the Greeks, and the characters and principal events are taken from Homer's immortal poem. In the Greek camp before the city are Agamemnon the king, Ulysses, Nestor, Achilles, Ajax and other Greek notables and heroes. Ulysses, one of the wise men, has been disturbed by many signs of insubordination and lack of respect for authority in the Greek camp and in the endeavor to impress upon his hearers the dire calamities which are sure to follow if this state of things is not corrected, gives utterance to the following warning. Of course the thoughts expressed as well as the words are those of the great dramatic poet. Although Shakespeare himself had never seen exactly what he pictures, he reasoned out what must happen in the circumstances. Were he alive he could see his prophecy fulfilled in the chaos and distress now existing in Russia. The Shakespearian form is a little difficult but wonderful in its grandeur and comprehensiveness. If thoughtfully read the selection can be easily understood. The truths expressed are as true today as ever. Without due respect to authority no human organization of any sort can live and prosper. The sentiments are largely anti-socialistic and absolutely anti-Bolshevic.—W. E. N.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *Act 1, Sc. 3.*

ULYSSES:—

The heavens themselves, the planets and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy; the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead;
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.
Thus chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exemplary by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:

The Gillette Blade

JUNE 1918



The Greatest Mother in the World

RED CROSS NUMBER



GET

Salesmanship

SELLING is by no means a matter of words. Arguments alone won't close sales.

Selling is a matter of attitude, plus talk. Attitude is intentionally put first.

It is more difficult to acquire.

It is the strongest asset of the experienced, successful salesman.

It is the greatest handicap to the new man. The new man, of course, has an attitude, but too often it is the wrong attitude.

Men are seldom forced into a *purchase*. Almost invariably sales result from a friendly-get-together.

Arguments are necessary, but they are effective only so far as they harmonize with a friendly attitude.

A *confident, friendly* attitude is built up neither by a feverish oratory nor sledgehammer-proof that the other man is all wrong.

It is bad practise to meet and demolish every doubt raised by the man we aim to sell.

Words and contentions tend to magnify and make important really unimportant objections.

The man with real confidence will treat most objections as trifles, and so belittle them.

A monologue seldom makes effective salesmanship. If the salesman does all the talking, he appears to do all the thinking.

Most men want to think for themselves. They do not like to be sold. They like to buy and feel they buy voluntarily.

The typical good sale is seldom an oration or a wordy clash.

More often it is a conversation in which the buyer's doubts are treated with respect and explained away in a thoroughly, friendly fashion.

An elaborate, forceful, one-sided explanation creates tension.

Let the other man talk. Allow him to have his own way in some small things at least. It will help to establish friendliness.

You must establish friendliness before you will close with many men of any strength of character.

Friendliness in this sense does not mean intimacy.

"I want you to buy," is the "bugbear" of most men.

They talk in circles before they reach it. They are afraid of the "No."

A business basis is reached by the most direct route.

The average solicitation is more enlightening than effective.

Unnecessary explanations start unnecessary debates and befog the issues.

It may seem strange an intelligent person will buy before he knows all about the purchase, but men do so.

They frequently buy so. They often buy on practically no information, supported by a very confident, friendly attitude.

The Gillette Blade

Vol. I

June, 1918

No. 8

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of,
the Employees of the

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston

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Second Red Cross War Fund

Gillette Employees Figure Prominently in Drive for \$100,000,000

C. E. ROCK, *Service Department*

AFTER reviewing the spirit which actuated the 300 Gillette girls to take part in the Red Cross Parade on Saturday, May 18th, it would seem they were not only doing their bit but their utmost to show their patriotism. It is this same spirit of loyalty to their country which permits the Gillette Safety Razor Co. to float a Service Flag of 87 stars.

Too much credit can not be given these girls and the heads of the departments for their great effort and sacrifice in marching patriotically through the streets of Boston on the day that opened the great Red Cross Drive in this State.

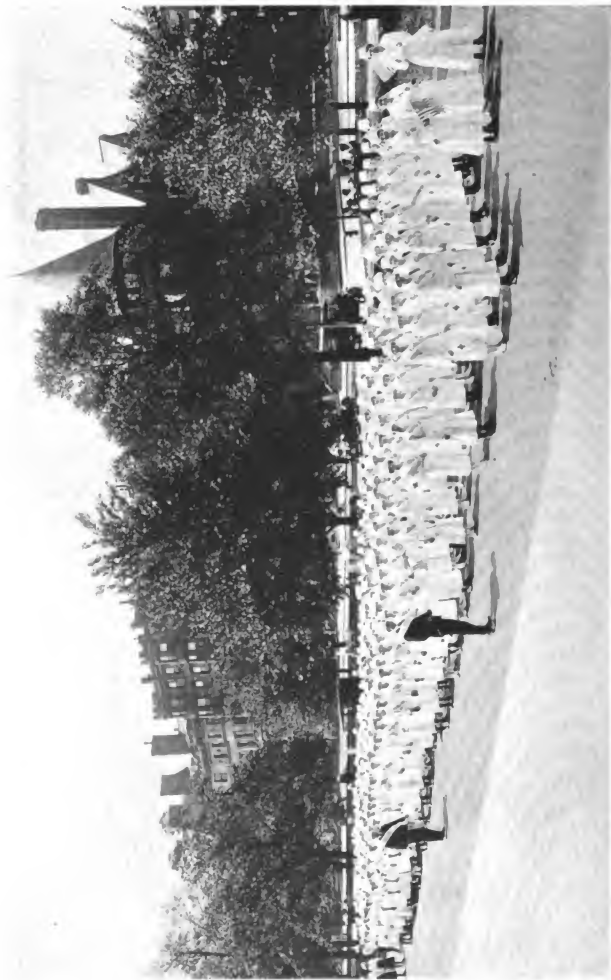
Those who so faithfully represented the Company on that day and those who marched have the realiza-

tion that each in their way were answering a plea which the country had made and were doing their duty in the biggest way presented.

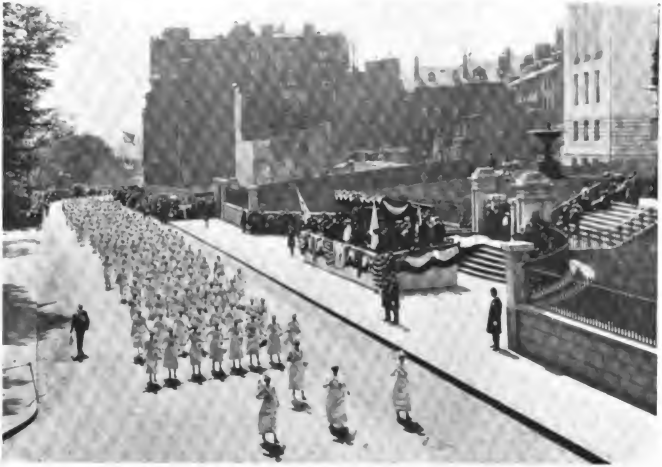
Every Gillette employee who watched this parade from the sidelines, certainly must have felt great pride in the loyal spirit and the splendid appearance of the Gillette Battalion. No other company in Boston made a better showing than did our girls.

It would be exceedingly hard to give particular recognition to any one group or department and the Gillette Company feels honored in having such splendid enthusiasts in its organization.

In the absence of Governor McCall, who was attending the "Win the War" conference in Philadelphia,



THE GILLETTE BATTALION, 800 STRONG, ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, READY TO MARCH IN THE RED CROSS PARADE MAY 18TH



GILLETTE MARCHERS PASSING THE GOVERNOR'S REVIEWING STAND IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE

Lieut. Gov. Calvin Coolidge headed the State reviewing party, attended by a military escort, members of the Executive Council and several other State officials. Others in the reviewing party were Commandant William R. Rush, of the Navy Yard; former Lieut.-Gov. Cushing, Henry B. Endicott, Food Administrator for Massachusetts, and many other prominent Boston men.

The campaign in the Gillette Factory was opened on Monday by a bulletin containing a stirring appeal to the workers to contribute to this great cause. On Thursday at 12.30 the employees had the privilege of listening to Sergeant Creed, of the 101st Infantry, who is one of the fifty men sent over here by General

Pershing, to aid in the Liberty Loan.

Sergeant Creed said in part as follows:

"I did not think, my friends, when I left France a few weeks ago, that I would have the pleasure of coming to talk to this factory, with whom one of our best men, Major McCarthy, is connected. I can assure all you people that have worked with Major McCarthy, that the Major is working hard over there and I have often heard him speak of his friends over here in this factory.

I come to you today to ask you people to help the American Red Cross girls. It is American girls, my dear friends, that we have in France—our own girls—our own American girls, who are over there



SERGEANT CREED LANDING IN NEW YORK
TO AID IN THIRD LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE

in our hospitals and the American soldiers can hold their heads high because our girls have the ability, are so courageous, and are the best over there on the soil of France. We boys take our hats off to our girls as they are more than the equal of the English, the French or any other girls in the world.

You people do not appreciate the great work of our girls—why—because you have never heard the cry of agony of your brothers, your own

flesh and blood, when they come down the lines blinded with mustard gas and gasping for breath from chlorine gasses. When our boys come down over our lines maimed and gassed, these girls stand by the bedside of the wounded throughout every hour of the night. These girls with the courage of your own boys are the girls who, with our boys' lives at stake, are calling upon the American people to supply them with funds that they may be able to give to our own American boy, as he lies helpless, every care and comfort and I think that these girls of ours, your girls, who send your own brothers on to meet his God with a prayer on his lips, are worthy of the support and backing of every red-blooded American man and woman.

It is only a short while ago that your own boys went on the line, the boys of the 101st. Just as the sons of Old England lie sleeping beneath the soil in Flanders and the sons of France beneath the ground of Verdun, your own South Boston boys of the 101st, are sleeping this noon on the ground of Chemin des Marne. There is a long row of graves there with a little wooden cross to mark where they rest and I want to ask you people this noon, if your own American boys, your own South Boston boys, died in vain. You are not called upon for any great sacrifice—you are only asked to give a few dollars. Over there they are asked and called upon to give the greatest sacrifice that anyone can give—their life—and they are making that sacrifice day after day with a smile.



SERGEANT CREED SELLING BONDS IN THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

Your own boys, this very minute, have the same spirit they had the very first day they went on the firing line and on every lip is the cry that comes down the American line—Victory—and let that cry be on the lips of every man and woman here when you give your dollar. Remember your boy has died, given his life, with a prayer on his lips, and if he could speak he would ask you to give to the American Red Cross and help on to a greater victory.”

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. donated \$50,000 to the Red Cross Fund, \$30,000 to the credit of Boston, and \$20,000 to New York.

**SO. BOSTON BRANCH OF RED CROSS
THANKS GILLETTE EMPLOYEES
FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE**

*246 W. Sixth Street,
South Boston, Mass.,
May 22, 1918.*

MY DEAR MR. THOMPSON:

The members of the South Boston Branch are deeply grateful to you and your assistants for the splendid showing that you made in the Red Cross Parade on Saturday. Everywhere we hear words of highest praise for the splendid showing you all made. Without your assistance South Boston's part would have been a very small one, but with your excellent marchers we feel proud of our section. You certainly saved the day for us.

In grateful appreciation of your able assistance and with heartiest thanks to all, I am,

Yours very truly,
Agnes E. Barry,
Chairman.

Second Red Cross War Fund

Drive Shows Gillette Safety Razor Company Again "Over the Top" with a 100% Rating

| <i>Department</i> | <i>Foremen</i> | <i>Amount Subscribed</i> |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Honing 4 "B"..... | Mr. Daly | \$108.00 |
| Inspection 4 "A"..... | Miss Quinlan | 16.00 |
| Machine Shop 5 "C"..... | Mr. Fairweather | 260.00 |
| Shipping 1 "D"..... | Mr. Raphael | 20.00 |
| Adv. Shipping..... | Mr. Donovan | 5.00 |
| Automatic Screw Machine..... | Mr. Sorenson | 17.00 |
| Punching Department | Mr. Olsen | 25.00 |
| Blade Packing | Miss Macaskill | 243.00 |
| Engraving | Mr. Blank | 5.00 |
| Paper Box | Miss Roycroft | 28.00 |
| Hardening | Mr. Sides | 117.00 |
| Honing 3 "A"..... | Mr. Kelley | 209.00 |
| Stropping "A" | Mr. John Sullivan | 147.00 |
| Burnishing | Miss Denney | 159.00 |
| Printing | Mr. Fisher | 6.00 |
| Stock and Wiring Basement..... | Mr. Murphy | 153.00 |
| Leather | Miss Driscoll | 210.00 |
| Plating Basement | Mr. Hoar | 85.00 |
| Buffing | Mr. Rice | 268.00 |
| Engineering | Mr. Hatfield | 24.00 |
| Basement "A" | Mr. Evans | 26.00 |
| Electricians and Carpenters..... | | 33.00 |
| Packing 1 "D"..... | Miss Brady | 93.00 |
| Janitors | Mr. Crichton | 6.00 |
| Grinding | Miss Davies | 152.00 |
| Stores | Mr. Goodsell | 66.00 |
| Handle 2 "D" | Wharton | 273.00 |
| Stores | Mr. Lord | 32.00 |
| Polishing | Mr. Vazina | 26.00 |
| Laboratory | Mr. Ruppel | 3.00 |
| Foremen, Watchmen, Drafting..... | | 245.00 |
| Millwright | Mr. Sargent | 3.00 |
| Office | Mr. F. J. Sullivan..... | 210.00 |
| Salaried | | 312.00 |
| Salesmen | | 171.00 |
| Refreshment | Mr. Sicare | 5.00 |

\$3,761.00



MR. J. T. ASHBROOKE

MEET our new Advertising Manager, Mr. J. T. Ashbrooke.

The advertising manager of any successful business, by that we mean a business that is "Known the World Over," must needs have a directing head and mind that knows the inside of a business, its policy, etc.

For such a position Mr. Ashbrooke is admirably fitted. He has had a wide and practical knowledge of merchandising.

He knows both advertising and selling—a rare combination in any man. He has built up advertising and made it pay the advertiser.

Mr. Ashbrooke was born in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. His first selling experience was with his brother when Jap-a-Lac was put on the market. He was afterwards connected with the American Sheet & Tin Plate Company; Advertising Manager of A. G. Hyde & Son, makers of the famous Hetherbloom petticoats. Previous to his coming with the Gillette Safety Razor Co., he was New England manager of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

Under his management we predict an efficient advertising department and co-operation with every branch of the business.

The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II—IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

IN the May number of THE GILLETTE BLADE I dealt with the invention of Mr. Gillette. In the present number I shall give a little history of my training for the task of the mechanical development of the Gillette Razor. It has been said that when people talk about themselves they are apt to grow eloquent, so my readers may expect such eloquence as I can command. I am hopeful that they will find much that is amusing and somewhat that is instructive in my story. If they find little to emulate I am sure they will see much to be avoided.

In this part of my contribution to THE GILLETTE BLADE, on the development of the Gillette Razor, I am going to tell of my preparatory struggles, but I shall also express views of men and things which a fairly long life and a varied experience have forced upon me. I feel that I am writing for friendly and even indulgent readers and I desire to give them a few matters for profitable thought. I shall write in a manner quite unconventional and shall claim the privilege of digressing at pleasure, of leaving the main thoroughfare and diving into the alleys whenever it suits my fancy. I shall write in a light vein but the reader may be sure that many of my adventures were anything but merry at the time of their occurrence. I have, however, lived long enough for the smart to have subsided and I

can now look back upon my mistakes and misfortunes contentedly and see them on their humorous side.

Mr. Gillette has told the readers of THE GILLETTE BLADE that he believes I was the only man who could have solved the problem which he presented to me. Now I will tell you very frankly that I think he is wrong in this. If you will but look around you, you will observe that the world is full of evidence of the power of the human mind to devise intricate mechanisms and processes. So it is hardly possible that I alone was able to solve this problem. It may be said, in view of the facts, that I was equipped to do it, and if Mr. Gillette and I had not met, he might not have found another qualified for the task.

My immigrant forefathers were in part Plymouth Pilgrims and in part Massachusetts Bay Colony settlers. Several of my incoming ancestors arrived in the Fortune in 1621 and others in 1623 and all of them as far as I know, and I know of two score or more, were in New England before 1650. This makes me somewhat of a native of these parts. I was born November 5, 1853, in Provincetown on the end of the Cape, being in the sixth generation of our family to live in that place, my grandfather with three greats coming there from Chatham which is our real family town. The land there was bought from the Indians by William Nicker-



1856—THREE YEARS OLD



1862—NINE YEARS OLD

son the immigrant weaver about 1650, he coming from Norwich, England in 1637, settling finally in Chatham after living a few years in Watertown, Boston and Yarmouth. Old William's father-in-law, Nicholas Busby, came from England in the same ship and became a merchant of Boston, of which he was at one time sheriff and had a house on what is now Temple Place.

My Provincetown grandfathers

were seafaring men and fishermen. I have heard my father's father say that he made his first voyage when he was a little over eight years old, going as cook's help. When he was twenty-one he was captain, when forty he had retired from the sea and sent his own vessels. He reached the age of ninety years, as did also my grandmother. My father was a ship-owner and outfitter, with vessels in the fishing, the whaling and



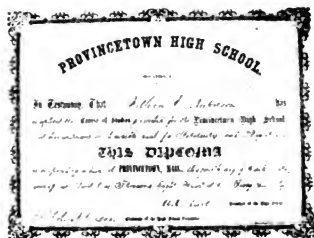
TOY VESSEL AND SLED MADE BY THE WRITER ABOUT 1864 AND STILL IN HIS POSSESSION

the freighting business.

As a boy I was credited with being rather more constructively inclined than the average boy of the neighborhood and was much given to building toy vessels, boats, sleds, ice-boats and birdhouses. I doubtless inherited some of this tendency from my father who, though a merchant, had more than an ordinary share of ingenuity. When I was twelve or thirteen years old I built a boat which the seafaring people of the neighborhood called "a coffin"; they were so sure I would be drowned in it. I procured two strong pieces of whaleboat gunwale each about twelve feet long and curved like a bow. These I fastened together at the ends to form the shape of the boat at the top and to serve for the attachment of the other parts of the craft. The bottom was made of portions of the sides of large circular cheese boxes, covered on the outside with sheets of zinc which had been used under kitchen stoves. The deck was of canvas from an old sail of some vessel and a place in the center was reserved for myself with a break-water around it. It was propelled by a paddle at first and afterward by oars. It certainly was an unsafe arrangement in which to navigate, and it upset with me in it a great many times, but as I learned to swim soon after I learned to walk I always reached the shore or some other refuge without much difficulty and thereby disproved the prophecies of my death by drowning. By the time I was fourteen I managed to get possession of a skiff such as is seen across the stern of small coasting vessels. This I decked partially over, and rigged into a sloop,

naming the craft the "Dasher." She was very appropriately named. This boat served me until my father moved to Somerville, when I sold it to a Medford boy who used it in the Mystic River where it finally sank. I suppose that the remains of it are rotting in the mud at the bottom of that very unmystic stream.

When I was a boy I conceived a great fancy for knot tying and rope splicing. Being among sailors and ship riggers I could learn all I chose of this useful art. After drawing on the supply of information from the seafaring people at hand, I procured "The Sheet Anchor," an authoritative work, and pretty nearly exhausted the subject. I learned it so thoroughly that I remember the most of it to this day, and can tie



you any sailor's knot, or hitch, any strand knot, or make you any kind of splice. This knowledge of knots and splices has often done me a good turn.

The first money I ever earned for myself was when as a boy I caught lobsters and sold them to the New London smacks for three cents each and they were big ones too, much

bigger than any I see now-a-days.

After graduating from the high school of the town I entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and my father removed from Provincetown to the Boston suburb of Somerville. While a boy two studies had been of particular interest to me, descriptive astronomy and chemistry. I think they both appealed to me on the mechanical side, the grand mechanics of the solar system in the one and the apparatus and atomic theory in the other. Suffice it to say that I resolved to be a chemist and took the course at Technology.

While a boy I made, during summer vacations, several trips in coasting vessels in which my father was interested. These craft carried ice from Maine ports to cities further south and brought coal back north. In this way I visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and other places. On one of these trips I had been using nitric acid for some small experiment in chemistry and lay down to sleep with a small bottle of this active reagent in my vest pocket. The acid ate the cork out of the bottle while I slept. I was awakened by a sharp stinging sensation and on investigation found large holes had been made through my clothing and a great blister on my chest and another on my arm. I knew enough to neutralize the acid with soap, but my clothes were ruined and the blisters were a long time in healing. I paid quite a penalty for the scientific investigation and suffered not a little for a very small advancement in knowledge. This reminds me of another boyish dip into science which cost me dearly. I knew that the

bubbles which rise through the water of muddy bottomed ponds consist of marsh gas, which is inflammable and a large constituent of our common illuminating gas. I built a raft in a pond back of the town. I then collected a kerosene can full of this gas by filling the can with water and then inverting it under the surface of the pond, stirring the mud at the bottom to release the bubbles of gas which, on rising, displaced the water in the can. I hastened home with my can full of gas and proceeded to burn it by pouring water into the can and lighting it as it issued, expelled by the water. This was all very well, but the gas did not come out fast enough to suit me, and I put the



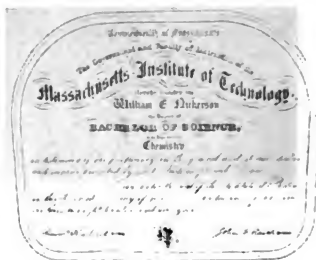
AT GRADUATION FROM MASSACHUSETTS
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

can spout in my mouth and blew in the can. Momentarily I produced a large flame and then an explosion like an automobile back firing in the muffler. The flame shot down my

throat and put me out of business for a time. I have thought of this experiment sometimes when reading about the gassed soldiers in the trenches. I got over the shock in a few weeks and returned to the marsh gas experiments, this time with a larger can. I managed to blow this one up also, not however with my mouth to the can vent. But the can burst and part of it struck me on the stomach with such discouraging effect that I left the pond gas alone ever afterwards.

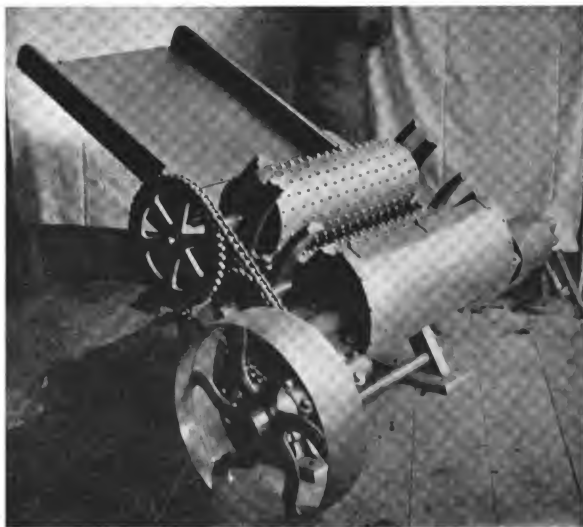
While at Technology I was for several years laboratory assistant in general chemistry and also private assistant to Prof. Nichols who made a specialty of sanitary chemistry. The late Prof. Ellen H. Richards of Technology, who became eminent as an expert in sanitary chemistry and domestic science, was also assistant to Prof. Nichols at the time I was. I did much work on water and air analysis for the State Board of Health, and vividly recall spending a night at the state prison in Charlestown, taking samples of air for analysis. I have always felt thankful that I did not have to live there.

For the benefit of those of my readers whose memories of Boston extend back but a few years, I wish to say that when I entered Technology in 1870 there were many dwelling houses on Tremont Street facing the Common and not a store on Boylston Street west of Tremont, the former ending in a sand heap at Clarendon Street. Commonwealth Avenue and Newbury and Marlboro Streets extended only two blocks from the Public Garden. But little of Columbus Avenue had been built up and there



was no Copley Square and no Huntington Avenue, except on paper. The new made land stretched from Clarendon Street to Massachusetts Avenue without a building on it and from Massachusetts Avenue to the rising ground in Longwood was all water. From the corner of Beacon Street and Massachusetts Avenue to Cottage Farm bridge was a mill dam dividing the water of the Back Bay from the Charles River and over this mill dam and on to the corner church in Brighton was a road where owners of trotting horses used to show the speed of their turnouts. There was no Atlantic Avenue either, for Commercial Street ran along at the heads of the docks. This shows what changes have taken place in Boston within my memory.

My graduating thesis at Technology was on the estimation of tannic acid. This was of interest to tanners of leather and I was surprised to find shortly afterward that my thesis had been published in the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*. On inquiry I learned that the matter had been given to the *Reporter* by the late John Cummings of Woburn, Mass., a large tanner. He was at that time



BARK CUTTING MACHINE, THE WRITER'S FIRST INVENTION, 1877-8

president of the National Shawmut Bank and a prominent member of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Through his influence a number of large tanners having stores in Boston and tanneries scattered over the country, commissioned me to undertake the investigation of their methods of leaching back for tanning purposes and connected subjects. This engagement made it necessary for me to visit various tanneries from northern Maine to Chicago. I discovered much wastefulness in the handling of the tan bark and caused a number of the concerns to adopt more economical methods. One of the brightest of the

tannery owners told me later, that his share of my expenses was the most profitable investment he ever made. My engagement with the tanning concerns lasted one year, but for a number of years afterward they occasionally sent me samples of spent tan bark for analysis to ascertain how much available tanning material had been left in them.

My work for the tanners covered the year 1877. I had hardly more than started in it when I found that the leaching of the bark was wastefully done and that one of the causes of the waste was the inefficiency of the back grinding mills. These were incapable of reducing the back to a

sufficiently fine state to allow the tanning material to be easily extracted. This led me to make my first patentable invention, which consisted of a bark cutting machine operating on a new principle and which reduced the bark to the condition of coarse saw dust, enabling the almost complete extraction of the tanning material to be easily accomplished. A view of this machine is shown in the illustration. An amusing incident occurred in the taking of the photograph from which the cut is reproduced. It was in 1878, and there were no dry plates in those days although they were introduced soon afterward. The photographer was obliged to carry his collodion plates in a tank of silver solution and make the exposure while they were still wet. The plates were slow and as the light was rather dim the exposure lasted ten minutes. I stood up behind the machine to have my picture included, in order I suppose, to prove ownership. It was a terrible strain to stand still ten minutes. But, alas, when the plate was developed it was found that my head had not been in the field and only my headless body appeared in the picture, as the reader may see for himself. What the head would have looked like after a ten minute pose it is hard to say. Perhaps a merciful Providence took care that it should be left out of the picture.

The construction of this machine brought me into foundries and pattern making and machine shops for the first time and gave me an introduction to the iron working methods of that day. These methods have changed very much since and in most cases for the better. The construc-

tion of my machine called for a large number of small but thick saws which I could get no one to make for less than two dollars each. This price being prohibitive, I turned my attention to making saws, with the result that the last of them that were made, cost thirty-six cents each. As my experience in dealing with machine shops was small I was pretty badly taken in and my money was soon exhausted. The machine worked well but I was unable to proceed with it and so was obliged to place it in the hands of a company having another bark cutting machine where it died a peaceful death, as this company merely wanted to get it out of the way.

While engaged in the work among the tanneries I made an invention of a chemical nature in connection with tanning. Apparatus was constructed and the process was proved. I was about to apply for letters patent when the resident partner of the tannery showed me the patent, issued to him as inventor, he having secretly applied for it. He explained to me that he did not think it made any difference to whom the patent was issued, as I should have my share of any profits. But I never saw any profits. The patent bore the date of October 2, 1877, and was numbered 195,790.

After I had taken out my first patents in 1878 I felt sure of becoming rich or at least well-to-do. There was a piece of vacant land near the top of Winter Hill, Somerville, which I thought would be a good place to build a house. I wanted that land and feeling that monetary success was now assured, I bought it. Not having

anywhere near enough money to pay for it, I paid enough down to secure it and gave a mortgage for the balance which was by far the larger part. I remember that I was afraid that someone else would get it before I could make sure of it. There was not the least danger, it stood vacant for many years. After paying mortgage interest and taxes on it for a couple of years and having found out that my invention was not the bonanza that I had expected, I went to the man from whom I had bought the land and threw down my cards. He was a wealthy man and had been a broker. He treated me kindly but enlarged on the serious loss he would sustain by taking the land back. When I bought it he had considered it a wonderful bargain for me. His terms were he would take the land back, if I would give him a series of notes aggregating about one thousand dollars (the land was only worth three thousand at that time), and stand the loss of the interest, taxes and cash I had paid. I accepted. He pretended to feel grieved over his loss, but he must have been chuckling underneath at having found so easy a victim. But this was not all. The notes came due at intervals and three of them were paid with interest. The last one matured just before I returned home financially stranded from a five years absence in the South. I had then been in Boston but a few days when a man tapped me on the shoulder, said he was a sheriff and placed me under arrest. The charge was that he had an overdue note against me and that I was about to leave town. The sheriff went with me to see the holder of the

note, who was the son of the man, now deceased, from whom I had bought the land. I gave him my word that I was not going to leave town and would pay the note shortly some way. He would not listen. Pay now or go to jail. So I went with the sheriff at my heels and found a friend who lent me the money to discharge the note and, incidentally, myself. But the ill treatment angered me to such an extent that it took me days and days to recover my equanimity. The man who subjected me to this indignity became later president of a



1879—TAKEN IN PARIS

Boston bank. But the bank failed under circumstances, I have been told, that threw great discredit on him. I fear I have not wholly forgiven him for the affront, even to this day.

I have told this story of my land deal to show how a young inventor may be carried away by a false promise of success. Perhaps no one else was ever quite so foolish as I, but no

doubt some have approached that limit. Prospect of success recalls the story of a poor man who bought a ticket in a big lottery. The day the tickets were to be drawn, he told his wife if she saw him coming home in a carriage to take the axe and smash up all the furniture which by the way was old and dilapidated. He did not draw the prize and was so disappointed that he drank to the point of intoxication. A kind neighbor took him home in his carriage. When the wife saw him coming in the carriage, she carried out his instructions to the letter, and the poor couple added lack of even poor furniture to their other privations.

My work on the bark cutter together with some further work for the tanners used up the year 1878. I had taken out some foreign patents,

not knowing any better than to do so, on the bark cutter and on my saw making processes, and on the second of January 1879 I sailed for Europe to see what I could do with them over there. The exploiting of the invention was the ostensible reason for the trip, but to tell the truth, almost any reason would have been good enough, if it served to get me over and give me an opportunity to see the country. I remained in Europe five months, but, as a matter of course, failed to interest any one in my inventions. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the trip thoroughly. Among the novel experiences I had was that of being in Paris without a cent in my pockets, and later to leave the other side so tardily, that I had only money enough to buy a steerage passage, landing in New York like any immigrant.

(To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for July)

THE OPEN BOAT

"When this here war is done," says Dan, "and all the fightin' 's through,
There's some'll pal with Fritz again as they was used to do;

But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "not me," says he;
"Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on winter nights at sea.

"When the last battle's lost an' won an' won an' lost the game,
There's some'll think no 'arm to drink with squareheads just the same;
But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "an' if you ask me why—
Lord knows it's thirsty in an open boat when the water beaker's dry.

"When all the bloomin' mines is swep' an' ships are sunk no more,
There's some'll set them down to eat with Germans as before;
But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "not me, for one—
Lord knows it's hungry in an open boat when the last biscuit's done.

"When peace is signed an' treaties made an' trade begins again,
There's some'll shake a German's hand an' never see the stain;
But not me," says Dan the sailor-man, "not me, as God's on high—
Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your shipmates die."

London Punch.



MR. RUFUS KIRKLAND

MR. RUFUS KIRKLAND, who joined the forces of the Gillette Safety Razor Company on February 18th, 1918, has been appointed resident manager of the company in London, England, succeeding Mr. Gaines.

He is a man who has handled big projects. His work has been of the type which develops quick thinking and extreme aggressiveness.

Mr. Kirkland is an experienced salesman. He has that rare ability of being able to sell without giving the impression that he is selling. For sixteen years he was in Wall Street

investigating and distributing public utility, railroad and municipal securities in the United States, Canada and Europe.

There is an unlimited opportunity in the foreign field for an immense increase in business, both with conditions as they are and as they will be.

To take advantage of these conditions it requires a man of foresight and keen business training, therefore when we introduce Mr. Kirkland as the new executive in London you may be sure we have found the right man.



PATRIOTIC WINDOW DISPLAY FURNISHED GILLETTE DEALERS DURING
SERVICE WEEK CAMPAIGN

Gillette Service Week Campaign

IN the May issue of THE GILLETTE BLADE in his article "Capitalizing an Idea," Mr. Rebuck has told our readers of the reason why for our Service Week Campaign.

We are now in our eleventh zone. In the first six zones our experts interviewed approximately 3,904 Gillette owners, examined 2,654 razors, replaced 1,856 damaged handles, making a total of 3,369 parts.

In this number we are reproduc-

ing a very few of the many hundred letters received from users of the Gillette who for some reason or other were not getting the maximum of efficiency from their razor. Some of these letters are purely voluntary, others are in response to our follow-up letter sent out to ascertain what results are being obtained since their razor had been looked over by our expert and put in good condition.

In both cases these letters express the warmest gratitude for the great



GROUP OF GILLETTE EXECUTIVES, SALESMEN AND SERVICE EXPERTS PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRONT OF "PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER" WINDOW DURING SERVICE WEEK

improvement in their Gillette and their admiration for the interest displayed by the company in its customers.

Newark, New Jersey, May 15, 1918.

In answer to your note of 13th inst., I wish to say that I am very pleased with the way my Gillette razor works. Not only do the new parts work to perfection, but the information given is of great assistance. There is no doubt in my mind that most of the trouble in using the Gillette is lack of knowing how to hold the razor to get proper results. Most people *scrape* the face, not holding the handle properly, so the blades do not cut the beard as they should. Too much information in this respect it would be difficult to get.

J. S.

Newark, N. J., May 17, 1918.

I want to thank you for your kindness in replacing defective or rather damaged parts of my "Gillette." As a matter of fact, I now have practically a new razor, for all that I have of the old razor is the tightening screw.

I have used your razor for at least fifteen years, and if I could not obtain another "Gillette" would not part with this one for fifty times its price.

Not alone am I now getting better and cleaner shaves from it since it was fixed, but find that the blades last longer—that is, I can obtain many more shaves from a single blade.

I want to add that your "Service" is a splendid idea, and is not alone a great help to all "Gillette" users, but should be a wonderful advertising medium for you. Personally, I have already told a number of people what the Gillette Razor Company did for me.

H. L.

P. S.—The number of my old razor was 437692, so you can see that I have had it some few years.

New York, N. Y., May 16, 1918.

Marked improvement, efficient, clean, quick and entirely satisfactory service.

However, the instruction given in use by the well-trained and experienced young woman in the drug store of Louis K. Liggett Co., 200 Broadway, New York, N. Y., April 15-16-17, was as necessary as the replacement of parts for efficiency.

H. B.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 16, 1918.

I am very glad to receive your favor of the 13th inst., as it gives me an opportunity to express my thanks for the aid your demonstrator gave me while at Hindle's Pharmacy. I have been using a Gillette off and on for quite a few years, but really did not

know how to handle properly until the young lady gave me a few lessons. Also want to thank you for replacing the damaged part of my razor.

I purchased a razor for an old-time friend of mine, whom I have known for forty odd years. He had never placed a razor of any description on his face, always patronizing the barber. The outfit I gave him he would not part with for ten times its value, and uses it religiously four to five times per week.

W. E. B.

New Haven, Conn., May 16, 1918.

I am in receipt of yours of the 13th, and in reply would state that I have already written your agent, who was here in New Haven, shortly after she left here, and will not reiterate what I said at that time, that the razor since having the repair parts has worked beautifully, and I am very much pleased with it, and it is giving perfect satisfaction.

I have already bought three or four of these razors and have given them to friends and will certainly be glad to do anything further I can in regard to recommending the Gillette razor.

H. W. H.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 15, 1918.

I want to thank you for the courtesy I received while your demonstrators were in the city. My razor is working very nicely, and I appreciate the way in which you have endeavored to keep in touch with your users and to satisfy them.

W. S. L.

New York, May 16, 1918.

In reference to your letter, I wish to inform you that the part replaced has improved the shaving efficiency of my Gillette razor considerably. I assure you that I am very grateful to you for the warm interest you take in your patrons, and will always be a friend and advocate for the Gillette razor and blades.

H. S.

New Haven, Conn.

The razor is working splendidly. I use it constantly; in fact, I have only just finished shaving. I appreciate your kindness, for I had long since given up trying to use it, with regret.

E. R. M.

A tag attached to a Gillette razor returned by our Service Expert while demonstrating at Trenton, N. J., reads:

"Man who owned this and has used it for five years was stone-blind. Cap worn at corners. New cap didn't fit quite close on old guard so gave him both. Was very much pleased. Said he prized his Gillette very highly. Never cut himself once."

The following item from another of our Service Experts reads as follows:—

I met a young lawyer in Newark, N. J. who said he did not know if he was a good advertisement for the Gillette Co., or not, as he knew he was not a good customer.

He said he was using the same blade for the past year and four months and was not going to give it up for some time to come.

I examined his razor which had been in use for twelve years, but he wouldn't give up his old blade. All he does is to turn the blade each time he shaves.

STUFF TO LOSE • SLEEP OVER •



Too bad, for then he would never know the comfort of a Gillette Shave.

—Daily Cardinal, University of Wisconsin



MR. WALTER F. SCHIFFERLI

MR. WALTER F. SCHIFFERLI, who has recently become associated with our Export Department, was born in Chicago, Illinois, Jan. 6, 1892. At an early age he moved from the Windy City to Carlstadt, New Jersey, which is eight miles from New York City, where he graduated from the Grammar School in 1906.

Being ambitious even at that early age, to become a business man, young Schifferli entered the employ of the Mexican Central Railroad Company, New York City, as assistant to the Shipping Clerk. In August 1908, the Mexican Government took over the control of the railroad and the Company's offices were removed to Mexico City.

Nothing dismayed at the termination of his first venture, the young seeker after

experience looked about him for another field of endeavor and found it in the Export Department of the American Express Company. Here was a problem worth his best efforts and he decided to learn all there was to learn of the big subject of export shipping.

After a varied schooling in the different branches of the department he became assistant to the Export Shipping Agent, in which position he came in contact with the Gillette Company, handling the clearance of a great many shipments for them, particularly those to France.

His good work in this connection recommended him to the Gillette people when they were canvassing the field for a man to fill the opening in their Export Department and satisfactory arrangements were concluded on April 18th, Mr. Schifferli assuming his new duties on April 29th.

Gillette Third Liberty Loan Drive

The Following is a List of the Different Departments Showing the
Percentage Obtained by Each

| <i>Department</i> | <i>Foreman</i> | <i>Percentage</i> |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Draughting 1 "A" | Mr. Parry | 100% |
| Inspection 4 "A" | Miss Quinlan | 100% |
| Printing 5 "A" | Mr. Fisher | 100% |
| Paper Box 5 "A" | Miss Roycroft | 100% |
| Basement "B" | Mr. Olsen | 100% |
| Honing 4 "B" | Mr. Daly | 100% |
| Hospital | Mrs. Johnson | 100% |
| Carpenter 4 "A" | Mr. Rattray | 100% |
| Power "D" | Mr. Hatfield | 100% |
| Experimental | Mr. Brown | 100% |
| Painter "C" | Mr. Biggar | 100% |
| Blade Printing | Mr. Vazina | 100% |
| Electrical | Mr. Gaskin | 100% |
| Superintendent's | Mr. Thompson | 100% |
| 2nd Floor Office | | 100% |
| Information | | 100% |
| Packing 1 "D" | Miss Brady | 95% |
| Plating Basement | Mr. Hoar | 93% |
| Honing 3 "A" | Mr. Kelley | 92% |
| Leather Goods | Miss Driscoll | 92% |
| Buffing 3 "D" | Mr. Rice | 91% |
| Store Room 2 "C" | Mr. Goodsell | 91% |
| Hardening 1 "B" | Mr. Sides | 90% |
| Handle 2 "D" | Mr. Wharton | 89% |
| Grinding 2 "A" | Mr. Garbarino | 87% |
| Burnishing 4 "D" | Miss Denney | 84% |
| Machine Shop 5 "C" | Mr. Fairweather | 82% |
| Blade Packing 5 "D" | Miss Macaskill | 81% |
| Machine Shop 4 "C" | Mr. Porter | 80% |
| Stropping 4 "A" | Mr. John Sullivan | 80% |
| Shipping 1 "D" | Mr. Raphael | 78% |
| Stock and Wiring Basement | Mr. Murphy | 75% |
| Chemical Laboratory | Mr. Ruppel | 75% |
| Office | Mr. Frank J. Sullivan | 74% |
| Basement 1 "C" | Mr. Lord | 69% |
| Automatic Screw Machine | Mr. Sorenson | 44% |
| Basement "A" | Mr. Evans | 42% |

A Barber (Ous) History of Whiskers, Razors and Woman's Rights

ARTHUR E. MCGARRY, *Machine Shop*

In the prehistoric ages, when the Cave Man ruled supreme,
When the Missing Link of Darwin lived in fact instead of dream,
The Cave Man then enforced the law with hatchet made of stone,
And he chiefly ran to whiskers, for the razor was unknown.
The way he won his lady love, the ancient stories tell,
Was to knock her senseless with a club, then catch her when she fell.
And take her on his shoulders to the darkness of his cave
Where, when she came to, she'd promise to love, honor, and Behave.

Even with this stunning method of beginning married life
She encountered trials not endured by any modern wife;
This prehistoric maiden surely was in sorry plight,
For her husband's mighty whiskers hid his features from her sight.
And she hardly knew her husband, for all Cave Men looked the same,
As they all affected beards that ringed their features like a frame.
If some blundering Cave Man, coming home close to the midnight hour
By some mischance should happen to invade the lady's bower,

As all whiskers feel alike at night, I venture to remark
Some grave mistake might happen if the cave was very dark.
So that even at that distant age 'twas very plain to see
That Womankind and Whiskers would not very well agree;
And as ages passed and Woman's Rights at length were recognized,
Man had to lay aside his club, and court the girl he prized.
He soon discovered to his woe, that what was once his pride
Was now a mighty handicap, he could not lay aside.

The beardless youths with smooth pink cheeks, won maidens fair and sweet
While the warriors with the "spinach" vainly raged at their defeat,
And wished the good old times again, when with a knotty club
In the darkness of some jungle they could swat the smooth-faced dub.
But those days were gone, and Romance now claimed Woman for its own.
And Romance mixed with Whiskers with the Cave Man days had flown;
So a man with tender feelings for the maiden of his soul
Knew that he must shed his whiskers or in sorrow pay the toll.

For he knew that in that maiden's heart, all romance would be "queered"
Did she try to hide her blushes in a peck or two of beard.
Despair sat heavy on the tribes of whiskered warriors fierce,
And for a time no ray of hope their gloomy thoughts could pierce.

Some tried to rid themselves of beard by plucking hair by hair,
But suffered torments of the damned and quit in deep despair;
While more by other methods sought a process which might prove
A better and more painless way the whiskers to remove.

At length some brilliant genius took an iron spear head rude,
And by tireless rubbing on a stone, evolved a razor crude
With which he hacked, and scraped, and tore, until his shaggy beard
By dint of much exertion, from his smarting face was sheared.
The joy among his fellow men 'tis needless to describe;
They hailed the shaven martyr as the savior of his tribe.
His fame spread broadcast through the land as tribesmen voiced his praise
Much as we speak of Edison in our more modern days.

All the tribesmen wanted razors, and to make them they essayed,
But lacked iron or the patience to complete a useful blade.
And after days of sweating toil, but few could claim success.
So back to their inventor they returned in their distress.
This brainy worthy then agreed to shave the entire clan
If they in turn agreed to pay a certain price per man.
And that his business sense was keen, he very shortly proved
By taxing them one skin per man, for every beard removed.

And though they grumbled at the charge, they let him have his way
And man's slavery to the Barber's shop began that very day.
They'd sit on stones outside his door, their beards he'd hack and hew;
He took skins from their store of wealth—and from their faces too.
His children followed in his steps, and plied his barbarous trade,
When underneath the verdant sod their father's bones were laid;
And as whiskers grew and flourished still as in their father's day,
The Barbers flourished also, for the trade had come to stay.

As time rolled on, the centuries saw the tribes of man expand,
The Gospel of the Shaven Face was preached in every land;
And what vanity had started in an age that long had fled
Was now accepted as a rule of cleanliness instead.
Meanwhile in Arts and Crafts had man surprising skill attained,
And great improvements had been wrought by knowledge he had gained;
And when steel had been discovered in the days of Tubal Cain,
Better blades and better edges were more easy to obtain.

But though many men owned razors now and shaved themselves each day,
The great majority of them were still content to pay
For the service of the Barber, who reaped profit by the deal,
For most men feared to try to use the naked edge of steel.
Though some as martyrs to the cause, at shaving would persist

Till the loss of several features would compel them to desist;
And the effort always ended in a visit to the chair
Of the nearby village barber, there the damage to repair.

With the forging of the razor, man appeared to be content,
And for centuries no drastic change of form it underwent;
For Wade & Butchers, Reynolds, Pipes, and others by the score
Were no safer than the razors of the ancient days of yore.
And though forged of finest Sheffield steel and void of pull or tear
The keen and unprotected edge still filled man's heart with fear,
So they patronized the Barber while they waited for the day
That would bring some means of shaving in a safer, easier way.

The Bible tells how Moses, as a gifted leader rose
To lead the Jewish people from the country of their foes;
Thus among a greater people, and the mightiest Nation yet
Rose the Moses of the shaving world, by name King C. Gillette.
He conceived the Safety Razor, manufactured in his name,
And with it, emancipation from the Barber's thralldom came;
Those who feared the old style razor, as an instrument accursed
Used the new Gillette invention, with the slogan "Safety first."

They shaved themselves with ease and speed; with joy their faces shone:
The edge was always smooth and keen, with neither strop or hone:
And the man who in the Barber's chair, tri-weekly used to climb
Now shaves himself each evening, and saves several hours of time.
It is sold in every country, and is known the whole world round,
And in every corner of the earth its users can be found;
For the mighty shaving public has its full approval set
On the King of Safety Razors, manufactured by Gillette.

A Barber's Lament

Nashville, Tenn., May 13, 1918.

Editor, THE GILLETTE BLADE:—

Last Saturday I went into the barber shop at Richmond Hotel to get a hair cut. When through cutting my hair, the barber said, "Do you want a shave?" I said, "No I shave myself." "Do you use a Gillette?" "Yes, I do every morning." "Well," he says, "I guess between the Government and the Gillette Company we will have to get a new job." In his own way he told it something like this:

"Tree, four year go we make lots business from traveling man, now only people live here come in the barber shop. Why you know Mister the Gillette (accent on the

'Gill') Company send two womans here and show people how shave. What you think of that? The Government take all the young fellows and now womans show every one how shave. Bimeby the barber cut hair and thats all. Its no use fight company like that because the razor last for twenty years and the mans carry it in their pocket."

This incident struck me as a funny one and I think it worth while telling. It was more amusing to hear it than to write it as his English was a little off color on pronunciation.

Yours,

JERE BREAUULT,
In charge of Service Experts.



LIEUTENANT GEORGE F. EVANS

New Honors for Gillette Boys

ON May 24 we received cable advice from our Paris office that Lieut. George F. Evans, formerly of the Buffing Department of this Company, was presented with the French War Cross in April, and on May 10th was made a lieutenant. At the time Lieut. Evans received his decoration he was a member of Headquarters Company, 104th Infantry, 52nd Brigade, 26th Division. April 26th we received word of his transfer from Headquarters Company, 104th Infantry, to Auto Weapons School, Army Post Office, No. 714. This is an excellent record for Lieut. Evans and we all hope for his further good fortune.

Under date of May 10th word was received that Capt. William J. McCarthy, formerly of our Purchasing Department, had been promoted by General Pershing to the rank of Major. Major McCarthy has been Acting Major of the battalion for several months, since Major William Casey was relieved from active duty.

Before Major McCarthy's promotion to Acting Major he was Captain of "B" Company of the old Ninth, now part of the 101st Regiment. He rose from the ranks and did duty with the Company on the Mexican border, at which time he was a Captain.

The battalion in command of Major McCarthy was the first of the 101st to go

into the trenches, where they have given a very good account of themselves and maintained the traditions of the old Fighting Ninth. All of Major McCarthy's Gillette friends extend to him their hearty congratulations and sincere best wishes.

Somewhere in France, April 20, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I received your letter today and was more than pleased to hear from you.

We are now back on the front after a short rest. I am feeling pretty good and having an easy time as most of my outfit has been detached.

I have received boxes three, four and five and appreciate them ever so much, also the work of the Gillette War Committee. Have also received two copies of the *GILLETTE BLADE*, and I have read every word from start to finish. Mr. Pelham's story was very interesting.

Before I left for the trenches this last time I had to buy a razor for which I paid thirty-two Francs and a half. It was six and a half in real money and I would have had to pay that for it in the States if I was to buy it in a store, but as French money hasn't the value of ours, I got it eighty cents cheaper than at home. The razor I brought from the States was stolen on me so I had to buy one as I could not be without it.

Tell Miss Nickerson, "office", I thank her very much for her sweater, also Miss C. Cady, Honing Department "A" that I thank her very much. I will write to both and thank them just as soon as I have the time.

I have not heard or seen any of the Gillette boys for some time. I understand George Evans has received a commission and that Mannion received a bad wound while working over a bomb and that he will lose an eye.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I must close and hoping to hear from you again, I remain

Yours truly,

Cook GEORGE ANDERSON,

Headquarters Co. 103rd U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

P. S.—Best regards to War Committee.

Somewhere in France, April 20, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

This being my first opportunity to write, I thought I would take the time to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am thankful to you and Mr. Gale for the different packages that I have got. The last one to date was box No. 4, and it contained

just what I really did want. About the others, I got two of them right on the front line trench and that tobacco was another useful article.

You people at home in the good old U. S. A. must know by now that we have been in against the Boche and have done our little bit and came out of it with flying colors. We are now back a little behind the lines resting up a bit, which was long looked forward to by all the boys.

We have just completed a six day hike, hiking by day and stopping at little French villages by night. We have seen some very interesting things along the road, many old-fashioned houses and old village churches, one church being built in the year 1379, with its little cemetery in the rear, and some of its tombstones having from one to three feet of moss all over them.

There are a great many farms over here. That seems to be the main industry, but they are very short of men to do the work. We also have seen some very strong dug-outs built by the Germans before we came along. One place which is as safe as being at home in the U. S. is from fifty to sixty feet under ground, all solid rock. You could pound all day and it would never do any harm. It is large enough to hold a battalion with lots of room to sleep (if you are let). Air battles are very frequent over here and when one takes place everybody has to get under cover for fear of shrapnel falling down, and so the Boche cannot snap your picture. Well, so much for that. We are not allowed to say much, but if we were let I guess a great many of the boys could write a book.

Before I forget, I want to thank you for the *GILLETTE BLADES* (books) that I also got while in the trenches.

I wish you would remember me to Mr. Joe Briscoe and Eddie Goodsell, also Mr. Sullivan of 4 "A." I will write them a few lines a little later.

I must also write to Miss E. Curtaz, of the office, for the socks that she knitted and Miss Agnes Donahue, of Mr. Sides' department for the sweater she made for me.

Well, I will close now and will ask you to please answer this at your convenience, and oblige,

Yours truly,

Private JAB. H. WALLACE,

Co. D, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

Private Wallace was formerly special policeman on the Colton St. side of the Gillette factory.

Somewhere in France, April 15, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

This is the first opportunity I had to write to you, as we have been busy. I suppose you know by the papers we have been in the trenches. Our battalion was commanded by Capt. McCarthy, as he is Acting Major. The boys are all rooting for him to get promoted, but we will miss him as Commander of B. Co. We were in one sector for a while, and then we went to our present place. After leaving the first sector we hiked for six days and each night stopped at a different French village. On the hike Capt. McCarthy rode at the head of the boys and all the people must have thought him Napoleon the way they looked at him. We were the first American soldiers they ever saw, and they treated us swell. We bought eggs for 40 cents a dozen and fresh milk for a nickle a quart, and maybe it wasn't good. After completing our six-day hike we rested for a few days, and then rode in auto trucks to our present front. Our battalion is now in reserve and also getting rested up, as we just came out of the line. We will soon go again and I hope the boys are as lucky as before. In our opinion the war will be over soon, as the prisoners that have been taken are all in, and nearly starved. Our boys are on the job every minute when they are on the line, as the Boche is liable to try and pull something. So far they have been unsuccessful, and every time a Boche shows himself the boys take a shot at him. It is very muddy here, and we are all wearing rubber boots. The weather has been in our favor, as it has been good sunny days in the past month.

I have received a sweater knitted by one of the girls and it was certainly appreciated by me. All the other boys received sweaters from the girls and I know they appreciate what the girls have done for them. Everyone of us appreciate what you and the committee and every one at Gillette's are doing for us boys. The only thing the boys are anxious for is cigarettes and candy, as they are on the line and it is impossible to get these things. When we are in the trenches we cannot smoke at night, but in our dugouts it is all right. Our dugouts are under the ground, and in one place it was about 65 or 70 feet under the ground. It would be an interesting thing if you could only see some of the things the boys have seen since we went into the fray. I hope we will be able to relate our experi-

ences to our friends soon. I am glad to hear that Frank Ward has been promoted to First Sergeant, and hope before long he will go higher. I suppose he will soon be over to help us. Well I think I will close, hoping this finds you and all the others in good health. All the Gillette boys are in good health and enjoying themselves under the conditions they are in at present. Regards to everybody in the Gillette, and also to the committee who is helping us boys. One of the Gillette boys.

Private JOHN J. HURLEY.

Co. B., 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.



PRIVATE WILLIAM H. KEARNEY
Motor Car Co., 304, 2 M. C. Am. Ex.
Forces, France
(Formerly Employed in Gillette Blade
Polishing Department)

Recent Additions to Gillette Roll of Honor

| | | | |
|--|---------------------|--|---------------------|
| Lavery, Joseph | 1st Floor Store "C" | Albert Bernardni | Machine Shop |
| Walker, William | | Linehan, Thomas | |
| 7th Co., 2nd Battalion, 152nd Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, Brooklyn, N. Y. | | Co. L., 301st Infantry, Camp Devens, Mass. | |
| Phinn, Frank G. | | Schmidt, Otto C. | |
| Naval Reserve, Second-Class Seaman, Newport, R. I. | | Co. E., 301st Engineers, Camp Devens, Mass. | |
| W. A. O'Brien | Sales Dept. | Gasper, I. M. | (Instead of Jasper) |
| Ordnance Department, Eastern Division. | | Co. B., 2nd Engineers Training Regiment, Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va. | |



PRIVATE GEORGE E. O'BRIEN

A recent addition to the Roll of Honor of the Canadian Gillette Factory is George E. O'Brien, whose picture appears above. Private O'Brien enlisted March 21st, 1918, in the First Quebec Depot Battalion, his official number being 3082839.

He formerly worked in the Honing and Strapping Department, having started on

September 25th, 1912, and worked continuously up to the time he enlisted.

Our best wishes go with Private O'Brien.

A ROOKIE'S EXPERIENCE

Ayer, Mass., April 29, 1918.

MR. WILLIAM H. PARRY,

DEAR SIR:—Just a line to let you know that I have arrived at the place in good shape and so far as I have gone I think that the Army and I can get along pretty well together.

About the only part of it that I don't care a great deal for is being held in what they call quarantine, but I think jail would be a better name for it. We are quartered in what they call the overflow barracks and our mess hall is nearly a mile away, which makes it rather a bother when it is time to eat, for we have to wait until all of the other men in the battalion have had theirs and this is rather a tiresome performance when you go through it three times each day.

Other than what I have told you I think that "it's the life" for a fellow. It is about two weeks usually that a bunch is held in quarantine; that is if no one is taken sick. If anyone does take sick I think that they tack on enough time so to be sure that everybody is all right.

The crowd that came up on the train was certainly a good natured one; in fact a few of them were so good natured that they had to be carried up to the camp in auto trucks. One case that I happened to see was a fellow from East Boston who fell off the train in such a hurry that he stuck his head through his suit case. He did not hurt himself so there was no harm done and everybody had a good laugh over it.

You have probably seen enough of this

place so as to make it useless for me to tell you about it, and as we are not allowed to travel around by ourselves we don't get any chance to meet any of our friends that are up here, although I have seen a few that I know.

We were vaccinated and inoculated Saturday morning and there were quite a few that were made sick from it. I know myself that I felt as if I had been off on a terrible souse when I woke up on Sunday morning and from the way some of them looked I guess that they felt about the same as I did.

We have been doing fatigue duty about the place and you can imagine what a sight it is when about 150 men are sent out to pick up the cigar and cigarette butts and burnt matches around the barracks. They look like a bunch of nuts out looking for something they can't find, and I guess that some of them get a kink in their back from it, especially a few of the long thins and short thicks, like yourself. Some time when you can find nothing else to do, just try stooping over for about a half or three quarters of an hour at a stretch.

Saturday morning a call was made for volunteers to drive mules and I figured that I knew enough about it to get by. Not having ever driven one I thought that it might be a good chance to get action if not some reaction along with it.

A corporal took us over to the mule sheds and when I heard some of them bray I wondered if I had not made a mistake; they are certainly good ones when it comes to showing signs of life, but I guess that luck was kind of blowing my way because some other bunch beat us to it and there were no mules left for us.

Today has been about the longest and hardest day so far. After breakfast we were taken out on a hike of about five or six miles and then we were told to throw a lot of brush into a sand pit and set fire to it. For a while the crowd worked like a lot of kids making a Fourth of July bonfire; they piled on so much that the corporal had to tell us to cut it out; the fire got too big altogether. After the novelty wore off most of the crowd were satisfied to find a soft place to sit down and say to themselves "it's a great life if you don't weaken." We hate to talk about ourselves, but this is one of the times when the crowd from West Roxbury did stick to their jobs in good shape. In fact I think that the twenty odd that were in the crowd did more than the other eighty that were with us, and if it comes to a showdown I'll bet

that all of the work that is done and done well is done by some one from my town; some reputation, but it's pretty near true. As the saying goes, "We'll get our reward in Heaven if we don't get it in the Army." Of course things will be different for those that lay down when we are assigned to a regular company. I hope so, anyway.

We have managed to get all of our crowd together in one section of the barracks and we certainly do have a lot of fun when we get together at night. There are some that would make a mummy grin when they get started springing them.

There are a lot of things that I could tell you about but as I am going to write a letter to my girl tonight I will have to stop now. Please tell the boys that I am pretty well satisfied and that they will have to be careful how they talk to me the next time I see them as I think by then I will be fit to handle anything in the line of fight. My muscles are getting so hard now that I can hardly bend my arms. If you care to you might let the boys read this as I may not be able to write to any of them for a couple of days.

Give my best wishes to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Nickerson and the others and if you will, I wish you would give my address to Louis Gale.

Sincerely yours,

Private OTTO C. SCHMIDT,
24th Co., 6th Battalion,
151st Depot Brigade.

JUNE DIVIDENDS \$2.75

The regular quarterly dividend of \$1.75 per share and the special dividend of \$1.00 per share, declared by the Directors, were paid on June 1st.

The payment of a Special Dividend in such a short time after the reorganization of the Company is a splendid indication of its financial condition.

It likewise brings home to every stockholder, and every employee should be a stockholder, the fact that they are working for themselves, and if the best efforts of all are put into their work, the continued prosperity of the Company is assured.

PERSONAL MENTION

We are all sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Agnes Curtis, mother of Miss Grace Lynch, Leather Goods Stock Department, who passed away at her home in Roxbury, May 12th. Burial took place in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline.

Mr. Richard Burke, father of Miss Lillian Burke of our Inspection Department, passed away at his home in South Boston May 25th.

Lawrence A. Mullin, brother of Marjorie Mullin, of the Blade Packing Department, died at his home in Dorchester, April 28th, 1918.

Mr. Wilson, of the Machine Shop, states that he intends to sacrifice his whiskers in the near future as a test for the Gillette Safety Razor.

Mrs. John H. Marsh, on May 7th, presented her husband with a ten-pound baby boy. Mother, son and father are doing well.

Sergeant William C. Daunt of the Aviation Branch of the Service, now located in Washington, D. C., formerly of the Machine Department, is now a proud father. The stork arrived May 8th with a baby girl. Weight seven pounds.

Have you noticed the proud and happy smile on Walter Power's face recently. It's a boy, born June 2nd. The boys in the Ma-

chine Department are becoming inveterate smokers.

George Washington, of the Machine Shop, modestly admits that he resembles his namesake, the "Immortal Father of his Country" in one respect, viz: he does not remember ever having told a lie. He also admits having a bad memory.

Miss Theresa Plunkett, of the Blade Packing Department, was married May 8th, 1918, to Mr. John E. Pomeroy, Chief Quartermaster of the United States Navy. Agnes Noonan, of the Blade Packing Department, was bridesmaid for Mrs. Pomeroy.

Albert Bernardini on May 8th met with a painful accident while riding his motor. An electric car jostled him quite severely. Result, abrasions of hand and legs and one motorcycle for sale.

Miss Lillian Roycroft, of the Packing Department, was married to Private John Kenney, on Saturday, June 1, 1918, at St. Margaret's Church. Miss Alice Roycroft, of the Paper Box Department, was bridesmaid.

The many friends of Miss Margaret Dillon, of the Packing Department, sympathize with her in her illness. Miss Dillon is at the City Hospital.

SHARP EDGES

Staple Merchandise is in direct competition with other staple merchandise.

But sound ideas often give staple merchandise a NON-COMPETITIVE identity.

The successful distribution and sale of the Gillette Safety Razor has been through the effectiveness of its publicity,—distinctively *individualizing* and not merely *popularizing* it.

"There are things that are right to say—but not to everybody."

| | | |
|-----------------------|---|--|
| Think This Over | { | Can You Say, Truthfully, That You Always Do Things Just the Way You Would Do Them If You Owned the Whole Works? |
|-----------------------|---|--|

"The one who fears he will do more than his salary calls for will never have much salary to call for."

"The temptations in business are so great that it demands the highest type of conscience, the clearest brain and the most genuine manhood that can be enlisted."

Pluck wins. It always wins.

Its average is sure.

He gains the prize

Who can the most endure.

Who faces issues;

He who never shirks—

Who waits and watches

And who always works.



TO BE SURE

A square deal is all a man wants—but he wants to be the judge of its squareness.

TOO QUICK

"Have you forgotten you owe me \$5?"

"No, not yet. Give me time, and I will."

OLD FRIENDS

A gentleman was once asked if he knew a man named Hook. "O, yes," he said; "Hook and eye are old associates."

WORTH IT

Any girl will cheerfully give up a dollar to a fortune teller in exchange for the information that she is going to be married within a year.

WHY WORRY?

She: "The papers say there would be no panic if the people only had confidence in the banks."

He: "Well, I'm not worrying. Confidence is the only thing I ever had in a bank."

PERFECT CURE

"My husband is troubled with a buzzing sound in his ears; what would you advise?"

"I would advise him to go to the seashore for a month or two."

"But he can't get away."

"Then you can go."

QUITTING ON TIME

"Bill's going to sue the company for damages."

"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."

VERY TRUE

"Here you!" growled the cranky man in the reading-room, "you've been snoring horribly."

"Ugh! Hey?" growled the drowsy one.

"If you only kept your mouth shut," went on the cranky one, "you wouldn't make so much noise."

"Neither would you," replied the other.

TIME WASTED

When a girl is hard to please she is seldom worth the trouble.

HAD BEEN THERE

Henderson: "What is sadder than disappointment in love?"

Henpeck: "Disappointment in marriage."

HOW?

"Mary, how was it I saw you entertaining a policeman at supper last night?"

"I dunno, Mum, unless you was peekin' thro' the key 'ole."

ANSWERED

She (gazing at the heavens): "You've heard of people living under an evil star. I wonder which are the evil stars?"

He: "The ones that wink, probably."

UP TO HIM

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of \$12 a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes.

"I'll try, Jack," replied she. "But what will you do?"

SORTIES

Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid Society): "Now what can we do for the poor boys at the front?"

Mrs. Gillis: "I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipe for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?"

A PLACE TO BE AVOIDED

It was ash day. Pat and Mike were obliged to halt their heavily loaded cart to make way for a funeral. Gazing at the procession, Pat suddenly remarked, "Mike, I wish I knew where I was going to die. I'd give a thousand dollars to know the place where I'm going to die."

"Well, Pat, what good would it do if yes knew."

"Lots," said Pat, "Shure, I'd niver go near that place."

VALUE YOUR TESTED FRIENDSHIPS.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.

Shakespeare.

TO THE EYE

Throne of expression whence the spirit ray
Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,
Where fancy's fire, affections melting beam,
Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn
supreme,
And many a feeling words can ne'er impart
Finds its own language to pervade the
heart.

Thy power bright orb, what bosom has
not felt?

To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt,
And by some spell of undefined control,
With magnet influence touch the secret
soul.

Felicia Hemans.

FUTURITY

Too curious man, why dost thou seek to
know

Events, which, good or ill, foreknown are
we?

The all-seeing Power that made thee mortal
gave

Thee everything a mortal state should have;
Foreknowledge only is enjoyed by Heaven,
And, for his peace of mind, to man for-
bidden;

Wretched were life, if he foreknew his
doom;

Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no
room,

And griefs assured are felt before they
come.

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for
them are very rare; and, when they do
occur, we are prepared for them; we are
excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we
are supported either by the splendor of the
deed in the eyes of the world, or by the
self-complacency that we experience from
the performance of an uncommon action.
Little things are unforeseen, they return
every moment, they come in contact with
our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness,
our readiness to take offence; they con-
tradict our inclinations perpetually. It is,
however, only by fidelity in little things

that a true and constant love to God can
be distinguished from a passing fervor of
spirit.

MOONLIGHT

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!

Here we will sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the
night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Shakespeare.

THE DUTY OF LABOR.

Such, I repeat, is the world, and such is
man. The earth he stands upon, and the air
he breathes, are, so far as his improvement
is concerned, but elements to be wrought
by him to certain purposes. If he stood on
earth passively and unconscious, imbibing
the dew and sap, and spreading his arms
to the light and air, he would be but a tree.
If he grew up capable neither of purpose
nor of improvement, with no guidance but
instinct, and no powers but those of diges-
tion and locomotion, he would be but an
animal. But he is more than this; he is a
man; he is made to improve; he is made
therefore, to think, to act, to work. Labor
is his great function, his peculiar distinc-
tion, his privilege. Can he not think so?
Can he not see, that from being an animal,
to eat, and drink and sleep, to become a
worker,—to put forth the hand of ingenu-
ity, and to pour his own thought into the
moulds of nature, fashioning them into
forms of grace and fabrics of convenience,
and converting them to purposes of im-
provement and happiness,—can he not see,
I repeat, that this is the greatest possible
step in privilege.

Labor, I say, is man's great function.
The earth and the atmosphere are his lab-
oratory. He is nothing, he can be nothing,
he can achieve nothing, fulfil nothing, with-
out working. Not only can he gain no lofty
improvements without this, but without it
he can gain no tolerable happiness. So that
he who gives himself up to utter indolence
finds it too hard for him, and is obliged in
self-defense, unless he be an idiot, to do
something.

Orville Dewey.

IN the May issue of the GILLETTE BLADE a selection from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* was given, in which Ulysses warned his hearers of the had results which flow from insubordination. The selection following is from the same play and out of the mouth of the same speaker. This time Ulysses reproves the champion Achilles on the tendency which the speaker has observed in him to rest content with the laurels which he has already won and to be indifferent to new opportunities. Ulysses reminds Achilles that he can maintain his position and prestige only by constant activity and ever fresh efforts. This advice is applicable to all who would rise in the world, or who would even maintain the position to which they have already advanced. The selection is well worth careful reading and serious thought.—W. E. N.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *Act III, Sc. 3.*

ULYSSES:—

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scrups are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost:
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer; welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
And things in motion sooner catches the eye
Than what not stirs."

QUIT YOUR GRUMBLIN'

Quit your kicking, old man, it's not any use
To fight Mr. 'Trouble with jaw-bone abuse.
If you want to succeed it's not any way
To go around kicking and wastin' your day.
If you can't make the hill a-runnin' on high
Just throw her in low, and never say die.
'The first in the start may finish the last
So keep on a-pluggin'; don't hurry too fast.
Keep smilin'; don't worry, you'll make it all right
If you just keep a-tryin' with all your might.
Don't waste time kickin', but throw off your coat
And dig in and root, like an Arkansaw shoat.
If you think with old Fortune you have a rare pull
You're kiddin' yourself with a poor line of bull.
If you want to make good you have to go through
A stiff course of trainin' before you will do.
So cut out your kickin' and turn off the bile
And jump in and hustle with a song and a smile.

The Gillette Blade

JULY 1918



The Gentle Art of Shaving the Gillette Way



GET

The American Citizen's Creed



- I Believe in myself, in my power to live and think and do for myself, my loved ones, my community, State and Country.
- I Believe in my neighbors, who are children of the same God, citizens of the same Country, and with me equally responsible to both.
- I Believe in the community in which I live. Our interests are one; therefore our efforts should be united to make conditions better — moral, social, industrial and civic.
- I Believe in my State as a part of our common Country; in doing my bit toward cleansing its politics, improving its moral and social conditions, developing its natural resources and its industries, and in making it an effective factor in our national life.
- I Believe in my Country; in her heroic birth and history; in the farseeing statesmanship of her founders and the lofty patriotism of her defenders; in her manifest destiny as a leader among the nations of the world in Liberty, Intellectuality, Morality, Religion, Industry, Science and Art, and as the exponent of the highest and truest type of Civilization the world has ever seen.
- I Believe in the Flag and all that it symbolizes — the most beautiful, the strongest, the broadest and most comprehensive national emblem ever flung to the free air of Heaven.
- I Pledge, without reservation, my intellect, my affections, my ambitions, my strength and my very life, to uphold my Country and my Flag; to sustain their noble traditions, and to do my best to help my fellow-citizens to be true to these high ideals.

"The Great Divide."

The Gillette Blade

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Across the Atlantic on a Troop Transport

THOMAS W. PELHAM, *Sales Manager*

Editor's Note: Ocean travel in these days of the submarine is apt to be attended with a good many thrills. Mr. Pelham, who has just returned from his fourth European trip since the outbreak of the war, will tell us something of the hazards of such a trip.

This article should interest every patriotic American. Here is an opportunity to learn something of the inside conditions as they exist "over there" which may not be found in the average daily newspaper.

A SUBMARINE ATTACK

WHEN the American liner, the S. S. Philadelphia, left her dock in New York on April 16th, I was one of the eight civilian passengers aboard.

The trip was without special incident until the convoy was within forty-eight hours of an English port, when an attack was made on one of the ships by a submarine. It was interesting to note how quickly one of the torpedo boat destroyers

darted to the spot where the submarine was sighted and how it immediately began to drop depth bombs.

The second attack by a submarine was made late in the evening of the same day, and a third attack early in the evening of the next day. When the third attack was made it was said that the submarines had scattered floating mines and the convoy was held up until the mine sweepers had located and destroyed the mines.

We reached an English port on April 28th. I was naturally very much interested in seeing the debarkation of American troops. It was a sight to arouse the patriotic fervor of any good American.

The soldiers were in splendid physical condition and made a fine appearance. The officers in their natty

uniforms certainly looked and acted their part.

THE MORALE AND SPIRIT OF OUR MEN

Many interesting conversations were had with officers and men on the way over. I became well acquainted with a Major General and his various staff officers, as well as junior officers who were proceeding to France to join their own companies. I found officers and men in the best of spirits and while all of them realized the magnitude of the task before them, not one expressed a doubt as to the ultimate outcome.

I reached London late Sunday evening, April 28th, and met Mr. Gaines and his office staff at the Gillette office on Monday.

I spent ten days or more in London and had an opportunity to talk with many English officers, as well as the civilian population. There are very few English soldiers in England, but quite a number of Australians and a number of American officers, but no American soldiers.

BUSINESS, THE CONSERVATION OF FOOD

Business seemed to be going on about as usual. Every store was open and customers seemed numerous. There is naturally a shortage of certain commodities, but for the most part people can find the article they want or a substitute therefor.

The Government is regulating the distribution of food; therefore, everyone is on rations; whether it be an English Duke or an English workman, the rations are the same. There is no complaint of the food

control. People are patriotically obeying the Government's regulations and requests with respect to food consumption. Small quantities of meat are allowed four times a week, but fish is in reasonable abundance and can be purchased readily. Sugar, butter and eggs are scarce and almost unobtainable. No sugar, butter or meat can be purchased without so-called food cards, and then only in certain restricted quantities.

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS

The spirit of the people is wonderful. It is said that there is scarcely a family in England that has not made sacrifices of blood and treasure. The English people say there is not a family unwilling to make further sacrifices in order to win the war.

THE IMPORTANT TASKS OF WOMEN

Nearly all the English women are working in the fields, factories, offices or hospitals. Hundreds of thousands are organized, wear uniforms and are styled "Women's Auxiliary Army Corps." They work in France and in England doing rough work as well as office work. Nor is the work done by the women of England confined to the so-called working class. Many of the families of the old nobility, of the gentry and of the wealthy, are working in factories and in offices as well as in hospitals. Thousands are driving motor busses, taxicabs, running elevators, and driving automobiles for army and navy officers, and in every way contributing their bit to the cause.

AN AIR RAID

There were no air raids on London while I was there, but one occurred shortly after I left for Paris. During this air raid a bomb was dropped upon a building across the street from the Gillette office. The building was destroyed and all the windows of all the buildings in the square were shattered.

London theatres and other places of amusement were open as usual and the attendance was about the same as in normal times.

There was a very noticeable restriction of the sale and consumption of intoxicants. Saloons and other places where drinks were sold were open from 12 to 2.30 and from 6.30 to 9 P. M. Restaurants and hotel dining rooms were closed at 9.30 P. M.

All windows of public and private buildings were darkened and no lights could be burned except when the shades were drawn. Streets were dark except for an occasional shaded street lamp. No lights were allowed on automobiles or other vehicles.

TRAVELING UNDER RESTRICTIONS

Railroad passenger traffic in England is considerably restricted and railroad fares have increased 50%. Parlor car and restaurant car service has been discontinued entirely on some trains and greatly restricted on others.

Anyone traveling in England outside their own town must register with the Police Bureau. When leaving a town they must call on the Police and have their passport vizaed before they can leave. Many other restrictions as to travel are imposed and all are controlled by the Defence of the Realm Act and all are intended to safeguard England and her Allies; therefore, all such regulations are complied with without complaint.

GRIM DETERMINATION OF THE PEOPLE

If there is one thing noticeable in England more than another, it is the quiet determination of the people to continue the war until victory is won.

Great admiration is expressed for America, for the American soldiers and officers and for President Wilson. Clubs for American officers are established in various parts of London and there are numerous places where soldiers can likewise find a resting place and amusement. The Y. M. C. A. and other similar organizations have provided every possible comfort and convenience for the American and other soldiers.

After completing my business in London I then proceeded to France, crossing the English Channel from Southampton to Havre and thence to Paris by train.

I will advise you in a later letter of some of the incidents in connection with my visit to France.

(To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for August)



[MR. JAMES D. McLAUGHLIN

MR. McLAUGHLIN, who has been in charge of our Export Shipping for some time, has gone to South America, to advance the interests and better the "Gillette Service" in Latin America.

He has the necessary qualifications and training to fit him for this important mission.

He is a graduate of the Hugh O'Brien School, Roxbury, and after

entering Boston College he took up a special course in Business Training at Boston University.

He has done much good work since entering the employ of this Company and he doubtless will give us an interesting account of his activities in the Latin countries.

His friends in the Gillette organization extend to him their best wishes for a successful trip and safe return.



The Gentle Art of Shaving

CHAPTER I—THE BEARD

BACK in the early morning of the world, when men wore whiskers for suits of clothes, shaving would hardly have been considered modest. Some time later, but while the world was yet very youthful, certain gentlemen started the rather risky business of skinning wild animals out of their costumes. From this time on the purpose of whiskers changed.

Some several centuries after the advent of Adam, swearing by the beard of the Prophet and pulling the whisker of the heretic were popular pastimes. Wars have been fought for and against whiskers. They have furnished disguises taxing the penetration of Sherlock Holmes. They have been sung to by the poets and laughed at by the populace.



An Eastern
Jungle

Though shaving may have been a questionable practice back in the early chapters of the Stone Age, it is nevertheless a custom rivalling the hills for antiquity. The first book of the Bible bears a reference to shaving

which relates to no less a person than Joseph, who performed this operation with great ceremony preparatory to answering a summons to appear before the Egyptian king. At that time the Egyptians were the only people who made a national practice of shaving. Whether their supremacy was reflected in this custom is a matter for argument, though the clean face might be taken as a calculable item in that nation's progressive methods. They suffered the beard only as a sign of mourning.



Quick, Watson, the Razor

Some twenty-five centuries ago the Romans invented the word *barbarian* to apply to those who did not shave or barber their faces. On the other hand the Moslems so revered the beard that they buried all hairs which escaped during the process of combing. Then, later came along Sultan Selin I, who gave his subjects a jolt by shaving off his beard.

History would seem to throw a

bomb into the idea that beards were wont to indicate strength, dignity and manliness. Alexander the Great, champion heavyweight soldier of his time, shaved and ordered all his army to do likewise, that none of his fighting men might be grasped by the beard in battle. Pliny tells us the stalwart Scipio Africanus was the



first Roman to shave daily, though a little later the Roman youth celebrated his coming into man's estate with a shaving festival.

The conquering Normans who invaded England not only shaved the entire face, but also the backs of their heads. The fighting Tartars waged a long war against the Persians, claiming them to be infidels because they refused to follow the

custom of Tartary and shave their faces. And in Russia, during the reign of Peter the Great, that mighty monarch taxed the unsanitary beards of his people in an effort to force them to shave.

Whiskers have served many purposes. They have substituted for neckties, acted as jungles for germs and concealed the lack of a chin. Yet the beard has degenerated as the world has aged and grown in wisdom.



There is even reason to doubt the genuineness of the ancient love of the beard in the light of the torturing methods then employed in its removal. Almost anyone would put up with nearly any kind of hirsute scenery rather than suffer the shaving torments of antiquity.

CHAPTER II—THE RAZOR

When the civilization of ancient, classic Greece was at its height, shaving was looked upon as an indication of refinement. Perhaps the learned men of that day were blessed with especially tough skins, or possibly some Greek inventor worked out a razor that did not leave a jig-saw decoration on the countenance. However that may have been, it is certain that the varied shaving devices employed during many hundreds of years were so crude that if we used them today we would have shaving hospitals instead of barber shops; anæsthetics would be given and the job put down as a minor surgical operation. Think of having your

whiskers operated on, every day or two!

Many savage tribes still use pieces of shell, sharks' teeth and chips of flint for shaving. Some of those of Polynesia use two pieces of flint and grind off the whiskers be-



tween the stones. A somewhat more sensational method is employed by some of the tribes of Africa. They use a plate of iron about an inch wide, three inches long and half an inch thick, mounted in a horn handle. This is made white hot and then passed over the beard, close to the

face. Strange as it seems, this is said to produce a good shave, and with comfort to the most tender skin. Obsidian, or volcanic glass, has long been used as a substitute for the razor; and slivers of bamboo are still



Cutting His Best Friend

in common use among certain savage tribes.

Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, Director of the Field Museum of Natural

History, Chicago, is authority for the statement that razors were extensively used during the so-called Bronze Age of Europe. Hundreds of bronze knives especially designed for this purpose have been found and experiments have been made with one taken from a Swiss pile-dwelling to prove its shaving qualities. The earliest type of bronze razor was made crescent-shaped with short, spiral handle; later it assumed a rectangular and straight shape.

The late Julius Caesar, at the time he was operating a king trust, vouchsafed a statement to the effect that among the ancient Britons the shaving of the beard was an indication of noble birth and that it was customary to inter razors with

these gentry at the time of their burial. This accounts for the large number of razors found in the graves of the Bronze Age.

It is known that bronze razors were popular in Egypt 2,000 B. C., and a razor set of a period some five centuries later is in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The practice of shaving in Egypt has been traced definitely back to 3400 B. C., so that with more than five thousand years of practice behind us, we really should know something of the gentle art. For years beyond number the Chinese have used a razor that looks like a split half dime mounted on a stick.

Among practically all civilized people, however, the common, knife-shaped blade has seen little real change from the time of the Bronze Age to the production of our modern safety razor.

Art rather than utility seemed to possess the razor maker for many generations, for



the handles of our shaving knives have been made of many kinds of materials and decorated in weird and wonderful ways.

Warming to His Work

CHAPTER III—THE BARBER

Here we have an occupation with as checkered a history as one may find in many a long day's search. There are indications that the gentlemen of the steel plied their profession in Greece and Rome hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, but we have scant information relative to their methods and

equipment. These pioneers could hardly have been more antiquated in their operations, however, than are some of the rural barbers of present-day Spain. Possibly the national sport of bull-fighting has calloused Spaniard tonsorial artists; at any rate their regard for the human skin is not noticeable. They rub hard soap

into the moistened cheeks of their victims and then, without the slightest attempt at lathering, they proceed to shave off this concrete surface. If the



"The Barber of Seville"

soap becomes too hard to permit the penetration of the razor a dash of water is applied. At the conclusion of this butchering the victim washes his own face.

By way of contrast, the custom of "barbery" among the Turks has long been an elaborate ceremony, though by no means a painless one. The native customer, placed in a chair and wrapped in a huge apron, had his head, face and neck speedily converted into a frothy field of soap bubbles and hot vapor. After this had been thoroughly scrubbed in with hair mittens, the patient was ducked in very hot water, allowed to breathe a moment, and again ducked, this time in icy water. Then followed a brisk rubbing and an application of



"The Heathen Chinee is Peculiar"

lukewarm suds, after which the shaving is accomplished. The Turkish barber of fifty years ago was the official advertiser of baths, the dispenser of drugs, rat poison, anti-fleabite lotions and charms. Certainly a man of parts.

Barbers, in their day, have held lofty positions. They have been the friends of kings and the confidential advisers of statesmen. In the reign of Louis XIV the French barber-

surgeons were incorporated and during the reign of Henry VIII the English barbers were united with the company of surgeons, though their surgical operations were confined to blood-letting and the pulling of teeth, while surgeons were not allowed to indulge in "barbery or shaving."

The shame of the black eye has been the barber's abettor since the rosy youth of the world, even as today the tonsorial artist softens the shadows 'round the swollen optic of the victim of an indiscreet encounter.

During the days of Queen Elizabeth nobles frequently lodged over the shop of the barber-surgeon and spent many hours with him, having their mustaches curled, beards starched and love-locks frizzed and trimmed.



"Starch for My Beard, 'awkins!"

The famous Samuel Pepys refers to "barbers' music," made with a "Cittern" and "two candle sticks with money in them for symballs." And there were women barbers in London as long ago as the reign of Charles II. Long before the discovery of America the barber shops of England were the great centers for news, even as now they are the clearing houses for gossip.

When in 1745 the barbers and surgeons were separated into distinct corporations, the historic barber pole lost its original meaning. When the wielder of the razor was also a duly accredited minor surgeon the striped pole was supposed to represent an applied bandage.

When fashion decreed that gentlemen should shave at home, many struggles with stubborn stubble ensued and many a cheek gave evidence of the flow of crimson; yet that which started as a fad has grown into a great international custom, until no home is now complete without its battery of razors.



*Another Turkish
Massacre*

More than fifty centuries have elapsed since man, in a desire to rid

himself of a mat of clotted whiskers that he might see in some clear pool the lines of his own features, set about the scraping of his face with a piece of flint. Perhaps there was a woman in the case, some fleet-footed maiden whose downy cheek rebelled at the touch of so much masculine under-brush. Yet with all these thousands of years of experience little advance was made prior to this generation. Until the coming of the safety razor the principal changes effected in the shaving instrument were concerned with decorating the handle.

CHAPTER IV — THE SOAP

Soap and its shaving substitutes rather parallel the progress of razors, there being many variations but little improvement for centuries. Certain savage tribes still scrape dry faces, others wet the bearded parts with water. Some of the tribes bordering the Amazon use the thick juice of the rubber tree, while the favorite lubricant of tropical Africa is the oil of the oil palm.

In the East Indies the pulp of the ripe banana mixed with juice drawn from the same plant, offers a very fair substitute for shaving soap. An application of green orange provides another fresh-fruit shave popular with certain natives.



*The Mirror up to
Nature*

Like many shaving soaps of today, these primitive lubricants have little virtue beside offering a skid for the razor. So far as history enlightens us soap has been used for shaving as long as it has been used for

cleaning purposes; and yet it has been practically the same old soap, leaving in its wake the same old smart and tingle and drawn skin.

The introduction of the round cake to fit in the shaving mug brought no relief to the burning cheeks of shaving men. When the more sanitary stick superseded the cake the question of skin service was still unsolved. And the experimental shaving powder, which struggled for recognition on the tail of the publicity built about the stick, continued to ignore the question of comfort. All of these attempts at improvement dealt only with the outward appearance or convenience of the soap, leaving its ingredients practically unchanged.



*The Aboriginal
Shave*

And so it would seem that the history of shaving soap is as long as its development is short and not apace with razor development.

Adequate razors are easily obtainable, but the secret of proper shaving rests with the lather—and here science enters; the physical and chemical structure of the skin and hair are involved.

Of all agents with which man has experimented, soap makes the best



"No, Cecil, Not Till
You Shave"

lather. But soaps, and their lathers, are as unlike as January and June. A necessary part of every soap is caustic, but the

manner in which the caustic appears in the lather marks the difference between a comfortable shave and torment.

If the caustic in soap has been "neutralized"—balanced by its "opposite" in the wonderful adjustment of atoms that chemistry shows—the lather is mild and non-irritating. But if a minute amount runs wild, becomes "free," it is destructive and profanity-inspiring out of all proportion to its size.

Undissolved soap differs from lather in its action on the face, so that the ideal soap is the one that dissolves most quickly, and gives the creamiest lather for the least soap and effort. This means that the long-endured "hard" shaving soap, whether cake, stick or powder, is as sure to fail of popularity as the hair shirt of the penitential priest, because it does not readily dissolve and yield a copious, moist lather.

And this explains why so many men have tried half a dozen or more brands of safety razors. The faults laid to the razors generally belong

to the soap. And the quick-drying, slow-lathering, irritating soap is essentially medieval, just as are many of our little fetishes of shaving ceremonials.

We have gone through an ancient ritual of shaving. We have swabbed the face with hot water, which merely loosens the skin. We have rubbed in the lather to "soften" the beard, but instead of affecting the hairs we have brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and forced an irritating soap into the skin. The grinding off of the hard stick soap on a stubble of beard is an even more effective way of adding to this irritation.

When David Harum "shaved to the blood" he merely denuded the flesh of his face of much of the outer skin, even as you have done when indulging in an extra-close shave that brought the little dots of blood to the surface and gave you the feeling of intimate association with a bunch of nettles. This does not mean that a close shave is impossible without removing sections of skin; it simply means that you are not using a correct lather, that actually softens the beard without unduly opening the pores or bringing the blood to the surface.



Great Caesar's Ghost

We miss the tonic effects obtained from shaving with cold water, simply because all our soaps have required hot water. Yet nothing is more beneficial to the skin, a greater protection against exposure and a preventive of the tenderness that tor-

tures so many, than shaving with cold water—providing the soap be completely soluble.

As a business people in a day of common sense, we demand that we

The technical information used in the preparation of this article was furnished in part by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N. Y., and the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Ill.

(Courtesy G. Mennen Chemical Co.)

Gillette Night at the Shubert Theatre

IN response to a generous invitation extended to their employees, families and friends by the Gillette Safety Razor Company, we enjoyed a real get-together family party at the Shubert Theatre, June 24th.

The program included the pictures now being shown under the auspices of the U. S. Government, "Pershing's Crusaders," and singing and dancing specialties by the Gillette employees.

We also had the pleasure of a few words from Mr. Pelham, who had just returned from France. Everybody listened with the greatest of interest while he told of some of the incidents of his recent trip, particularly his meeting in Paris with Lieut. Geo. Evans, formerly of our Buffing Department, who has won the coveted Croix de Guerre. "Shellproof" Mack and Mr. Stansfield, U. S. Supervisor of Savings, made a stirring appeal for the purchase of War Savings Stamps, and we feel sure that all Gillette employees will respond nobly.

A brief announcement was made of the newly formed Women's War Committee, which will have charge of the Gillette Red Cross work.

The pictures of Pershing's Crusaders were splendid reproductions

shall not be compelled, at the expense of our skin, our time and our temper, to supply or endure the deficiencies of the kind of lather that was old-fashioned when Columbus landed.

of the war and the part played by our soldiers in this country and in Europe. It was thrilling to sit comfortably in a Boston theatre and have our boys, who are thousands of miles away from us, brought back to us so that we could see just what they are doing that we may continue to enjoy the comfort and safety of our homes. All eyes were strained looking for Gillette boys. Although we recognized none, they are all our boys just the same, and we are proud of them. We are very grateful to the individual employees who contributed to our programme during intermission, and take this opportunity of heartily thanking them.

We also desire to express our thanks to the Gillette Safety Razor Company on behalf of all the employees for not only this splendid entertainment, but for the many other courtesies they have extended to us. We trust the time will never come when we fail in appreciation of their many kindnesses to us and that we may continue to repay them in the only way possible for us—by our loyal and hearty cooperation.

CATHERINE L. COYNE, *Office.*

F. G. BRADY, *Blade Packing Dept.*



MR. FRANK G. FLYNN

MR. FRANK G. FLYNN is our Assistant Auditor. In April, 1912, he secured a position with the Gillette Safety Razor Company as cost clerk. Here he found his opportunity. To prepare himself for anything that might come his way, he entered the Pace Insti-

tute, where he took a course in accounting, law and finance. He has made a special study of "Costs," and is a keen student of the varying conditions in the marts of trade.

Mr. Flynn was born in Roxbury, Mass., April 25th, 1892.

Bonus Received in Various Departments During Month of June, 1918

The Weekly Bonus is figured on a basis of 95 per cent for Attendance and 97 per cent for Tardiness. The department must come up to both percentages in order to receive the Bonus in full.

Each employee who is neither Late or Absent receives 50 cents, and if the required percentages of the department are also reached, such employee receives an additional 50 cents, making the total Bonus \$1.00 per week.

| Name | Department | June 5 | June 12 | June 19 | June 26 |
|-----------------|-----------------------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| Mr. Evans | Cleaning | * | * | | * |
| Mr. Gabarino | Grinding | * | * | | * |
| Mr. Kelly | Honing (3--A) | | * | | * |
| Mr. Kelly | Honing (4-B) | | | * | |
| Mr. Olsen | Punching | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Sides | Hardening | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Sullivan | Stropping | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Rattray | Carpenter | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Vezina | Blade Print., Polish. | * | | * | * |
| Mr. Fisher | Printing | | | * | * |
| Miss Brady | Fin. Packing | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Raphael | Shipping | | | * | |
| Mr. Wm. Donovan | Adv. Shipping | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Blank | Engraving | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Ruppel | Laboratory | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Hatfield | Power | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Sorenson | Screw Machine | * | | | |
| Miss Macaskill | Blade Packing | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Crichton | Janitors | | * | | * |
| Miss Driscoll | Leather Goods | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Wharton | Handle Press | | * | * | |
| Miss Denny | Handle Insp. | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Biggar | Painters | | | * | * |
| Mr. Hoar | Plating | * | | | |
| Mr. W. Murphy | Stock | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Lord | Stores Rec'd | * | * | | * |
| Mr. Briscoe | Watchmen | * | * | * | * |
| Miss Quinlan | Blade Insp. | | * | * | * |
| Mr. Gaskin | Electrical | | * | * | * |

* Received Bonus

Where no stars appear, the department did not receive Bonus

Loyalty

[Found in Mr. Fahey's note-book.]

IF you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position,

and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But as long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it. If you do, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to that institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track, and probably you will never know why.

The Volunteer

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Sez I: My Country calls? We'll, let it call.
I grins perlitely and declines wiv thanks.
Go, let 'em plaster every blighted wall,
'Ere's *one* they don't stampede into the ranks.

Them politicians with their greasy ways;
Them empire-grabbers—fight for 'em? No fear!

I've seen this mess a-comin' from the days
Of Algyserious and Aggydear;

I've felt me passion rise and swell,
But wot the 'ell, Bi'l? Wot the 'ell?

Sez I: My Country? Mine? I likes their cheek.

Me mud-bespattered by the cars they drive,
Wot makes my measly thrity bob a week,
And sweats red blood to keep meself alive!
Fight for the right to slave that they may spend,

Them in their mansions, me 'ere in my slum?

No, let 'em fight wot's something to defend;
But me, I've nothin'—let the Kaiser come.

And so I cusses 'ard and well,
But wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Sez I: If they would do the decent thing,
And shield the missils and the little 'uns,
Why, even *I* might shout "God save the King."

And face the chances of them 'ungry guns.
But we've got three, another on the way;
It's that wot makes me snarl and set me jor;

The wife and nippers, wot of 'em, I say,
If I gets knocked out in this blasted war?

Gets proper busted by a shell.
But wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell?

Ay, wot the 'ell's the use of all this talk?
To-day some boys in blue was passin' me,
And some of 'em they 'ad no legs to walk,
And some of 'em they 'ad no eyes to see.
And—well, I couldn't look 'em in the face,
And so I'm goin', goin' to declare
I'm under forty-one and take me place
To face the music with the bunch out there.

A fool, you say! Maybe you're right.

I'll 'ave no peace unless I fight.
I've ceased to think; I only know
I've gotta go, Bill, gotta go.



MR. JOSEPH J. HICKEY

IN the March issue of the GILLETTE BLADE we made mention of the addition to our sales force of Mr. Joseph J. Hickey. We are now pleased to be able to present to our readers a portrait of Mr. Hickey.

Mr. Hickey's first position was with Swift & Company, the meat packers, in Boston, as cashier, where he worked until 1912. In the latter

part of that year he went to work for the United Fruit Company and was sent immediately to South America. In the fall of 1913 he returned to the United States.

Mr. Hickey was born in South Boston, December 21st, 1891. He received his education in the public schools of his native city, graduating from both the Boston Latin School and the High School of Commerce.

Gillette Service Stores

J. FRANK REBUCK, *Assistant Sales Manager*

OUR Company has been making rapid progress. As we develop we shall try to keep our readers informed.

The Service Campaign, to which we have referred in previous issues, revealed to us an opportunity to render Gillette users a service of exceptional value. The letters we have received from thousands of satisfied users throughout the country, as a result of the service of our experts, made a decided impression upon our executives. The Sales Department made a further investigation among the retailers in whose stores our experts were stationed. Dealers were unanimous in the belief that the Campaign had done more to increase sales, and establish *good will* between manufacturer and customer, than any other method attempted. They suggested we should extend the Campaign indefinitely, making this service part of our general Advertising and Sales policy.

The management is in favor of prolonging this program, and plans are now being formulated to continue the work.

The Gillette Company maintains selling offices in New York and Chicago, but these, like the Boston office and factory, are inadequate for our future requirements. With the success of our Service Campaign in mind, it naturally followed that a permanent place for adjusting complaints would be a "step in the right direction." As it was necessary to enlarge our branch offices, we de-

cided to open, in connection with these, two Gillette Service Stores. These stores, prominently located, would give an opportunity to show conspicuously our complete line to millions of people. From an advertising standpoint, in addition to the service we can render the public, the benefit derived would be invaluable.

While the principal object of these Service Stores will be to render a service similar to that given during our Service Week Campaign, we will also sell our merchandise at retail. We will educate the public in these cities and adjacent territory, who may complain of Gillette merchandise, to call at one of our Service Stores. Here we shall adjust the complaint to the satisfaction of all. This service will establish a friendly relationship between the dealer, the manufacturer, and the Gillette user. "Satisfy a customer in every instance and you will always have a customer to satisfy" is sound logic and good business sense.

The first Service Store was opened on June 3rd at No. 123 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, the heart of the financial district. It has a frontage of fifteen feet on La Salle Street and is fifty feet deep, with a floor space of seven hundred and fifty square feet. Illustrations on these pages show the pleasing appearance of the new Chicago store.

At the opening we displayed a complete line, also the \$500.00 Panama Exhibition Razor for which the



FRONT VIEW OF STORE

SIDE VIEW OF INTERIOR



INTERIOR VIEW OF OFFICE

GENERAL VIEW OF STORE
ENTERING DOOR



Gillette Safety Razor Company was awarded first prize for the practical art of Safety Razor manufacturing.

The store is furnished throughout in solid mahogany. In combination with the glass show fixtures, it reflects an exceptionally rich appearance and well in keeping with the complete line of Gillette articles displayed.

Back of the display room, separated by a mahogany partition, is the office. In the rear is our stock room, accessible from the office. The latter may also be entered by a side-door, convenient for receiving goods, etc. Semi-indirect fixtures are installed in all parts of the building, giving a soft light, restful to the eyes, displaying the merchandise to good advantage. A large mirror, set in a mahogany casing on the side wall, is an added attraction to the store. Handsome rugs cover the floor, harmonizing with the surroundings.

Our second Service Store and new office is located at 172 Broadway, New York City, at the corner of Maiden Lane. The interior decorations are not far enough advanced to warrant a complete description at the present time. Complete details, with photographs, will be printed in a future edition of THE GILLETTE BLADE.

A cordial invitation is extended to all our readers to visit these Service Stores at any time.

The following letter was recently received as a result of our Service Week Campaign in Washington:

Navy Department,
Office of Naval Operations,
Washington, June 14, 1918.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
Dear Sir:

During your recent special Gillette week here in Washington, D. C., your kind lady representative replaced a damaged part of my Gillette Razor, which was no fault of the construction of the razor.

The damage was caused by dropping it on the floor and poor treatment on my part, and I am sure that if it was not the very best of metal it would have been impossible for me to shave with it long ago.

I have had my Gillette Razor three years and it looks good for that much longer.

I have always shaved myself since I bought the Gillette Razor, and that is more than I can say about the others I had.

I am one of Uncle Sam's Jackies and I have to keep clean shaved all the time; makes no difference where I may be, and I find friend Gillette *always ready*.

Most all the boys use Gillette Razors in the Army and the Navy, so there must be a reason.

If you have time you can tell friend King C. Gillette that if we could make Germans fly as fast as his razor will whiskers, the war would soon be over.

I thank you very much for the replacement, which was very good of you people.

Sincerely,

J. E. B.



Burglars Steal Tasty Display of Razors in Large Show Window

HUNDREDS of thousands of dollars are spent annually in advertising the virtues of the Gillette Safety Razor. Its manufacturers have discovered the truth of the adage, "It Pays to Advertise."

But there are exceptions to every rule—except maybe that one made of gold has stood the acid test of all ages. Witness the experience of Chester J. Wheeler, of the Gillette Company. He came to Birmingham Friday in the interest of the sales of Gillette razors. He proclaimed their pre-eminence in a tasty array of cutlery in the show window of Wimberly and Thomas Hardware Company. The window was more than attractive. It was ablaze with all sorts

of shining scimitars for shaving. But in the blaze of glory the blaze of the Gillette was like unto the illuminating power of the searchlight compared to the puny glow of the firefly.

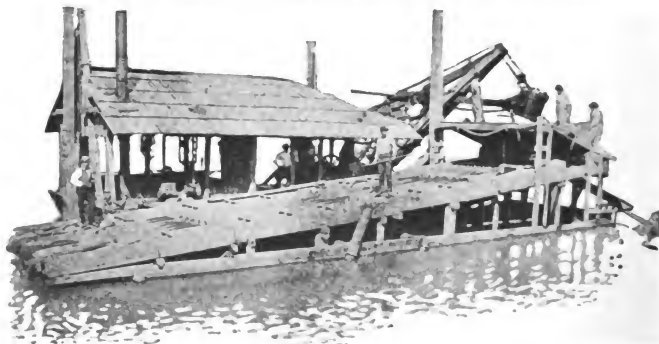
The advertising agent had said boldly that there is no razor that compares with the Gillette, and his lesson went home. At least, it was believed by burglars, who, in the watches of the night, broke the window open, stole all the Gillettes. The other razors were left as safe as a baby in its cradle with its mother watching and the family bulldog standing watch just outside the door.

Birmingham (Ala.) News.

The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED—IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

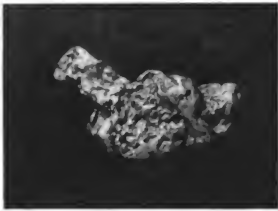


RIVER MINING APPARATUS, ETOWAH RIVER, GEORGIA

ON my return from Europe I succeeded in getting my resources rebuilt sufficiently to put up a laboratory with an assaying equipment in Somerville and engaged in miscellaneous analytical work, in assaying and in the refining of gold and silver waste for jewellers and others. This kept me busy until I had a call from an importer of aniline dyes to engage in testing the relative values of his goods and at the same time travel among the New England Cotton and Woolen Mills and introduce the same. I was engaged in this work, which was the last professional chemical work I ever did, until the late spring of 1881 when a friend, a Technology classmate, invited me to take a trip to northern Georgia where he was

superintending a gold mine. I made the journey and became interested in dredging the gold bearing gravel in a Georgia river. I leased several miles of the river bed and coming back to Boston purchased a steam shovel, large steam pumps and other equipment, all of which I shipped to the scene of my new enterprise. My grandmother used to call me Venturesome and she may have been right, for it was a dull day for me when I was not venturing something. I built two large flat boats, and launched them in the river, one to carry the steam shovel and the other the pumps and the sluices in which the spangles and grains of gold were to be washed out from the gravel. It was no small task for one of my still limited experience, for I was

then but twenty-eight years old. The accompanying cut shows my river mining apparatus in operation in the Etowah River, Cherokee County, Georgia. I pushed the river mining for nearly a year, and although I recovered considerable gold, the expenses exceeded the returns and I was obliged to give up the work. Nothing daunted I shipped the steam shovel back to Boston and sold it to the parties from whom I had bought it, but at a price so much reduced that it did not seem to have any relationship with the one I had paid for it. I then took the steam boilers,



A GEORGIA NUGGET

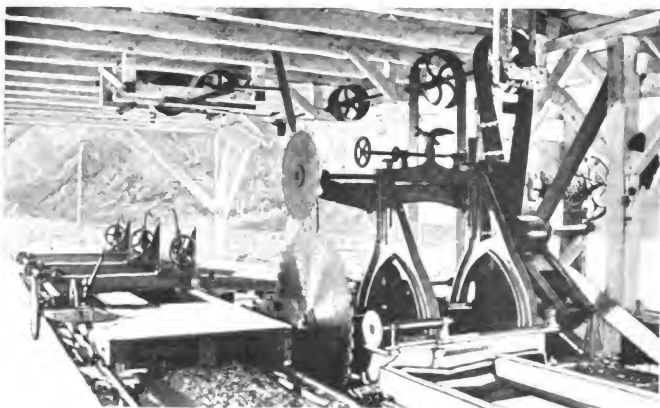
pumps and piping and started to do some placer work on a hillside where gold was known to exist. I worked some six months at this, but the results were disappointing and I regretfully gave up the idea of making money in Georgia gold mining.

The free gold which occurs in the gravel in northern Georgia at the bottom of rivers and creeks and, also in other locations, is in the form of small thin spangles or rounded grains most of which are not larger than the grains of ordinary table salt. Occasionally, however, larger pieces are found. Where these are of sufficient size they are dignified by

the name of nugget. The largest nugget which came into my possession is shown natural size photographed with the black background and weighs fifteen penny-weights. I keep it among my mementos.

Although my mining ventures had not been successful from the standpoint of profit, I was not yet ready to go home beaten. While building my boats, I had not been able to buy the quantity or quality of lumber that I needed, so had purchased a portable saw mill and sawed my own material. This had given me some experience in the gentle art of lumbering and rather than go back North with nothing to show for my efforts and expenditures, I resolved to go into the lumber business. I bought a good sized saw mill outfit in Cincinnati and a suitable engine in Atlanta, numerous oxen and logging carts and established a mill in Canton, Cherokee County. The logs were collected on the river and floated down to the mill. I ran this business for about two years, selling my best lumber in Atlanta and the miscellaneous stuff locally. The prices I got for it would look pretty small in the lumber yard of today. By this time I had used most of the easily available timber and began looking around to see what I should do next, for I was not yet ready to return home.

I took a trip into the pine woods country of middle Georgia and found there was an opportunity to establish a planing mill in connection with a large saw mill in Emmanuel County, at a point about midway between Macon and Savannah. The saw mill cut dimension lumber, con-



INTERIOR OF SAW MILL, SHOWING SAWS AND LOG CARRIAGE

sisting mostly of large pieces, on orders from the North and shipped by way of Savannah and coastwise vessels. The work of the planing mill was to manufacture the boards cut from the logs in the operation of squaring them for the dimension stuff, into flooring, matched sheathing, mouldings, window and door frame stock, etc. So I closed a bargain with the mill people and hastened back to Canton to close up my business there and move my effects to Emmanuel County.

During my absence from Canton my mill sawyer had got into some trouble and had left town. As no other sawyer was to be obtained, there was nothing to do but go at it myself. I swedged and filed saws and stood at the control lever of the mill carriage, until all the logs I had on hand were sawed up and a large part of the timbers of the mill itself.

The cut shows part of the interior of the saw mill, especially the saws and log carriage and will convince the reader that it was no toy affair that I was operating. While I stood at the carriage playing the part of sawyer I kept the mill gang on the jump and they had to give me full credit for being able to do so. I think the reader will have no difficulty in discerning by means of the cut that the interior of the mill was white-washed, and perhaps also the reader will believe with me that it was the only mill so treated in Georgia, or perhaps in any other state. The whitewashing was done to make the light in the mill better in the morning and evening hours.

The first year I spent in the South, though my mining operations were in Cherokee County, I lived in Acworth, Cobb County and daily rode on horseback to and from my

work, seven miles each way. I vividly recall that while returning to Acworth one evening about dusk, the rain falling in torrents and the mud six or eight inches deep in the road, my horse stumbled over something and fell on her side with one of my legs under her. I could not get up until she did and when she was on her feet once more and I in the saddle we were about as muddy a pair as ever travelled together. Acworth was the dreariest, most uninteresting town it was ever my lot to live in. The hotel where I boarded was a little different from any that I have seen elsewhere. It was kept by an old couple of very singular characteristics. He was supposed to be a lawyer and went popularly by the name of "Judge." Although born in Connecticut he had lived in the South so long that all trace of the yankee had disappeared. She was a native Georgian and wholly illiterate. They were an honest, kind-hearted pair but their ways were past ordinary understanding. The old couple occupied a room on the ground floor with three windows. Every night they took a hammer and nails and nailed up three old bed quilts over the three windows and in the morning pulled out the nails and took down the quilts. The guests of the hotel were mostly travelling salesmen and a few regular boarders. When all were seated at the table the old lady would say:—"Now all you uns pitch in and help yourselves, if you don't git enough it ain't my fault." This was quite true for the fare was bountiful such as it was. The old lady always milked the hotel cow, which gave as much as

three pints of milk daily. This she performed by holding a small tin cup in one hand, milking with the other, while the attention of the cow was absorbed in a bundle of fodder. When the tin cup was filled the old lady would carry it to the hotel and return for another cup full, and so on until the milking was finished.

I could write much further of the oddities of the Acworth Hotel and its queer proprietors but will dismiss the subject after saying that the dining room had no windows, but outside doors at each end. These doors were always opened for light at meal time, and winter mornings I often ate breakfast with my overcoat and hat on.

After one year I moved my domicile to Canton, Cherokee County, where there was a much better hotel, and where I resided for the next two and one half years. There was also a much better class of people in Canton among whom I soon made many warm friends.

While I was living in Canton the walking match craze swept over most of the United States. We caught the fever and our match was open to contestants from several Counties. I was inveigled into the race, it being known that I was a pretty good walker. I am pleased to record that I won the first prize without difficulty, to the tune of nearly thirty-six miles in six hours, go as you please. From this it may be seen that my legs and wind at least did me credit. I still have a photograph of myself in my racing costume, blue and white, but I am not going to put it in the GILLETTE BLADE, either now or at any other time.



MOVING BOILER AT RATE OF ONE
MILE PER HOUR

On one occasion a mining concern had a large boiler to transport from the railway station in Canton to a mine up among the hills about twenty miles distant. They had no facilities at hand for this work and they applied to me. With my oxen and logging wheels I managed to get the boiler delivered, but it was a tough job and required all the resources and ingenuity at my command, including numerous blocks and tackle. The average rate of progress was less than one mile per hour and the time required was over two days. The cut shows how I slung the boiler on the wheels and the appearance of the rig in general.

After settling my affairs in Canton and packing up my belongings I started for Emmanuel County. I was made welcome in my new location. I built the planing mill and went North and bought wood working machines from the S. A. Woods Machine Company of Boston.

I should have had a profitable business this time, but as time went on the people who owned the saw mill and in whose hands I had rather unwisely placed myself, began to put on the screws. After the lapse of a year and a half the conditions had become intolerable. They were not willing that I should make anything at all and they controlled the situation absolutely. I began to long for home and the prospect of spending my life in the back woods of Georgia, practically the slave of the rapacious mill owners, looked very dismal and discouraging. I capitulated with the mill men and the terms were unconditional surrender; so I virtually made them a present of all my right, title and interest in the business. As this was the price of my escape I willingly paid it and with only personal effects and very little money fled from surroundings which I had learned to de-



PLANING MILL MIDWAY BETWEEN MACON AND SAVANNAH

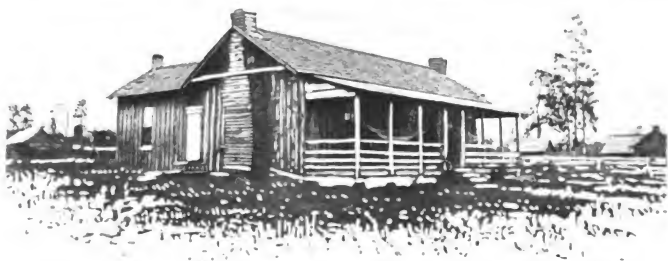
test and a sadder although probably not a much wiser man, turned my steps toward God's Country, as the colored people of Georgia were accustomed to call the North, more especially Massachusetts.

It seemed to me at that time, that the five years I had spent in Georgia were wasted years. As a matter of fact, however, I had learned to depend chiefly upon myself, and also, that "all that glitters is not gold." I had gathered a large amount of experience in planning and building and in the practical handling of various sorts of machinery. I also found much amusement in the quaint ways of the southern people. I tried to be fair with them and they responded by giving me their friendship and trust, so that when I left the southern country I left many good friends behind, especially in Canton.

During my residence in Canton, Atlanta had been my headquarters for supplies and banking, but on removing to Emmanuel County this was changed to Savannah which was about one hundred miles distant.

There were two trains a day each way between our station and Savannah, while the Mill, and so of course my residence, was seven miles from the station by way of a logging railway track through the woods. The train which I was accustomed to take to go to Savannah left our station in the morning, arriving in Savannah about noon. This gave the afternoon in Savannah. The return train left Savannah about nine o'clock in the evening, arriving at our station at one o'clock in the morning. Many a time I have walked over that logging railway track the weary seven miles through the woods to my house, between the hours of one and three in the morning. On such occasions I always carried my hand in my pocket and a loaded revolver in my hand, out of respect to bands of negroes who generally traveled at night. To the credit of these people I am able to say that I was never molested.

I present to my readers a picture of my residence situated near the planing mill, for we kept house in



RESIDENCE, EMMANUEL COUNTY

this last place. It will be noted that the chimneys are of the "stick and mud" type. Sticks about two inches square and of suitable length were cribbed up and the spaces filled with clay and the interior of the chimney was thickly plastered with the same material. Such chimneys frequently burn through the back if care is not used and often take fire. Ants, roaches, fleas and mice were very neighborly and occasionally snakes would pay a visit. If one rocked awhile in a rocking chair, black streaks would be found on the floor under the rockers, caused by the numbers of ants which were crushed during the rocking. It was easy to get used to having mice peeping at you from various points of vantage, the building being roughly built, but the limit was reached when Mrs. Nickerson went to a closet to get some article of clothing and was confronted by the head of a good sized snake looking at her from out of the top of a skirt hanging on a hook. I was sent for and I arrived just in

time to see the snake disappearing up through the loose boards that formed the ceiling. We never saw him again although for some time we expected him to drop on our heads any moment.

The names of cross road localities and villages in the vicinity of my Georgia residences were a source of a good deal of amusement to me. I recall a few, of which the following are samples: Jug, Hickory Flat, Possum Trot, Laughing Gal, Black Ankle, Shake Rag and Licksillet, none of which are suggestive of highly cultivated inhabitants.

The reason I have been able to show the pictures relating to my southern life is this, before going South I bought a 5 x 7 dry plate camera which was quite a new thing at that time and learned not only to take pictures but also to develop the negatives and print the positives. In this way I procured a large number of pictures which have given me much satisfaction and my friends some pleasure.

(To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for August)

With the Gillette Expeditionary Forces in America

MISS OLIVE EATON, *Service Expert*

NO doubt the other members of Company E., Volunteers, will have written such interesting letters that mine will fall far short by comparison, nothing particularly startling having befallen me as yet.

On April first the awkward squad members were declared first class privates and sent out by our Commanding Officers to meet the enemy single handed, and win! Said enemy appearing in various forms, viz: the clever, keen, calculating Bostonian—the wide awake, hustling New Yorker—the energetic Philadelphian and his Quaker brother—the Washingtonian, that composite of all States and types—the Virginian with his soft Southern accent—the rugged mountaineer—the mechanic—the cotton planter—the ranchman—the railroad man—the breezy Westerner—all with the same battle to fight—and our weapons to use in vanquishing them being Lewis', automatics, bayonets, gas and grenades—in the form of soft words that turneth away wrath—common sense talks backed by the heavy artillery of facts—and our machine guns incessantly spitting out the two fundamental principles of preparation—"holding the skin tightly and setting your weapon at the proper angle."

I secretly thank our able instructor many times daily for our knowledge of tactics.

Capt. B— has charge of the ordnance department of this sector and

when our ammunition is nearly depleted and we have little left but gas, we are sure to see his welcome face very soon and know that fresh supplies are at hand.

We come up with our advance guards P— and W— on rare occasions and enjoy the brief flash of signals.

Occasionally, we get reports from our long range guns, then answering the S. O. S. call, the ambulance (parcel post) brings in the injured—quick pathology followed by a painless operation restores the member to former usefulness with always an expression of deep gratitude.

One night recently, when the heaviness of the heated atmosphere in our trench was well nigh unbearable, Private S— spied a Boche in the form of a large rat (or was it a mouse?) entering the parapet, now Private S— while brave as a lion, and daily handling with great skill a deadly double edged weapon (with three holes punched through the center) has one pet aversion—and that is a mouse—I mean a large rat—and having no suitable weapon at hand with which to annihilate the enemy, cleverly manoeuvred and reached another dug-out, thereby securing reinforcements who promptly dispatched said Boche—and quiet again reigned in *No Man's Land*.

In Birmingham, Alabama, we encountered the Red Cross Drive and a fine parade. We realized we were

way down South—"sure nuff" for the bands all played Over There—then Dixie, to great enthusiasm.

There were white American units—Syrian, French and Italian units, and bringing up the rear a unit of colored Red Cross workers who marched like veterans behind their band which played Over There and Dixie with a slightly accelerated tempo, led by a diminutive pickaninny dressed as a drum major.

People wore their hands out applauding, and their pockets through with much digging.

Last week a lady came for instruction in shaving the back of her husband's neck. I hastily complied, as I was doubtful of him having a heavy accident policy.

The next day I asked a Gillette owner what results he was receiving. He replied, "I don't use it." When I offered to instruct him, he astonished me by saying, "What's the use? My wife always shaves me." No suggestions of her ever being incapacitated could induce the indulgence of the—to him—unnecessary

exertion. Such was his faith in her longevity.

A Tech student en route from Boston to a Southern aviation field introduced me to an officer who said he had a Gillette but had very poor results with it. I asked to look it over and told him he had only a German imitation of the Gillette. He could not believe me until I showed him the guard stamped "The Juliet—Made in Germany." He declared he was going to throw it away and purchase the *real thing* on arriving at his destination.

Today I interviewed a traveling salesman who advanced a new reason for using a dollar razor. He said, much as he liked a Gillette, he never used it away from home, that when traveling in the South the porters always relieve him of two or three razors a season, so he carries a cheap razor as he cannot afford to stock them up with Gillettes. I must cease now or the censor will cut it for me.

Sincerely,

PRIVATE O. EATON,

Fort Smith, Arkansas, June 4, 1918.

Sharp Edges

¶ Some farmers have big granaries with little in them. Others have small ones filled to capacity with quality grain. The same comparison often obtains with regard to men's heads.

¶ Every constantly growing and prospering institution must portray the ever growing shadow of some ingeniously strong man.

¶ So many men scatter their fire and miss their aim.

¶ If you are discontented with your work, it will not be long before your work will be discontented with you.

¶ A failure is one who has blundered, but is not able to cash in on the experience.

¶ Nobody has ever found that it costs more to keep things in their right places than scattered all over the place wherever they were used last.

¶ Some folks talk so much they never have time to say anything.

¶ "I never," says an employer, "lack beginners in my office or factory, but the supply of completers is never equal to the demand."



MR. JAMES M. LESLIE

MR. JAMES M. LESLIE, who has recently joined our organization as assistant in the Sales Department, is a native of the city of Brotherly Love.

Mr. Leslie is a graduate of the Philadelphia Central High School with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

He further pursued his studies in the Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry. On completing the prescribed courses of the Institute, he set about getting a practical knowledge of business.

Mr. Leslie has a broad business experience and is well fitted for the position he occupies.

Somewhere in

Dear Mick

I got a sheet of paper from you last week with some writin on it - you called it a letter. - But if that's a letter you write letters like I write short hand - darn short.

Well old top things is just about as usual working parties etc. and the game of duckin shells is played as extensively as ever. Say Mick, you lost your reputation in the company for takin ditches on high. We got a guy here now who can play tag with the bottom of a ditch quicker than you can talk about it - all he's got to do is hear the whistle of a shell and he just naturally fades into the landscape. He'll never get hit, he's so fast he hears a shell twice - once when it passes him, once when he passes it.

Tris put on a straffe last night and I think he musta had a consignment of Bolshevikes from dear old Russia for never did I see a gang that needed shavin like that bunch. We had good shootin while they were comin over but our wine was all shot up and they got in close with the bombs. I thought I was due for an R.I.P. but I could not even draw a blighty. Dave got a dandy on the leg and is decorating a cot somewhere on the Island haven't heard where yet.



In my last letter I touched you for a Gillette Safety Razor and here goes to remind you that I want it bad. That old stuff about two hairs in the head being worth ten on the chin is O.K. especially in the Army. Ship that razor soon and I hope it don't get torpedoed by the tin fish for I am need it and am sick of wrenching the face off myself with the Army issue.

Well, Mick be good and go to the movies; look out for wooden money and ship that razor or I'll have your pension cut off & keep dry.

An revoir old dear & keep dry,

Your old pal,
Joe

COURTESY OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



MR JOHN D. STEM

WE are pleased to present to our readers Mr. John D. Stem, whose portrait appears above.

Mr. Stem has entered our employ as special sales representative in New England and New York.

Mr. Stem is a product of the Middle West, having been born in Columbus, Ohio. He is an experienced and able salesman.

For a number of years he was associated with the firm of Horrocks-Ibbotson & Co., Utica, N. Y.

Letters from Gillette Boys at the Front

France, June 2, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. PELHAM:—

Received your letter and regret you were unable to obtain permission to visit me. Naturally with the big offensive on it was impractical for me to even think of asking for a permit to go to Paris.

We are still at the front, our only diversion consisting of moving from one sector to another without pausing for rest.

The beauty of this operation, however, is that it keeps all on the alert learning the new terrain and the habits of the enemy in front—so no chance for mental stagnation although it is rather wearing on officers and men.

We are all greatly elated because of the information that thousands of our soldiers are pouring into France every week. This news we obtain from new officers coming from the rear for a few days' or weeks' instruction with us "old timers," for you should know that we have for several months worn the gold stripe showing that we have lived in France for six months.

I imagine Thomas W. Jr. is somewhere in France or on the way. What a pleasure to see him.

My brother, the only one I have, is here in France and full of pep, fight, etc., he writes. I only wish there were a dozen in the family or that my own three sons were just a little older. You know, we'd sort of make it a family affair, says I.

Still just an ordinary Captain but am satisfied like all underlings that a General's job is a snap, best wishes.

Captain WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY,
101st Inf., A. E. F.

France, June 7, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. FAHEY:—

Received today an order which states that "yours truly" is a Major—GILLETTE BLADE advance information being therefore confirmed.

It is the practice for an officer receiving promotion to accept or decline the increase in rank. I might state that I have accepted, although, of course, I had to give the matter my deep thought and study, ahem!

We fortunately received today a copy of the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald* dated June 6th, and were surprised to learn that enemy submarines are operating along the Atlantic seaboard. Just now we don't know to what proportions these opera-

tions will grow, but all Germany can hope to attain is a further intensity of feeling against her and her allies.

American aviators are sure coming along in great shape. They fly over our lines all day, patiently waiting for some Heinie to come out and fight. Anti-aircraft guns continually fire at them, and of course we, the poor infantry, get the splinters, for what goes up must come down, that is, everything but the spirits of our men.

I trust this will find you and all my friends in the same spirits.

Yours very truly,

MAC.

Major WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY,
101st Infantry, A. E. F.

France, June 1, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you. I received a letter from you and Louis Gale, also receive the GILLETTE BLADE regularly and I am certainly glad to get it. There is always some interesting news in it, and all the boys in my company are anxious to read it when we get it. I hope it will continue to come, as long as we are over here. I was sorry to hear that the War Committee could not send us any more packages. I hope the law will be lifted, as we used to look forward to a package from the Gillette. All the boys appreciate what you have done for us, also the War Committee, and the other employees.

We are now in the trenches, having great summer weather, and the boys are glad as the trenches are good and dry. When the weather is bad, the trenches are full of mud and water but the boys are used to mud now, and don't mind it very much.

No doubt, by the time you receive this letter, you will have read where the boys of Capt. McCarthy's battalion had a battle with the Huns. They did fine work, and the Huns certainly got a bad licking. They brought some dead Huns back in the morning, and they were very young. One of the prisoners was badly wounded, and may not live. Capt. McCarthy is proud of all the boys in the manner they gave battle to the Huns. We are all hoping he gets the gold leaf soon.

I was talking to Corp. Martin Mullen yesterday and he was telling me he wrote to you lately. He is making good over here, and so are all the boys. I have not seen

Herbie Ryan for a long time as he is on detached service, and when we were in the training camp Herbie and I had some good times together. I received a letter from Frank Ward yesterday. He is in school studying for an officer. I heard he had made good, and is now a lieutenant. I wish him all the luck in the world, and hope to see him over here soon.

I am glad to hear the factory is doing so much work and hope it keeps up. Almost every soldier "Over Here" carries a Gillette Safety Razor in his kit. We have to shave almost every day, on account of gas. When a fellow is not clean shaven the gas mask does not fit good, and he is usually out of luck.

We also can now see the old familiar sign all over France, "Gillette Safety Razor" for sale here. Believe me, France is a different place now, than when we first came over. Everything is getting more Americanized every day, and before long France will be like the old country and the best country in the world. There are real American engines drawing freight cars now, and they are certainly better than the ones the French had when we came here.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I think I will close. Hope to hear from you soon, and hope you are enjoying good health. All the boys are enjoying good health, and they all send their best regards to you and the others in the Gillette. With my best wishes to you.

One of the Boys,

JOHNNIE HURLEY,
Co. B., 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

Somewhere in France, May 25, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I will write you a few lines to let you know that I and all the Gillette boys are in good health, and also hope this letter finds you the same. Well, I have received all the boxes to date, and also that interesting book, the *BLADE*. There was one letter I received from the War Committee stating that there would be no more boxes allowed over. Now I guess you can imagine the feeling felt by the boys over here when they got that letter. Now they are not putting any blame on the War Committee for they know that it is not their fault, but there is one thing we all wish for and that is that they do not stop the *BLADE* from coming over, for there is a lot of interesting news in it. For instance, the announcement of Frank Kelley getting married.

Frank and I were always good pals. Now I am going to send him my congratulations through you and also please tell him that I wish all his troubles to be *Small Ones*. Now getting back to the *BLADE* again, there are lots of times in the line when one can't sleep or write and the boys are always looking for one thing or another to read, and believe me the *BLADE* took many lonely hours off my mind. I always, when I get through with it, pass it to the next man, and that way it goes right through the Company. So here is hoping once more that the issue will still keep coming. We look for it on or about the 15th or 18th of each month.

Well, I suppose there are some great changes around the factory now. Remember me to Fred Curran, also Eddie Goodsell, and my old foreman, J. A. Sullivan 4th A.

Well I must come to a close now as it is getting late and I have quite a lot of sleep to get to make up for what I have lost, so hoping to hear from you and Mr. Gale in the near future, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JAS. H. WALLACE,
Co. D., 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

P. S.—Johnnie Hurley and I are now together with Batt. Hdqts.

France, March 2, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Received all the packages up to date and was exceedingly thankful for same, but really it is utterly impossible to carry all the knitted wear we receive. A poor Dough Boy over here is weighed down between 75 to 100 pounds when he is hiking, so imagine what it is at the end of a hike, every thing excess is dropped even to our canned "Willie."

We spend our evenings in a very exciting game called "Cootie Chasing," or shirt reading, just like a Billiard Game, open to all. It is an impossible thing to be free from them, the trenches and dugouts are full. Change your underclothes tonight, next night same readings. Some of the places here are in tough shape from artillery and wanton destructiveness, but as Sherman said, "War is Hell."

Outside of having a clean face, which is compulsory, or rather the "Gillette Face," we all have them, but I won't vouch for the rest of myself.

It is wonderful to see the air fights pulled here. The French and the German aviators are wonders at it. The Germans have a

machine that is almost noiseless, and they have a bad habit of dropping bombs at us from the clouds.

The French had an observation balloon doing duty, directing artillery fire, I suppose. Fritz came down from the clouds, zip, good night balloon. He had the warmest time trying to get back to his lines, I'll bet in his career. The Anti-Aircraft guns tried to get him and regardless of personal danger from flying shrapnel we were out betting on his chances of getting away. Two French machines climbed up after him. For a while we could hear the rat-tat of

the machine guns. He went down but after a tough fight.

I was reading about Hoover and his methods in some of the papers and about conditions in the states, incidentally about the French starving. I only hope that if they are starving, the U. S. Army will starve me the same way.

It's about 7 o'clock now and I will have to start my readings before retiring. Wishing you all a prosperous New Year, I remain,

Very truly yours,
Mechanic JOHN HARTNETT,
 Co B., 101st Regt.

New Addresses of Gillette Boys with the Colors

Bernardini, Albert A.

Co. A, 331st Battalion T. C. N. A., Camp
 Colt, Gettysburg, Pa.

Linsky, Cornelius

C. A. C., Fort Howard, Baltimore, Md.

Corp. Sweeney, Frank J.

Quartermaster Officers' Training Camp,
 Jacksonville, Fla.

Abrams, Max

Co. I, 60th U. S. Infantry, American
 Expeditionary Forces.

Word has been received that Corporal Albert W. Page, who was "gassed" in one of the early engagements in which his company took part, is now out of the hospital, after having spent thirty-six days there. All his many Gillette friends will be glad to hear of his complete recovery.

Factory Notes

Mr. King C. Gillette, our President, arrived from California last week, and will be with us for a short time.

Mr. W. E. Marshall of the London office has been quite ill with pneumonia, but we are pleased to say he has completely recovered and is now back to his work.

Miss Katherine L. Gage, whom many of us will remember from her association with the New York and Boston offices, has been transferred from Paris to the London office.

Miss Celia Landfield, of Handle Inspection Department, was married Sunday, June 16th, to Mr. William Stiller.

Miss Anna Oram, of the Blade Packing Department, was married on Sunday, June 30th, 1918, to Mr. Frederick B. Hamilton. Miss Helen Oram, of the Packing Room, was bridesmaid.

Another benedict in the Shipping Department. Mr. William A. Kelly and Miss Mary Morrison were married Sunday, June 30th.

Miss C. N. Boyer, one of our Service Experts, was married to Mr. Alvin B.

Choate, of the AT Outfit, San Antonio, Texas, May 31st. Mr. Choate was drafted recently.

We are sorry to report Miss Ethel E. Jenkins, one of our Service Experts, is quite ill at the Saint Louis Baptist Hospital. Latest reports indicate she is improving and we trust she will soon be entirely recovered.

Ground was broken for the new Gillette building June 11th.

The structure will face on Second Street 160 feet and 70 feet on Colton Street, and will be eight stories in height, built of reinforced concrete.

One of the finest illustrations of patriotism we have witnessed in a long time is the case of one of our girls in the Blade Packing Room. This young lady subscribed \$1.00 to the Red Cross to be paid in weekly installments of 25 cents. She has been ill for the past week and of course has received no wages, but in spite of this on Saturday morning she sent in her 25 cent payment.

SELECTIONS IN
PROSE and POETRY
for
GILLETTE READERS



EDITED BY A
FRIEND of all
GILLETTE WORKERS

A BRIGHT REJOINDER

A crusty individual called an Irish shoe-black a "dirty rascal." This the boy resented and turning to the man said: "My soul! all the polish you've got is on your shoes, and I gave you that."

STRONG SUPPORT

Booker Washington tells of an old negro "mammy" who, having seen her mistress inflate an air cushion and then sit on it, rushed out in great excitement declaring: "Missus is settin' on 'er own bref!"

WELL BUTTERED

Betty Botter bought some butter;
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit of butter,
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

INDISCRIMINATE

A young girl whom they called Arabeller
Was exceedingly mushy and meller.
She delighted to spoon
By the light of the moon,
And she didn't care who was the feller.

FOOLING THE DOCTOR

An old Scotchman, not feeling very well, called upon a well-known doctor, who gave him instructions as to diet and exercise and rest. Among other things he advised the patient to abstain from all forms of Spirits. "Do as I say," he added cheerfully, "and you'll soon feel better."

The Scotchman rose silently and was about to withdraw when the doctor detained him to mention the all-important topic of the fee. "My advice will cost you \$2.00," he said.

"Aw, mebbe," said the Scotchman, "but I'm nae gaun to tek yer advice."

SOME FUNERAL

"Can't I get off this afternoon, to go to a funeral?" asked the office boy.

"Whose funeral?" asked the man with a cynical smile.

"I guess it's goin' to be the home team's."

DANGEROUS

The stranger: "And who are the Murphys' ancestors?"

Mr. M.: "Ancestors? What's that?"

The stranger: "I mean, who do the Murphys spring from?"

Mr. M.: "The Murphys spring from no one. They spring at thim!"

DOWN TO FINE POINTS

A lady who owned a fine tortoise-shell cat called her grocer up one morning and gave her usual economical order, an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, etc., and she concluded with a request for one cent's worth of cat's meat.

The grocer sighed, for the order would have to be delivered three miles away—but as he was entering the items in his order book the lady called him up again.

"Mr. Sands," she said, "O, Mr. Sands!"

"Yes, madam."

"Mr. Sands, I want to cancel the order for cat's meat. The cat has just caught a bird."

WANTS ONE HIMSELF

Some years ago a friend of J. P. Morgan came to him and said: "Mr. Morgan, I am getting along in years and I want to rid myself of business cares. You know a lot of bright young men. I wish you would pick out one who can shoulder the bulk of my work; one whom I can rely upon to do things right and keep them going smoothly when I am away. Send him to me and I will give him \$15,000 a year."

Mr. Morgan replied: "Yes, I shall keep my eyes open. If I find such a one as you want, I will take him myself and give him \$50,000 a year."

BE NOT DISCOURAGED

If what shone afar so grand
Turn to nothing in your hand,
On again! The virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize.

THE FRIEND

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find,
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend.
But, if store of crowns be scant
No man will supply thy want.
He that is thy friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need.
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep,
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friends from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD

IF YOU WANT FRIENDS

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."

THE PATHS OF SUCCESS

The path of success in business is invariably the path of common sense. Notwithstanding all that is said about "lucky hits," the best kind of success, in every man's life, is not that which is brought about by accident. The only "good time coming" we are justified in hoping for is that which we are capable of making for ourselves.

It is not good for human nature to have the road of life made too easy. An eminent judge, when asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talent, some by high connections, some by miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

It may, indeed, be questioned whether a heavier curse could be imposed on man than the complete gratification of all his wishes, without effort on his part, leaving nothing for his hopes, desires, or struggles.

Those who fail in life are very apt to assume the tone of injured innocence, and conclude too hastily that everybody excepting themselves has had a hand in their personal misfortunes; but it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill luck are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, and improvidence.

Attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality, and despatch, are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct

of business of any sort. It is the result of every-day experience, that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress; and that diligence, above all, is the mother of what is erroneously called "good luck."

A proper consideration of the value of time will inspire habits of punctuality. Nothing begets confidence in a man sooner than the practice of this virtue, and nothing shakes confidence sooner than the want of it. He who holds to his appointment, and does not keep you waiting for him, shows that he has regard for your time as well as for his own. Thus punctuality is one of the modes of testifying respect.

The unpunctual man is a general disturber of others' peace and serenity. He is systematically late; regular only in his irregularity. He always arrives at his appointment after the hour; gets to the railway station after the train has started; and posts his letter when the mail has closed. It will generally be found that the men who are habitually behind time are habitually behind success, and that they become grumblers and ralliers against fortune.

Integrity in word and deed ought to be the very corner-stone of all business transactions. To the tradesman and manufacturer, it should be what courage is to the soldier, and charity to the Christian.

IN the GILLETTE BLADES for May and June selections were given from *Troilus and Cressida*. This remarkable drama is once more quoted. This time Nestor is the speaker. "In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men." In other words, it is opposition, misfortune, the overcoming of difficulties and the uphill fight against unfavorable circumstances which bring out the virtues and strong qualities of men and of women. Strength and weakness are frequently unsuspected in people until adversity shows them in their true colors.—W. E. N.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *Act 1, Sc. 3.*

In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

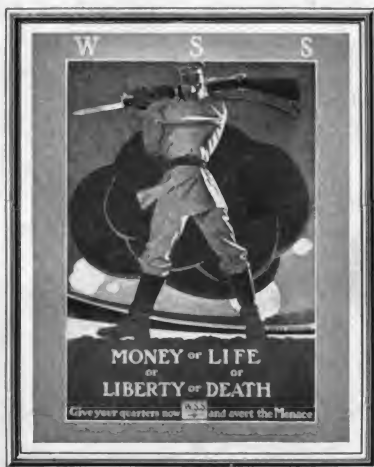


TRADE — **Gillette** — MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

The Gillette Blade

AUGUST 1918



W. S. S. NUMBER



GET



TRADE — **Gillette** — MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

The Gillette Blade

AUGUST 1918



W. S. S. NUMBER



GET

UPLIFTORIALS

By C. P. McDONALD

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am the *key* to personal *independence*.

I am the builder of *self-respect*.

I make it possible for men to avail themselves advantageously of *opportunities*.

You will find me in happy, contented *homes*.

For I make possible a *cheerful* fireside, a *festive* board.

I keep men from the *sorrowing* of *borrowing*—from the *burden* of debt—giving them the *guerdon* of freedom.

I am the unrelenting foe of *poverty*—the nucleus of *prosperity*.

I clear the road ahead of dangerous *pitfalls*.

Men who have *planned* with me *stand* with me for the *advancement* and *enhancement* of business stability.

If more merchants played the game with *me*, there would be fewer *failures*.

If more salespeople cultivated me, there would be more *achievers* and far fewer disgruntled *grievers*.

Many men who have ignored me have found themselves below the *deadline* of respectability in the *breadline* of degradation.

I make few things impossible to *diligence* and *application*.

I make the *first* years of man make provision for the *last*.

I bring a *right start* and a *light heart* to the *right sort*.

I make men *tower* in the confidence of *power*—in the fulness of *possession*.

I make the world a *comedy* of success for those who seek me—a *tragedy* of failure for those who disdain me.

I develop *square* men—*fair* men—*get there* men—*do-and-dare* men.

I crown them with the laurel wreaths of *victory*.

I make them belie the *cant* of *can't*.

I give them the *joy* of *buoyancy*—the *awards* of the *lords* of industry.

Try me on *YOUR* job!

I am *THRIFT*!

The Gillette Blade

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston

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Team Play

MR. J. E. ALDRED, *Chairman, Board of Directors*

SOMETIME ago, in speaking before a gathering of the salesmen of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, I mentioned the value of team play to an organization. I indicated that team play was simply a name for one form of cooperation. Happily, since that time, we have had in the operation of our Company a most perfect example of the value of this element in obtaining results.

The most astonishing thing today in connection with the Gillette Company, is the fact that the output of its factories is at the rate per annum more than double that of 1917. How has this result been brought about? While I have no doubt there have been many contributing factors, among which might be mentioned policy of management, new ideas that have been put into effect by the Superintendent and Foremen, extension of hours, increase of plant, etc., to my mind, back of all these elements lies the fact that this result could have been accomplished only through the active and intensive co-operation of every employee of the Gillette Company.

The result is attributable to that zest and spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation which, during the past

months, has inspired every worker of the Gillette Company, and this means every man and woman in the employ of the Company, for there is no place in its organization for shirkers.

The men and women in a huge industrial establishment are like the moving links in an endless chain, the loss of any one of which will suspend the movement of the entire chain. The least important man or woman among all the employees may have a distinct influence on the final result, and the most splendid thing to contemplate is the fact that through this wonderful organization, we are accomplishing such marvelous results and meeting the emergency of supplying the hundreds and thousands of men who are going out to fight for our country with our necessary part of their equipment, and in successfully meeting this condition, every employee of the Gillette Company has contributed in full measure.

On the basis of any exact calculation as to capacity of plant and machinery, or measured by any ordinary standard, the suggestion that we would in 1918 produce over double the amount of razors and blades that we produced in 1917, would have been considered an im-



possible one, but with the inspiration of everybody working together to accomplish the great result, all things are made possible, and I hope every employee of the Gillette Company

will take to himself or herself a part of the credit of this great achievement of the Gillette Company during the first six months of 1918.

Selling Thrift to People of America

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

UP to the day when the first Liberty Loan was put on sale, Benjamin Franklin was the greatest apostle of thrift in America, his maxims from "Poor Richard's Almanac" being the best thrift propaganda extant. Unfortunately Benjamin Franklin represented a long past day. His thrift idea can be pictured as that of a man slowly drawing pennies toward himself—"A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned." It suggests meager earnings, careful economy, patient hoarding. America long since hurried on to a period of big earnings and consequent carelessness of expenditure. We became a nation of buyers and, consequently, a nation of sellers. Salesmanship has, especially of late years, taken high rank among us. It has almost come to a point where we no longer say "Is this an article that can be sold?" but "Is there a salesman that can sell this article?" The salesman is now, more than ever in the history of the world, an important person.

A wise man, seeking to translate us from a nation of spendthrifts into a nation of thrifty men and women, would do exactly what the Government has done. We are not a

nation of savers, we are a nation of spenders. It is in our blood. Acres of publicity can not change us. We don't want to save; we want to spend; we want to buy. A wise man would go to the salesman, who sells all these things the people buy, and ask, "How can you make these people thrifty?" The salesman would say, "The only way I can help is to sell them thrift." "How can you sell thrift?" "Well, I'll tell you. You think of some way of putting thrift up in small packages, and put it in my hands, and I will do the selling. I will sell thrift to the people of America whether they want it or not; that's my business."

Exactly this is what the Government has done. It has put thrift in small packages, in \$5 War-Savings Stamps and in 25-cent Thrift Stamps. It has furnished something for the people to *buy*, something the salesman can *sell*. It has hooked the tremendous car of modern commercial salesmanship to Benjamin Franklin's old thrift chaise.

In time America may learn how to save; today it knows how to buy. The salesman of America can sell it thrift. This is the time for patriotic salesmanship to make itself felt.



Intensive Cooperation

MR. KING C. GILLETTE, *President*

LETTERS which I have received from time to time from the Company at my home in California, giving the wonderfully increasing sales and production of Gillette razors and blades, since my return visit to Boston last Fall, have been so far in excess of *human expectation*, that I could not resist the temptation to see for myself the cause of such increase and the means whereby the problem of production has been met. It seemed to me the problem of problems was to meet such a sudden and rapid demand upon our resources.

To say that I have been pleased at what I have seen since my arrival here would be but faint praise for those who have been individually and collectively responsible for the marvelous results attained. I think that it has all come about because of the spirit of cooperation and good feeling, which has resulted in the employees of our Company and its management acting as a unit. Ten men at one end of a rope and ten at the other make a good tug-of-war but their energies balance, and result in a waste of energy so far as accomplishment of any definite work is concerned. The same twenty men all at one end of a rope could pull down a house. So it is with a large number of individuals in a large industrial enterprise. If they work in harmony and pull together, they accomplish the maximum of their combined efforts, and there is practically no limit to what they may accomplish.

That is the spirit and the feeling that I have found in the Gillette or-

ganization. They are all on one end of the rope, and all pulling together. So, I have no longer reason to wonder at what has been accomplished, or what may be accomplished, for it seems to me that such cooperation and such spirit cannot fail in anything which it undertakes.

When I was here in October of last year, we were producing about one-fourth the number of razors and blades which we are producing today, and at that time it seemed as though we were nearly to the limit of our capacity. Yet, the seeming impossible has been accomplished—and we are supplying millions of razors—outside of our regular trade, to our Government.

As I said before, it is the spirit of cooperation that has made this possible, and I as President of the Company, and in behalf of my associates, desire to express my appreciation of the labors of every member of our association—in particular the heads of departments and those who have labored under them.

I am sorry that I am obliged to leave Boston, for I would enjoy beyond all else to remain and participate in each day's progress, for the real joy of living is in accomplishment.

I have in particular taken enjoyment in going through the factory and meeting old acquaintances, and in a general way realizing the friendship of many new faces. I have also had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of many new heads of departments, who have my best wishes for their future success and welfare.



E. Pluribus Smith

from *Timken Magazine*

HE was a salesman, R. P. Smith was, having charge of the Detroit Branch for an out-of-state manufacturer—one of those live-eyed, alert, likeable chaps whose faces register favorably on a buyer's consciousness. He happened to be in the office the other day for neighborliness' sake, and after canvassing the cosmos from Alpha to Omega, we got down to War Savings Stamps.

You should have seen Smith's face light up—with a light that indicated an interesting story.

"Do you know," he confided to me through a blue cloudlet from his cigar, "that W. S. S. idea has worked a revolution in my young life!"

"What do you mean, 'revolution'?"

"It's not a long story," said Smith, soberly, "but it's got a long moral, take it from me. And you will take it from me, if you're wise, too—'go thou and do likewise.' Get me?"

"You know what this saving stuff is like; I mean how it works out. You and wife say, 'Now, we'll save so much per week; four times that, so much per month, twelve times that, so much per year—fine!' And you turn right round and don't do it. Sure, I know, 'cause that's the way we worked it. I'd stick in twenty dol-

lars on one of my Good Boy days, then six months later I'd have about twenty less in than I had. You know—just pull it out in dribbles; carelessly, that's all.

"Well, we'd been doing that every year since we were married. Result was, I was about as well off six weeks ago as I was six years ago. Two

jumps ahead of the Sheriff if I went flat on my back, you know. Then the kid came home from school one day full of Thrift Stamp and War Savings Stamp dope. It was all Greek to me, but she

seemed so excited over it I let her tell me all about it to get it out of her system. She sure had some story. McAdoo or somebody is getting after those school-kids right. Pretty soon they'll be taking courses in 'Parent Management.' Anyhow, she said she wanted me to help her buy Thrift Stamps from the mailman. Another bright idea—having the mailman a W. S. S. salesman.

"Upshot is—I've got my savings punch back, helping 'Uncle Sam and getting good interest on my money, at the same time. As the Scotchman translated the motto on the American dollar: 'E Plu-ri-bus U-num,' 'Mony a mickle makes a muckle.' And he was right. War Savings Stamps prove it."



W.S.S.

**WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT**



Across the Atlantic on a Troop Transport

MR. THOMAS W. PELHAM, *Sales Manager*

PART II.—IN FRANCE

THE typical French seaport of Havre has changed but little since the war. American, British and Belgian soldiers and civilians are seen in great numbers, as well as soldiers and civilians of the other allied nations.

The splendid spirit of the French people is shown in the beautiful parks, gardens and lawns, all so well kept by the work of the women, children and old men.

The boat train leaves Havre at 5.20 in the afternoon and you pass through the beautiful farms and gardens of Normandy and you are again amazed at the work which is being done in the fields and gardens by the women and children of France.

PARIS ON A PRE-WAR BASIS

I reached Paris about 11 o'clock at night and was met at the train by our Managing Director, Mr. William H. Barry, and by my son Edward. It was impossible to obtain any conveyance to the hotel and we walked, the distance being about one mile. The streets, like those in London are dark, as a greater precaution against air raids.

Paris has changed considerably since my visit of 1915. At that time most of the stores were closed, but now, the stores, banks and other places of business are open as in pre-war times and the streets are thronged with people. Theatres and other places of amusement were open and crowded. Restaurants and cafes, including the cafes on the streets, are closed at 9.30 P. M. and all

buildings must be in darkness after that hour.

One marvels at the spirit of the people. Optimism and entire confidence in the outcome of the war prevails everywhere.

THE GERMAN LONG RANGE GUN

While in Paris I saw some of the damage caused by the bombardment from the long range gun, but was quite surprised to find so little destruction. The bombardment from this gun was resumed while I was in Paris. It seemed to me that the people took the bombardment as one of the incidents of the war and one that did not disturb them measurably.

FOOD AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Food seemed more plentiful in Paris than in London. You were obliged to have cards for nearly all articles of food, but the supply was reasonably plentiful, with the exception of sugar, milk, butter, coffee, tea and a few other articles. The supply of general merchandise, however, was limited. This was especially true of furniture, china, table silverware, table and bed linen and nearly all articles of wearing apparel. All such articles are scarce and the prices are very high.

THROUGH SEVEN AIR RAIDS

The first of seven air raids which took place while I was in Paris occurred about 9.30 o'clock on the third night after my arrival. The approaching raid was announced by sirens all over the city. About fifteen minutes later the defence guns were



at work and the barrage fire continued for upwards of two hours. During some of the raids one or more aeroplanes had passed the defence guns and dropped bombs in the city.

On one occasion I could hear the whirr of the engine of the aeroplane and could plainly see the bursting of the shells fired by the defence guns. Only a few of the aeroplanes actually get through the barrage fire and the damage done is not very great. The people seek shelter not so much from bombs that may be dropped by the aeroplane, but from shrapnel that falls from the shells fired by the defence guns. People are cool and calm during these air raids and regard the same as a nuisance rather than as a serious danger.

LIEUT. GEORGE EVANS

One of the very pleasing incidents of my trip was meeting George Evans who was formerly employed by the Gillette Company in the Buffing Department. Evans came into the Paris office of the Company wearing the uniform of Second Lieutenant. It seems that Evans was selected as one of the men in his Company to attend the Officers' Training School at Langres, France, and was successful in obtaining his commission.

He told some very interesting stories of the work of the men of the 104th. One of the stories was of a member of the Company of Italian birth. The men had gone "over the top," had reached their objective and were returning to their trenches. The Italian, not understanding English very well, did not comprehend the orders and instead of returning to the trenches with the men, went

into the German lines until he came to a German dugout. Four Germans came from the dugout and seeing the Italian in the uniform of the American soldier, said to him in English, "You are our prisoner." The Italian replied, "I no priz," killed the four Germans, took their guns, told the other Germans in the dugout to come out, held them prisoners and marched them back to the trenches.

LIEUT. EVANS WINS THE CROIX DE GUERRE

Mr. Barry and I had Mr. Evans to dinner with us that night and we spoke of the several American boys who had received the coveted Croix de Guerre. I expressed the wish to Evans that he too, might be successful in obtaining this French decoration. Evans drew his purse from his pocket and very modestly said "The Croix de Guerre was given to me in April." I learned that after Evans' work in the Officers' Training School he went to the French trenches and on several occasions led a patrol "over the top" to "No Man's Land." For his valor and gallantry he was awarded the medal by the French Government. Mr. Evans left Paris that same night for Northern France where he was assigned to give instructions to other American officers who had not seen service.

OTHER GILLETTE BOYS

Mr. Harold DeCourcy, formerly salesman for the Gillette Company, passed through Paris while I was in France, but I was out of the city that day and was not able to see him. Mr. DeCourcy is still in the Transport Service driving either ambulances or supply train trucks.

Mr. Samuel Wright, formerly of our Advertising Department, is also



in Paris doing excellent work in the American hospital in that city.

WHAT MR. AND MRS. BARRY ARE DOING

Our Managing Director, Mr. William H. Barry, is doing splendid work in France. He is very patriotic and every American soldier, as well as those of our Allies, has a staunch friend in Mr. Barry. Mr. Barry and his wife make weekly trips to the various hospitals to carry words of cheer and good fellowship to sick or wounded American soldiers and are doing other splendid work for the comfort of our boys in France. Their home is open Saturday and Sunday to all American soldiers and seldom a Sunday passes that they do

(To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for September)

not entertain from six to twenty-five of them.

Mr. Barry has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in France and is very popular in the American and English colonies. He belongs to the American Chamber of Commerce and other business organizations and is on important committees; in fact, Mr. Barry is one of the best known and respected Americans in Paris. His oldest boy is attending a French school and speaks French like a native. The younger boy, whom you will remember was only three weeks old when he left for France, now speaks both French and English. Mr. Barry has learned a great deal of French and he has been a teacher as well as a pupil. He has taught all of his office staff English.

Shaving in France Is Severe Test for Soldier

A FELLOW suffers much when he gets a shave in France. You walk up and down the street until you see a sign reading 'Caiffeur,' which means either barber or butcher shop, I know not which. You go inside and a girl meets you, and you make motions on your face, indicating that you want a shave.

"She waives you to a seat, where you wait until the doctor is not busy.

"Finally you are called into his little office. You put on a gingham apron with sleeves and sit down in a four-legged chair that looks like the rigs doctors use in straightening a crooked spine.

"The barber uses a very large shaving brush. Two wallops are sufficient to lather your face. The first lick begins at your mouth. The first

time I was shaved here my mouth was so filled with soap that I could blow bubbles for two days.

"Imagine a youngster trying to cut off his dad's whiskers with a saw and papa would feel something like the victim of a French barber. When he is done you go and wash your own face, and he waits with a towel to wipe it, doing just like mother did when we were kids.

"Shaving here is about the most interesting thing I have seen outside of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

"Any one who can see our work here would think at least half the United States had come to stay. And so we have. That is, no one wants to go home until we have finished it just the way Uncle Sam wants it finished."

—New York Evening Sun.



The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

MR. WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED — IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

I WISH to refer once more to my five years in the South to which, by the way, it appears hard for me to bid adieu, as they seem to me to be the most romantic part of my life. I was disappointed that my hard work, for I did work very hard, had not brought me a greater measure of prosperity. But fate was kinder to me than I then supposed, for had I been even a little more successful I might have remained South a much longer time and, I shudder at the thought, I might have settled there permanently. Had this been the case I should, for a small amount of prosperity, have forfeited most of that which has made my life worth living. The fickle goddess Fortune, however, drove me back home in time to prevent me from degenerating into something between a Georgia Cracker and a rough-neck and, in spite of myself, packed me off to fight it out in the more congenial atmosphere of the "Hub of the Universe." This seems to me to be very good proof of the fact that we frequently do not know what is best for ourselves.

I arrived in Boston after my Southern experience in the fall of 1886. I took a short and much needed rest of perhaps a month, looking about meanwhile and wondering what I was to do next. This month of rest, with two weeks in 1892 and two more in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition, are the only vacations I can recall, from my European trip in 1879 to the present time. Oh, I have been away from business a good many

times for a few days at a time, notably, on the fall trips of the "Ancients," but I am speaking of real vacations. I have got so used to the day at a time variety that I believe I prefer it.

While I was speculating on my next step I was invited by a family connection to take a position in his store as a sort of combined salesman and floor-walker. As there was nothing else in sight I accepted. I did the best I could and tried to be contented on my twelve or eighteen dollars a week, I forget the exact figure, but the place, I need hardly say, did not completely satisfy all my longings and ambitions and time has shown that it was just as well that it did not. After a few months' service I began to wish ardently for some opportunity to spread my adventurous wings again and seek new fields of action, when, presto, an elevator somewhere in town fell and several people were killed or injured. Within twenty-four hours I had pictured to myself a safety attachment for elevators and then, as a matter of course, there was no rest until I had quit floor walking and started in to make all elevators safe, or at least to give their owners the opportunity to do so. I hired a room at 82 Sudbury Street; the one over the archway. I had had hard luck in 1878 when I got others to build my bark cutter, so this time I resolved to build my device myself. I bought a cheap western made lathe and an upright drill press, which together with a few bench tools constituted my equip-



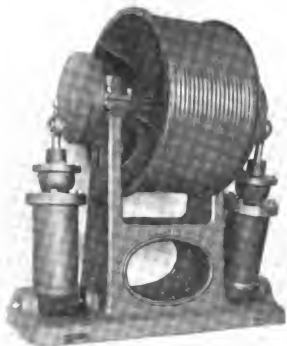
ment. The lathe would not bore straight nor turn flat on the face plate, but it was of good size and weight and would swing 2½ inches in diameter and five or six feet long. I had never done any machine shop work myself to speak of but had spent considerable time in the shops of others and had been an interested observer. I very soon became able to grind lathe tools and drills properly and do a pretty good job on the lathe. I worked early and late at my new task and soon had some of my devices completed. They were of the hydraulic retarder variety and though rather heavy and clumsy, were effective. They were designed to be used on slow moving elevators such as were used for freight. Next I found two purchasers and two of the devices were installed, one in Boston and one in a factory in Cambridge. They remained in use a good many years, I do not know just how many. The accompanying cut shows one of the forms of the original device.

I enjoyed this work and though rather empty of many desirable commodities I was as full of hope and expectation as a toy balloon is full of hydrogen. It is really wonderful how little one can get along with, if one is sufficiently hopeful and expectant, and conversely how insufficient life seems when there is no longer room for imaginative hope and expectation.

Fast moving hydraulic passenger elevators were then being introduced but were rather a new thing. My device was too slow to be used upon fast cars and so I started in for a new form adapted for high speed. This problem I worked out very well, and in doing it invented a new kind of valve which would automatically

give a uniform rate of flow independent of the pressure upon the liquid. I still consider this valve as one of the neatest and most original of my inventions.

Now, characteristically, I pried into various phases of elevator work and took out patents on all sorts of contraptions in this field. Some of these were good and sensible and some were otherwise. With some of them I was too late and with others I was several years too early.



SAFETY DEVICE FOR ELEVATORS, 1887

The passenger elevator has had a vast influence on modern city life. Without it the tall buildings of today would be impracticable, as no one would be willing to climb their stairs on foot. Otis Tufts of Boston may properly be considered as the father of the elevator. His patents were issued in the years 1859 to 1870. There were very few elevators either passenger or freight when I was a boy. Merchandise was moved from one floor to another by means of a large rope with a hook on the lower or free



part, the upper part being wound around a wooden barrel having on one end a wheel with a grooved rim over which a hand rope passed and was extended down through the various floors. Very often a large gear was mounted on the barrel and a pinion and hand rope wheel on a separate shaft. A brake for lowering was usually supplied. It will be seen that all merchandise was hoisted by hand. As for passengers, they simply walked up and down, or if not able to walk, were carried.

In 1885 my father had patented several attachments for hammocks among which was a hammock spreader useful for holding open the ends of the net hammocks which were then in vogue. He had had them manufactured in one of the up-country wood working towns and they had found some sale. While I was working on my elevator inventions in 1887 I contrived a machine for cutting twelve elongated holes in the maple stick forming the spreader, together with a new kind of cutting tool, which made them so much cheaper and better than the other makers that I paused a while on the elevator work to make up a lot and then took a trip around the country selling them, and included hammocks in my line of goods. I went as far South as Jacksonville, Fla., and San Antonio, Texas, and toward the Northwest to Minneapolis. I did fairly well but on returning home found that a New York man had brought suit for infringement against us and also against two other parties who were making spreaders and who pooled their issues in the suit with ours and shared expenses with us. The case was tried and the plaintiff failed to get an injunction and ap-

pealed his case. But my father and I had had enough of the business and I sold the patent, machinery and stock to the man who had sued us, at a price that returned somewhat more than had been spent. I was enabled to deal with this man because I had taken pains to keep on terms of personal friendliness with him during the progress of the suit. The other defendants then tried to sell him their outfits, but he would have nothing to



WILLIAM E. NICKERSON, 1887

do with them for they had looked upon him as a personal enemy and had treated him as such while the litigation was going on. I had taken the attitude that it was merely a business matter and had nothing to do with personal relations so long as the parties played fair.

I now made a working model which illustrated the operation of my high speed safety attachment. It ran for some time in the front window of the store of A. J. Wilkinson & Co..



The Gillette Blade



at 184 Washington St. A small car of the passenger type, about 7 x 7 inches x 9 inches high, was hoisted to the top of a miniature elevator well by a rope which was so arranged as to be detached from the car when the latter had reached the top of the well, to represent the breaking of the hoisting apparatus and then the car instead of falling, as would ordinarily be the case, was gently lowered to the bottom by an independent rope connected with my safety device. This consisted of an hydraulic cylinder and piston and the novel valve previously mentioned. Then the hoisting apparatus reversed and the hoisting rope which had a piece like a plumb bob at the end was lowered down and by means of an ingenious cone catch engaged the car anew, hoisted it up again and repeated the performance. In this way each trip of the car illustrated the action of my safety device in case of breakage of the regular hoist. A printed card explained to the observer on the sidewalk what the apparatus was doing. After the model had run a short time it occurred to me that I ought to show that the car would descend on the safety attachment at the same rate of speed whether empty or heavily loaded. To prove this I made two bronze balls somewhat larger than a tennis ball, weighing five pounds each, and arranged a little platform on the lower landing opposite the door of the car. I devised means so that these balls would roll into the car for one upward trip and roll out and remain on the platform for the next trip, and so on, in order that the car would descend first light and then loaded, alternately, showing thereby that my safety device controlled the descent wholly indepen-

dent of the weight in the car. This piece of apparatus attracted much attention and was indeed a rather ingenious mechanism, comparing favorably with any of the machines in the Gillette factory today.

A wealthy capitalist and owner of a tall building which was under construction at the time saw my model elevator in Wilkinson's window and sent for me to call on him. I explained to him the theory of the safety apparatus. He thought so highly of it that he wanted it applied to the four elevators of his new building. The first mistake I made was in not having a written contract. The next one was that I did not have a complete understanding with the architects of the building. But I went ahead on the assumption that everything would be all right. I had the safety attachments built for me on an adequate scale and installed them on the top floor of the building, that being the only available place, as the architects had made no provision for anything of the sort in their plans.

When I had them set up, the architects stepped in and said they could not allow me to weight the travelling heads for hauling back the ropes as it would add more weight than the building plans allowed. This put me in a very bad position. The only substitute for weights that I knew of was springs. I tried coil springs of several makes but they would break. The apparatus otherwise worked perfectly and did exactly what it was intended to do, but the enforced substitution of springs for weights brought in a new condition with which I was not able to cope and the owner of the building simply ordered them removed. It was a bitter disap-



pointment but there was nothing to do but comply. Whether I had any legal recourse or not I do not know, but I was eight thousand dollars in debt on account of my venture, and minus eight thousand could not contend with plus twenty millions, so I took them out. When the capitalist died a few years afterward his will was so arranged that nobody outside knew what had been left and there was not so much as one dollar for charity or the public good. I have in my scrap book a current editorial article in which words were not minced in condemnation of the testator's attitude.

While I was working in the elevator field of improvement I took out a series of seven patents on electrical means for causing an elevator to stop at a predetermined floor by pressing a button or moving a lever to a particular position, which corresponded to that floor. It was especially adapted for use in private residences. I had tried hard to sell these patents and another man had tried in my behalf, but they were in advance of the state of the art and nobody wanted them. Ten years afterward while I was in the most trying stages of another venture and when a dollar looked to me about the size of a cart wheel, a rather seedy looking man came into my office and asked if I still owned these patents and if I would sell them for a small sum. He said he had some inventions and my patents were in the way and if he could acquire them he might make something out of his. He claimed he had very little money and could not pay much. I offered them to him for what it cost to take them out, or about five hundred dollars. He said he was not able to pay so

much. I had lost all hope of realizing anything on them myself and so asked him what he could give. One hundred and forty dollars was all he had, poor fellow, just equal to the final government fees for the seven patents. Well, I did not know what to do with them, and one hundred and forty dollars sounded pretty good, so I said, "you can have them." A few years afterward I learned that they were bought for a large elevator company who needed them, as their development had caught up with my old ideas. The man who informed me who the real purchaser was, said that I could just as well have got forty thousand dollars, as one hundred and forty. That might have been so, or it might not, I cannot say as to that.

Toward the end of my elevator activities I had an application in the Patent office for apparatus for preventing the opening of elevator doors when the car was not at the landing and also to prevent starting the car until the doors were closed, but when the call came for me to apply myself to another task I dropped elevator matters as I would have dropped a hot brick and if I had not done so they would have fallen on me like a cart-load of these useful blocks of baked clay.

While I was working on my inventions at 82 Sudbury Street and having a pretty hard time of it from a financial point of view, Sol Smith Russell was playing "The Poor Relation." The hero of the piece who was Sol himself, was a poor inventor. I was drawn to him by a sort of kindred feeling and saw the play a number of times. The poor fellow had worked out some great invention and just as his plans were completed and he was about to enter the supposed



paradise of prosperity, the villain of the play stole his drawings. In real life, he would have made more drawings, but in the play he was completely helpless for some time. Finally by much labor he got his drawings pieced together again, all but one piece, and to save his life he could not tell whether this piece went up and down or moved sidewise. His trouble for a while seemed insurmountable but fortunately a little girl whose clothes he had mended while her mother went out washing, and who had watched him while he worked, remembered that it went sidewise and saved the day, thereby rewarding him for his fatherly, or rather motherly care, and incidentally established the triumph of Justice. In the next act he appeared in new clothes and it is supposed lived happily ever afterward. Thus are the public enlightened as well as amused by stage presentations. Those of my readers who are experienced in machine designing will ap-

preciate the mechanical naiveness of this play.

Well, from my description of my adventures in the elevator line, it would not seem as if I had accomplished much. From one point of view results were around zero or even worse than that. Three more years of life gone, a lot of hard work, and seemingly nothing to show for it but eight thousand dollars worth of debts. Nevertheless I had learned a great deal in those three years that I was going to use afterward. I was still in training not only for work that immediately followed but more important still for the Gillette job. If any of my readers think I had lost any of my hopefulness or courage they are very much mistaken. Despair was as far away as it was possible to get and any kind of rift in the clouds was to me an omen of better times. How I worked out from under my indebtedness of eight thousand dollars and put more money in my pocket than I had ever had before, I will tell in my next article.

To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for September

| | | |
|---|---|---|
|  | <i>this is to certify that the</i> | |
| | <i>Gillette Safety Razor Co</i> War Savings Society | |
| | <i>is affiliated with the</i> National War Savings Committee. <i>dated the 5th day of July 1918</i> | |
| | <i>W. B. Bennett</i> <small>EXECUTIVE SECRETARY</small> |  <i>W. B. Bennett</i> <small>CHIEF</small> |



The Spirit That Is Within You

MR. T. L. SMITH, *Production Engineer*

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Unheard amid the guns.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets
glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw

The Torch. Be yours to bear it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies
blow

In Flanders fields.

LT. COL. McCRAE.

FROM our very midst, from machine and work bench and desk, more than a hundred men have gone in answer to the call, to keep faith with those who died. Every department is represented.

On land and sea and in the air, Gillette men are making an honorable record for their country, themselves, and for us. Nearly half a hundred of our men are in France. There they are doing their utmost, without thought of their own comfort, without complaint.

And what work they do!

Behind the lines every hour, from the crack of dawn till darkness ends the day, is filled with its own exacting duties, while in the trenches, darkness only adds to their labors and quitting time never comes. Still the old Gillette spirit is with them,

each and every one. Through thick and thin, they are doing—their best.

Men who left us as officers have won higher rank, enlisted men have become officers, and one of our boys, with whom we rubbed elbows only a few weeks ago, as we performed our daily tasks about the factory, has shown such courage on the battle-field, such a spirit of self-sacrificing devotion, that a French General has decorated him with the Croix de Guerre and General Pershing has awarded him a commission.

Such is the proof, if indeed proof were needed, of the quality of our boys' devotion to their country. Whatever is required of them of hardship, of suffering, even life itself, that do they gladly give.

How can we keep faith with them?

What can we, must we, do to be worthy of them? Only this, whatever our country requires of us of labor, of sacrifice, that must we gladly give.

To support and supply our boys, the boys from our own workrooms, the Government needs many things. Every soldier, every sailor, must be fully equipped; clothed from head to foot, armed with the best of weapons, fed with substantial food, transported on land and sea. Nothing can be left undone to make them the finest soldiers in the world. A tremendous amount of work is necessary, a tremendous amount of money is required.

With what spirit shall we do our part? Shall we begrudge the money we save to buy Thrift Stamps? We will get it all back and more. Shall we begrudge the money we give to



save some boy's life or soul; He may be one of our own boys we help. Shall we begrudge the little sugar, the little flour, we go without that some one who had none may yet have a tiny bit? Shall we begrudge the extra effort we put into our work to make up for the loss of so many men?

To begrudge these things is to be unworthy of our boys who are giving all. They need our help, our support.

We are working for them, even as they are fighting and risking all for us. Cheerfully we will save, and freely give. Our help, our support, they shall have.

We will labor to the utmost of our capacity and when some of our boys come back to us, we will greet them proudly, knowing that the spirit that is within us has been worthy—has kept faith with those who died.

The Practical Application of an Idea

MR. J. T. ASHBROOKE, *Advertising Manager*

“**E**VERYTHING is two-fold. There is the thing itself, and there is the picture of the thing which is in the mind. That mental picture is called an idea.”

Each and every employee in this great factory of ours, take home this thought embodied in these few words.

Work with the idea always in mind we are to master some problem. Probably the picture this very moment is in the mind's eye. Concentration will help it to take practical form of usefulness.

Let us fix in our minds *the thing* that occurred to us the other day—it may have great possibilities, provided we work hard and long for it.

Mr. Gillette doubtless discovered the first practical safety razor through this simple formula.

So simple a thing as the small piece of rubber on the end of a lead pencil made one man enormously rich and successful in life. This man not only became rich, but his wealth

brought him joy, for he gave a great deal of it to the struggling and deserving ones. He also made it possible for others to rub out a lot of errors.

We must not permit any practical idea to go astray. Probably a vision of doing something great and good may occur many times during everyday work.

To do these things is mostly a matter of *Will Power*, and the *Human Will* is the strongest force on Earth.

Systematic habits of mind and body will make us happy. We shall be doing our bit toward forming a successful career in life for ourselves and others.

Let us rise above the ordinary level of living and thinking through close observation, concentration and application. Eventually we shall discover the possibilities within ourselves by putting to work that mental picture, called an idea, into practical use and service.

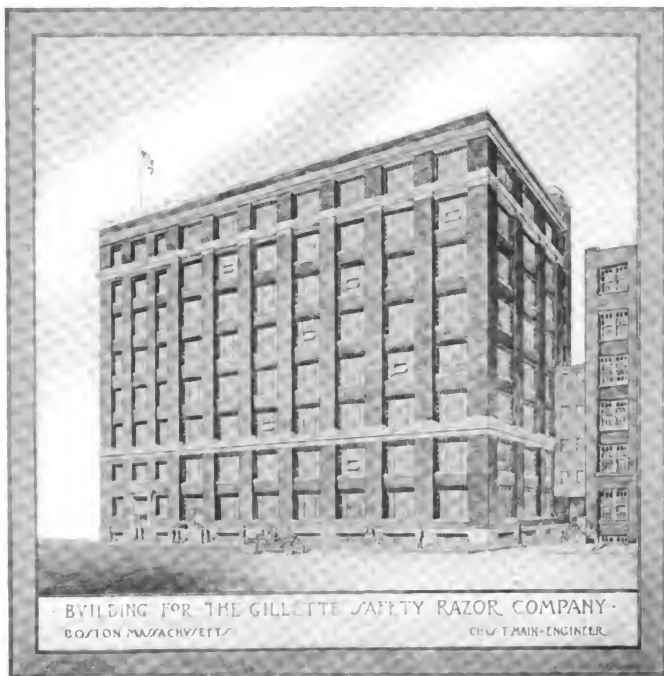


Thrift Stamp Campaign

The recent Thrift Stamp Campaign resulted in nine departments going "Over the Top," having achieved a rating of 100%. The average weekly sale of Thrift stamps is 2,400.

The following list gives the individual ratings for the different departments, with their weekly assignment of Thrift Stamps:

| Department | No. of Pledges Received | Department Percentage | Weekly Assignment |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Power | 6 | 100% | 11 |
| Polishing | 13 | 100 | 32 |
| Shipping | 15 | 100 | 18 |
| Handle Press | 120 | 100 | 336 |
| Automatic Screw Mach. | 12 | 100 | 30 |
| Blade Inspection | 12 | 100 | 23 |
| Laboratory | 4 | 100 | 10 |
| Information | 2 | 100 | 6 |
| Superintendent's Office | 6 | 100 | 29 |
| Handle Inspection | 98 | 97 | 123 |
| Plating | 63 | 95 | 140 |
| Punching | 12 | 92 | 31 |
| Honing—4B | 50 | 92 | 72 |
| Stock—C (Mr. Goodsell) | 33 | 92 | 53 |
| Sixth Floor Office | 62 | 89 | 86 |
| Stropping | 49 | 88 | 77 |
| Leather Goods | 120 | 87 | 166 |
| Grinding | 74 | 86 | 120 |
| Stock and Wiring | 87 | 84 | 152 |
| Cleaning | 6 | 75 | 6 |
| Painting | 5 | 75 | 8 |
| Stock—C (Mr. Lord) | 14 | 70 | 23 |
| Engraving | 2 | 67 | 12 |
| Set Packing | 43 | 65 | 52 |
| Second Floor Office | 15 | 58 | 36 |
| Buffing | 69 | 54 | 139 |
| Paper Box | 14 | 52 | 15 |
| Machine Shop | 47 | 48 | 244 |
| Blade Packing | 73 | 45 | 83 |
| Carpenter Shop | 3 | 43 | 17 |
| Hardening | 25 | 32 | 45 |
| Draughting | 2 | 25 | 14 |
| Honing | 36 | 24 | 67 |
| Electrical | 1 | 17 | 4 |



OUR new building, designated as building "E," has been started and we hope to finish it in record time. The building will be of reinforced concrete, brick faced, with very large windows to allow the maximum of daylight. The floors will be maple, laid over the concrete so as to prevent the fatigue of the hard cement floor. Each working floor is a perfect rectangle, unbroken by partitions. The machines will be placed on each side of a central aisle.

High speed passenger elevators will be installed to assist employees coming and going from work.

The outstanding feature of the new building will be the Carrier Ventilating System. Air will be taken from the roof, washed to remove all dust or dirt, heated and distributed to the several floors by powerful fans. Thus it will be possible to control the humidity which science has determined best for health. Moreover it will be possible to control temperature, particularly in the summer time. It is expected that the building can be maintained at 10° F. cooler than outside air on the hottest day.

The new building will contain the following departments:

| | |
|------------------|-------------------------------|
| First Floor..... | Packing—Shipping |
| Second " | Punch Press—Hardening—Drawing |
| Third " | Printing—Polishing |
| Fourth " | Grinding |
| Fifth " | Honing |
| Sixth " | Honing |
| Seventh " | Stropping |
| Eighth " | Blade Packing |



Collection Methods in Canada

MR. P. T. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Secretary*

of the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

THE collection of accounts is always a matter of importance with any commercial house, and customers who are behind in their payments should be gotten after without unnecessary delay.

In Canada the draft system is the one most relied upon. There are dealers who prefer to remit direct by cheque, but the preponderance of retailers here expect to be drawn upon when the account falls due.

There is a new method recently added to the many forms of notes, drafts and bills of Exchange already in use in this country. It is known as the "Trade Acceptance," the definition of which is as follows:—

"A Trade Acceptance is a bill that has arisen out of an actual Commercial transaction, domestic or foreign."

The form is similar to the ordinary draft now in use but goes one step farther and states that the draft has been drawn for goods sold and in accordance with the terms of original purchase.

It cannot therefore be used in connection with overdue accounts or for transactions where goods have not been actually sold and delivered.

It is an acknowledgment of a debt by the buyer in favor of the seller for merchandise that the seller

has placed in the hands of the buyer. The buyer agrees in writing across the face of this acceptance his name, the name and location of his own bank and the date, to pay the amount of this stated indebtedness at a stated time at his own bank.

The acceptance should not be used in the same way as the ordinary draft, which is drawn usually after an account becomes due and invoice or statement placed with a bank for collection.

The acceptance is sent direct to the buyer as soon as the bill is rendered, with a request to accept and return as soon as goods have been received and checked. As soon as this acceptance is received by the seller the account is in liquid negotiable condition and can be turned over to the bank at its face value. All current accounts may be covered by acceptance in this manner and the acceptances held by the seller until due or discounted as he wishes.

If an account becomes risky after an acceptance has been given and suit is necessary there is no need of any further proof of claim.

This is another way in which the merchant holding the Trade Acceptance has the advantage over the merchant doing business on the open account plan.

EVERY American
faces a lifetime
of satisfaction or re-
gret for the part that
he plays in this war.
Buy War Savings Stamps!



RAIN → Rattly Flats in Flanders

Dear Mick
Your going to get a letter from me today because Jupiter Pluvius the rain king, is at the bat again and has put getting out on the blink

Everybody's writin' letters but Bert and his asleep in the corner. He's bet his dreams are worth money - you ought to see the smile he's got. As a sleep that boy's no slouch the worst of it is he sleeps out loud and sawin' wood aint in it.

They're all trying to put the wind up as with talk of what Fritz is going to stage in the spring. Believe me, he don't scare us any - if he wants to get rough in the Spring O.K. - we'll make them look like the statue of "what's the use". Murray says the British has got more big guns over there than they got time to shoot em off and when they cut loose they're going to disturb Fritz's side of the alley considerable. You lucky guy being in a real country where they got sugar and white man's bread - we get The same chuck, mulligan, bully etc - and a million dollars worth of promises. They're just as strong on promises now as they was when you were here. The gang is pretty small now and nearly all the old timers you knew is over on the Island being fed cake and tea. Dave is in Taplow Hospital and is having the time of his young life telling them what a hero he is.



THIS IS BERT WORKIN



TODAY I UNCOVERED A SMILE

Joy mick, you're a bute and ten thousand thanks for that Gillette safety Razor you sent Jim O.K. now an don't have no worries about this beard of mine. It shaves like a charm.

Gee, it's convenient having the whole thing in that little service case - the Guy that figured it all out did a good day's work -

It's The most handy thing I've seen yet and I carry it in my tunic pocket all the time. They can't get one for out shavin' any more. I got a barber shop in my pocket. Well I haven't time to write my life history so I'll quit. Things is as good as can be expected & we're O.K. Charge that 5⁰⁰ for the Gillette Safety Razor to profit & loss - my profit. Your loss. Outside the kidding - I'll square you right away. Au reservoir
Yours, Joe.



Vacation

J. H. FRENCH, *Machine Shop*

If I could do as I would wish,
As long as I would like,
I'd buy a little motor car
And take you for a hike.

We'd go out in the country
Where we could hunt and fish,
And roam the fields together
Just as long as we would wish.

Of course we'd take a tent along
Into which at night we'd creep,
With no loud city noises
To break our gentle sleep.

Then awake in early morning,
And watch the busy bees;
Perhaps a little later on
We will line them to their trees,

To which they carry honey
The whole livelong day
And never cease their labor
Until darkness blocks their way.

We would go in early morning
And catch a mess of trout,
Perhaps in early evening
Bring home a mess of Pout.

Again some early morning
We'd go down to the lake
Where after spending pleasant hours,
A string of pickerel take.

With "Grocer" one hour's ride away
And farmers at our feet
We certainly would have the best
Of everything to eat.

Some people think the farmer's life
Is just one round of fun,
But follow them around awhile;
They keep you on the run.

At eve we sit around their door,
And hear their stories tell
Of how they raised the largest squash
Or dug the deepest well.

We tramp around the hills and fields
And go just where we please.
Pick berries, go in swimming,
Just live a life of ease.

We will take a camera along;
Take pictures where we like,
Of anything we run across,
As through the towns we hike.

With papers, magazines, and books,
When nothing else to do.
We can lay around some shady spot,
And read them through and through.

Help Our Gillette Boys Win the War

AGNES DONOHUE, *Hardening Dept.*

Sung to the air of—
"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are
Marching"

I.

On the crimson fields of France,
Battling freedom's fiercest foe
Our heroic boys will fight, 'til victory's won;
And to you and me at home, comes the
call from over there:
Buy a stamp and help stampede the haughty
Hun.

—Chorus—

Stamp, stamp, stamp, the boys are marching,
Forward, comrades with a cheer,
For, to help them down the Hun,
We must rally every one,
With our dollars, halves and quarters over
here.

II.

From our laddies on the deep,
Fighting still for freedom's weal—
Freedom, stabbed by murderous foes, be-
neath the blue,
"Lusitania"—don't forget, comes the call
in words of steel,
Buy a stamp and help stamp out the pirate
new.

III.

Bleeding Belgium sends the call,
Gallant France and Britain have
All our millions of defenders, staunch and
free;
"Every little stamp you buy stamps the
Kaiser in the eye—
Helps to stamp our dear old Earth with
Liberty."

God gave us brains with which to plan
and hands with which to work. He gave us
strength to do our bit and wear a pleasant
look. We cannot see why paths are rough
o'er which we have to walk, but work is
done 'fore set of sun if we don't stop to
balk.

Contributed by MILDRED W. JENKINS,
Advertising Department.



The Gillette Blade



The Piker

Contributed by E. DRISCOLL, *Leather Goods Dept.*

The paths of ease are only myths,
And it was ever thus,
Don't think that you can ride to fame,
Upon a jitney bus.
The other fellow's job looks soft,
And just the kind you'd like,
But try it out and you will find,
That you must hit the pike,
And if you're not there with the push,
And energy galore,
You're nothing but a piker,
Piking for the other shore.

The world has use for men who work,
And needs them every one,
But nature prods the bubble,
And puts pikers on the run.
The elevator's going down,
Loaded with the guys,
Who whittle dry goods boxes,
And build castles in the skies.

Some men will sit, as though spiked down,
And tell their tales of woe,
While others, with the wanderlust,
Are always on the go.

Thus discontent takes different forms,
But brings the same result,
It heads you for Hotel de-Gink,
To join the Hobo cult.
Then let us all turn on the light,
And watch ourselves go by
And get a line on what we are,
And know the reason why.
It matters not what stage we've reached,
There's always room to grow,
So do not be a piker,
Be careful what you sow.

Determination

Though the sun has set,
I am waiting for you yet,
And it's safe for me to bet
That I'll sell you a Gillette.

ANNE LYONS, *Service Expert.*

**GILLETTE FIRM
OFFERS RAZORS
FOR HOME RUNS**

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR
Société Anonyme
au Capital de 100,000 Francs.
17bis rue La Boétie,
Paris, April 25, 1918.

NEW YORK HERALD,
avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

GENTLEMEN,—I read with interest the results of the various games played by the teams representing the newly organized Soldiers and Sailors, Paris, Baseball League. The writer was one of the organizers of the league last year, and naturally is very much interested in the development of the 1918 organization. You will recall that a Gillette Razor was given to each player making a home run, and I wish to advise you that I will continue this practice in 1918, and trust that you make this fact known to the Captains of the various teams in the new league.

I am also pleased to offer a few baseballs, baseball bats and perhaps 4,000 score cards. Trusting this information will be passed along to the right people, and thanking you for past courtesies, I remain, yours very truly, W. H. BARRY.

Regular, which announces itself as such.

THE NEW YORK HERALD

EUROPEAN EDITION—PARIS, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1918.

"HOMES AND GARDENS LETTERS" FROM "AMMY" BARRY OFFER

There is going to be some keen playing in the Soldiers' and Sailors' (Paris) Baseball League games. A Gillette razor is the offer made by Mr. W. H. Barry in a letter published in this issue of the Herald, and all the players will be out to spin for that prize. Mr. Barry also offers baseballs, bats and score cards. This is the right spirit and it does baseball good. Now, boys, bat out for that.

A RAZOR FOR EVERY HOME RUN.

There is going to be some keen playing in the Soldiers' and Sailors' (Paris) Baseball League games. A Gillette razor is the offer made by Mr. W. H. Barry in a letter published in this issue of the Herald, and all the players will be out to spin for that prize. Mr. Barry also offers baseballs, bats and score cards. This is the right spirit and it does baseball good. Now, boys, bat out for that.

From the Paris Edition of the New York Herald



With the Gillette Service Experts

A Few Observations

MRS. E. L. PECK, *Service Expert*

THE June copy of THE GILLETTE BLADE has just reached me, and, as always, I eagerly scanned its pages from cover to cover.

It gave me a sense of joy and pride to read of the splendid showing made by the "House of Gillette" in the recent parade given for the "Red Cross" and also to note the large amount of "cash" donated to such a worthy cause. "Enthusiasm" is a mighty fine quality, but after all it takes something more tangible to nurse our brave lads back to health and future usefulness. As the good old farmer once put it, "Talk is cheap, but it takes money to buy land." So the \$50,000.00 donated by the Gillette Safety Razor Co. to the Red Cross means just so much more oil with which to lubricate their machinery. The amount which each one of us can give may seem a mere drop in the bucket; but we must remember that it is the "cumulative effort" that counts up in the long run. I have often told the story to people I met, of the way the Gillette employees have contributed their money and time knitting sweaters, socks, etc., for their co-workers who have entered

the service, and kept the boys in the little things such as tobacco, candy, etc., which add so materially to their comfort. Everywhere the story has been received with interest, and one man said if every organization would look after its employees in like manner, it would take quite a burden off "Uncle Sam's" shoulders.

My trip throughout the country in behalf of the Service Campaign

has done much to awaken my thought as to what this war really means. I have visited a great many of the cantonment towns, and in each one the story is much the same, with a few variations.

In Norfolk the population has nearly doubled in less than nine months, and here I found sailors and soldiers in throngs.

One can hardly wend their way along the streets at night, and to watch the faces of those boys is a study; a sight I shall never forget. Some of them so happy and full of the fire of youth and expectancy; others so sad and lonely, looking about eagerly for a familiar face.

Anchored in the Bay at Savannah were eight French ships. I was interested in a party of 11 officers seated at a table next to mine. They were chattering away in their native tongue, not a word of which could

Thrift by Maurice Ketten





be understood by me, but apparently very happy. My thoughts traveled "across the ocean" to *our* boys, and I hoped and prayed that they who were placed amongst strangers, who oftentimes could not understand their language, were as happy as these Frenchmen appeared in Savannah.

In Texas one sees nothing but soldiers; it almost seems as if the entire U. S. Army must be stationed in that state. One sees comparatively few sailors there. The "boys" feel the change of climate very much at first, but after becoming accustomed to the new surroundings, they readily adjust themselves.

By the way, I had the extreme pleasure of meeting Mr. Prouty and his other "two-thirds," his good wife, and two fine boys, who moved to Texas from good old Boston.

It was quite a sight, while in Texas, to see from 25 to 75 air ships sailing over head; and the observation balloons in San Antonio, which scarcely move from early to late. These latter are held in place by anchors and only return to earth to receive instructions.

It is nothing unusual to be awakened, while traveling at night, by terrific yells—troop trains passing, and frequently see bodies hanging half out of the windows in an effort to get a breath of fresh air, the heat is so intense. When moving troops in large numbers, it is almost impossible to provide sleepers, so they many times are obliged to sit up all night.

It is interesting to note the Food Laws of the different states. In Texas, sugar is dealt out so very sparingly in envelopes made for this purpose. Only two lumps of sugar served at a meal, no matter whether

one buys two or three cups of coffee. Corn sugar is served in some cities in place of cane. This is very yellow, very lumpy, but *not* very sweet, but one is glad to get even this.

In Arkansas, if one has macaroni in any form, one cannot have bread or pastry at the same meal.

In Iowa, one is allowed only one lump of sugar for coffee and only one teaspoon of granulated sugar on your berries or cereal, and none on tomatoes, lettuce or melons. This rule may vary a trifle in the different cities, but on the whole it is rigidly enforced.

Some dining cars do not serve iced tea at all, in order to conserve the sugar. Many druggists fear they may have their soda fountains entirely closed on account of the desire to save the sugar.

The bread situation is one I have been watching with interest. Nothing but corn bread served in many hotels, and the Southern corn bread is so different from what we make in the North that it takes a little time to become accustomed to it.

Some hotels will serve but one roll (and *no* more) to each person at a given meal, and you cannot bribe the waiters to give or sell you more. This all goes to show how the rules are carried out in the various localities, but after all it is up to us as individuals to strive to deny ourselves of the things which Uncle Sam needs for the "men in the trenches." *We* know what we *should* do and *we* know that so far as we play a "square game" with ourselves and our country, in that proportion are *we* doing "our bit."

Everyone realizes the man behind the plow is quite as essential as the man behind the gun. The one who



gives his or her dollar to the Red Cross, or to buy Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps is just as loyal and patriotic as the man who shoulders a gun.

In the great Battle of Life, each is a complement to the other; the small wheel plays as important a part as the big wheel in the Gillette factory, and if it wasn't for the small wheels, there would be no Gillette Safety Razor made.

So let each one of us be true to ourselves and play the game squarely and fairly with Uncle Sam and the whole world. Let us be content wherever we may be placed, and with whatever our work may be. Let us rejoice even if we are only the "small wheel" or can only give our "mite," and remember it is the "cumulative effort" that insures everlasting Victory and Freedom and Happiness for this Glorious United States of America and our Allies.

Wreck of the Sunshine Special

Memphis, Tenn., June 6th, 1918.

DEAR MR. REBUCK:—

No doubt you have heard by now about our being in the train wreck on the Sunshine Special at Hope, Arkansas, Sunday—midnight, thought perhaps you might like to hear more about it.

On inquiring early in the week about trains found one that left Dallas at 8.30 A. M. Sunday—local—arriving in Memphis same time Monday morning as one leaving at 4.30 P. M. which was an express. Not having had any Sundays in a town we decided that was a better one to take.

We started off with a hot-box right in the train yards at Dallas and waited forty minutes for that.

Then after about a half-hour ride out struck a calf and waited for that to die. While we were eating our dinner a terrific thunder storm came up—never saw such vivid lightning nor such heavy rain. Crash after crash of thunder, but all cleared about seven.

About ten everyone in our sleeper—sound asleep—four or five children in car. Shortly after midnight we awoke with a start. Children and women were screaming and I felt as though the upper berth had come down on my head. In reality it was the bump I got on the head as the train stopped short. The porter and some of the men rushed out to see what had happened and came back to tell us the engine was down an embankment and seven cars derailed. The porter in his excitement said: "You ought all to have been killed," but we knew what he meant.

A young lady from Alabama was very much excited to know if we should get up and dress and hearing a man's voice outside her berth telling passengers how it happened, said: "Porter will I get up and dress?" He said: "Do as you like lady but that's my given name." He gave his card to us and said: "Give the lady my card"—which read "Porter Loring—Funeral Director." Even at such a serious time we had to laugh.

We dressed and went out then to see if we could help any of the injured or give one of them our berths. There was one doctor on the train but two more came from Hope—three miles away, and the injured were all spread around on stretchers on the ground. The engineer and baggage-man were killed. Engine was completely turned over and smashed in and six coaches all off the tracks.



Two car loads of recruits from some place in Texas seem to be the cause of the wreck as all evidence pointed to a deliberate plan to wreck troop trains. We saw where the switch had been opened and locked, light out. In the second coach from diner, the rail was ripped up on one side and was standing straight up in the car. A soldier sitting in front of it had his hat knocked off. Some people were in coaches that were half turned over—sitting in their seats sound asleep. One man in our pullman woke up at seven in the morning and asked what was the matter. He never heard a thing.

At six o'clock a relief train arrived with doctors and nurses who cared for the wounded, twenty-six in all, and put them on the train back to the next town to the hospital.

We got a new engine and took the detour to Colton Belt Line and had breakfast in Hope. We rode all around Arkansas all day, waiting three hours at the station in Pride's Falls, finally arriving in Little Rock at seven-thirty and stayed there till two-thirty. It was five in the morning when the next Sunshine Special picked us up and we arrived at Memphis at nine o'clock Tuesday morning instead of Monday, and glad to find Mrs. Peck waited for us at the Hotel, all tired and nervous.

You wanted us to write something of our experiences for the *BLADE*—if you can sift this over and think it interesting enough to put in you can. Later I'll write a more pleasant experience.

Like the work very much—find most all our Gillette users best of men and courteous and nice to us all and seem to appreciate our campaign

very much. Many have said: "You couldn't have thought of a better way to advertise the Gillette Razor." Hoping it will bring you the best of results, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
ANNE KANALY, *Service Expert.*

Memphis, Tenn.

DEAR MR. DONOVAN:—

Had a nice time last week and enjoyed the store in which I was located very much. I suppose Miss Kanaly has told you about our experience last Sunday night. It was weird from start to finish. It was called Sunshine Express and we were wrecked three miles from Hope, Arkansas. We were only out twenty minutes and had to stop forty-five minutes from trouble with a hot box, then shortly after we hit a young cow and waited until it died, about ten minutes then the worst thunder shower. I didn't enjoy it one bit, and we were going at the rate of seventy miles an hour about midnight when every one screamed. Believe me we got a good crack in the head. I felt as though something was going to happen and even took my double blanket and put it under my pillow but I got the bump just the same. Of course I had to see it all and met a Gillette user who turned out to be an undertaker and was going to call in my store. I told him how to examine his razor and he called on me. I wasn't there and he left a note and said his razor was so out of alignment he had decided to buy a new one. It sure was a strenuous trip. It is very hot but I am getting used to it I guess.

Sincerely,
JANE PENNY, *Service Expert.*



Bonus Received in Various Departments During First Four Weeks of July, 1918

The Weekly Bonus is figured on a basis of 95 per cent for Attendance and 97 per cent for Tardiness. The department must come up to both percentages in order to receive the Bonus in full.

Each employee who is neither Late or Absent receives 50 cents, and if the required percentages of the department are also reached, such employee receives an additional 50 cents, making the total Bonus \$1.00 per week.

| Name | Department | July 3 | July 10 | July 17 | July 24 |
|-----------------|-----------------------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| Mr. Evans | Cleaning | * | | * | * |
| Mr. Gabarino | Grinding | | | * | |
| Mr. Kelly | Honing (3-A) | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Kelly | Honing (4-B) | | | | |
| Mr. Olsen | Punching | * | | | * |
| Mr. Sides | Hardening | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Sullivan | Stropping | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Rattray | Carpenter | * | * | | * |
| Mr. Vezina | Blade Print., Polish. | * | * | * | |
| Miss Brady | Fin. Packing | * | | * | |
| Mr. Raphael | Shipping | | * | | |
| Mr. Wm. Donovan | Adv. Shipping | * | | * | * |
| Mr. Blank | Engraving | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Ruppel | Laboratory | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Hatfield | Power | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Sorenson | Screw Machine | * | | | * |
| Miss Macaskill | Blade Packing | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Crichton | Janitors | * | * | * | |
| Miss Driscoll | Leather Goods | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Wharton | Handle Press | * | * | * | * |
| Miss Denny | Handle Insp. | | * | * | |
| Mr. Biggar | Painters | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. W. Murphy | Stock | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Lord | Stores Rec'd | * | | * | * |
| Mr. Briscoe | Watchmen | * | * | * | * |
| Miss Quinlan | Blade Insp. | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Gaskin | Electrical | * | * | * | * |

* Received Bonus

Where no stars appear, the department did not receive Bonus



Factory Notes

The Rose-mere Club of the Blade Packing Department have returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at "None-Such-Pond," Wellesley.

Dressed as "Farmerettes" these girls did their bit toward winning the war, by helping the neighboring farmers and by doing their own cooking, proving to the many friends who spent the week ends with them, what excellent cooks they are.



THE ROSE-MERE CLUB

The members of the club are, Margaret Mills, Lillian Schofield, Marie Provost, Mary Libby, Emily Read, Marion Briggs, Annie Fox. We feel sure they have come back ready to carry on their work with renewed vigor.

Mr. Lawrence C. Foubister of the Wiring Department, who left Saturday for Camp Devens, was presented with a fountain pen by the girls of the Wiring Department. He was also presented with a wrist watch by the boys of the Stock Department at his home, 73 Partridge Avenue, Somerville, on July 16th.

Garrett Murphy of Stock Room 4D, One day took a notion the ocean to see. He said I am tired of this stock room job So I guess I will change it to one of a gob. He went out one day to recruiting station And signed himself up for the war's duration.

They made him a seaman of the second class.

The war now soon will be over,
For much longer now it can't last,
For with his great build, as he walks the decks

All the U-Boat Commanders will die nervous wrecks.

Contributed by LOUIS McCURT, Stock Dept.

On July 21st Miss Gertrude Ahearn of the "Grinding Department" was married to

Mr. Charles Perkins of Brockton. The couple will make their home in Brockton.

Miss Margaret Warren of the Packing Department was married July 6th, to Mr. Jeremiah Bresnahan, who is at present stationed at Camp Devens.

Mrs. Meadows, formerly Miss Mary Neves of the Stock Department, presented her husband with a nine pound baby girl on June 27th. Mother and daughter are doing well.

We are all glad to hear that Francis O'Brien of South Boston has returned to work after an illness of several months. Mr. O'Brien is employed in the Plating Department.

We all sympathize with Miss Mary McCarthy of the Blade Packing Department and her sister, Miss Edith McCarthy of the Wiring Department, at the loss of their father, Jeremiah McCarthy, who passed away at his home in South Boston, July 5th.

Speaking of War Gardens—J. Louis Cody of Handle Inspection Department has raised two and one-half bushels of string beans. They were officially tested out by Miss Denny, forelady of the 4th floor, "D," who claims they were the best yet.

Mr. Saul Beaumont, father of B. M. Beaumont of the Shipping Department, died at his home in Roxbury, July 11th. We all sympathize with Mr. Beaumont in his bereavement.

Miss Anna Lynch, who recently left the Handle Department, 2 D, was presented with a handsome gas-lamp by the employees of the department. Miss Lynch shall hereafter be known as Mrs. Willcutt, having been married, Sunday evening, July 21th.

W. E. Garland, of our Leather Goods Stock Department, left July 24th to join the U. S. Service.

Mr. Garland's fellow workers presented him with a fountain pen and also a beautiful wrist watch.

"SMILE"

A smile is such a little thing

And yet it means so much

And those whose way is rough and steep
Would miss its magic touch.

It's like a tonic to the slek

And sunshine to the sad

So scatter smiles along the miles

And make the old world glad.

Contributed by MISS CATHERINE TRAVERSE,
Advertising Dept.



Courtesy Pays

The salesman with the pleasing personality is the man who comes home with the bacon.



He's the man who knows that courtesy is one of the most valuable assets that any salesman can have to his credit. For courtesy is the key to the development of a pleasing personality; without which you, I, or no other man will get far along the hard path to *success*.

Business principles demand that every salesman be courteous, not a part of the time, but all of the time.

For this is the age of *service*.

And service is the result of *courtesy*.

Now you can give good service and still not be courteous. But your customer is going to know whether you are serving him in the right spirit or not. And he will show it.



Be courteous in the little things as well as the big ones. For lack of courtesy in little incidents is sometimes magnified to immense propor-

tions by the customer. In any event it is always noticed by him.

Courtesy is catching. It helps to change the attitude of the most dissatisfied and trying customer. It is a wonderful help in smoothing out the difficulties thrust in the salesman's path.—*The Salt Seller*.

Scores Seventy-One Shaves

In keeping with the spirit of the times—"Saving to Help Win the War"—Mr. John W. Morton, of 1214 Grand Avenue, Fort Smith, Arkansas, practices economy in shaving by getting more shaves from his Gillette blades.



Mr. Morton recently turned over to our Service Expert at Fort Smith, Arkansas, the blade reproduced herewith, which has given him seventy-one shaves. He explained the blade was kept sharp by rubbing the edge across the palm of his hand after each shave. A record of its use was kept by putting a score mark on the envelope. He told our Service Expert he expected it to last for at least one hundred shaves.



Eat Wisely and Keep the Wolf from the Door of the World

HENRY B. ENDICOTT, *Mass. Food Administrator*

AS the result of various war activities, tending toward a greater degree of food economy, many households are making the serious mistake of cutting down their Milk supply. There are so many important reasons why this should not be done, that the mere recital of them should be enough to curb this tendency which is full of dangerous possibilities.

Even at present prices, Milk is the cheapest food one can buy. There is no substitute for Milk. The composition of Milk is such that it builds body and bone, and builds it better than anything else. The child's health and growth depends upon proper diet, and Milk should be an article of

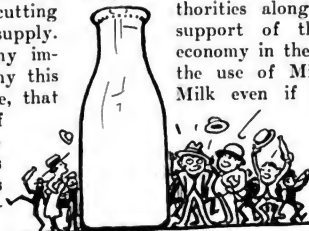
diet for the child. If people would eat more Milk they would need to eat less meat, and thus another great need, that of saving the meat supply of the world, would be met.

An adult eating one pint of Milk a day needs but one-quarter pound of meat—that is enough, and he gets

all the food value of a well-balanced ration, and in a more digestible form.

We could quote a great many authorities along the same lines, in support of the claim that real economy in the use of food dictates the use of Milk rather than less Milk even if prices were considerably higher.

We believe it is the patriotic duty of everybody to see that more Milk and Milk products are consumed in the family. In doing this you safeguard their health, stretch the purchasing power of the family pocketbook, and also help to make it possible for non-perishable goods to be sent abroad to the men serving the United States and its Allies.



Little cubes of sugar.
Little grains of wheat—
Save them with the bacon
And other kinds of meat.
Ill-fed fighters weaken,
Ill-fed nations yield:
It's up to us to keep our Allies
Strong to take the field.
Every dinner table
Wherever people eat
Will help decide the verdict—
Victory or defeat.

Go back to the *simple* life, be contented with *simple* food, *simple* clothes, *simple* pleasures.

Work hard, pray hard, play hard. Work, eat, recreate and sleep. Do it all courageously.

We Have a Victory to Win!—
Hoover.



Sharp Edges

"If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.

"If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins,
Is the man who thinks he can."

Hope, of course—but hustle, also.

Success comes in cans. Failure in can'ts.

Fulfil every promise and fill full every order.

Develop your push and your pull will take care of itself.

Most men can become successful executives if they desire to.

A salesman without enthusiasm couldn't sell hacksaws to a man in jail.

Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what happiness is.

Our eyes are placed in front because it is more important to look ahead than look back. Cultivate foresight.

All wealth is founded on health. To squander money is foolish; to squander health is murder in the second degree.

Friendly cooperation between Managers and Foremen promotes similar feeling among the employees all along the line.

Camouflage is helpful in war because you are dealing with enemies. Camouflage is not helpful but harmful in business because you are dealing with friends-in-the-making. If you cannot make friends of those you do business with, they won't do business with you very long.

In cases where employees know there is a lack of friendliness between the managers

of their respective sections, you have a case where very little is needed to start a fight in the ranks.

Employees become imbued with the spirit of their departments. *This spirit goes straight back to you, Mr. Manager. You are the man who must shoulder the responsibility.*

Editor, THE GILLETTE BLADE:

In one of your past issues of the GILLETTE BLADE I noticed an interesting article forwarded to you from our Mr. Prouty based on salesmanship. At this time I am forwarding you two creeds that often enter into my mind from time to time.

(1) A man never gets what he is worth, as he must be worth more than he gets to hold his "Job."

(2) Do what you are paid to do and then some. It's the "then some" that gets your salary raised.

ALFRED P. BERRY, Sales Department.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE





IRA B. BETTS, JR.

MR. BETTS joins the Gillette forces well qualified to represent this Company.

He is a graduate of Pratt Institute and the Mass. Institute of Technology. For many years he was in the building construction line until war conditions forced a curtailment of operations.

Mr. Betts is covering the Pennsylvania-New Jersey territory.



With the Gillette Boys at the Front



PRIVATE DAVID KLEIN

Medical Supply Depot, Base Hospital Camp
Grant, Ill.

(Formerly Distributor of Gillette Outdoor
Advertising Material)

Somewhere in France.

DEAR SIR:

Just a few lines to let you know I received your letter of Jan. 8th and also No. 2 and 3 packages. I was more than glad to receive them as I am at the front.

I met the first one of "Our Boys" a short while ago. Soon after we arrived our infantry came after and the only familiar face was George Pickering's.

We have been pretty active over here and have been complimented twice. There isn't a day but what there isn't either an artillery or an aeroplane duel.

Yours truly,
Mechanic, CHARLES FISHER,
101st Field Artillery, A. E. F.

With the Colors in France

GILLETTE WAR COMMITTEE:

I received your welcome packages and wish to thank you for the good work you are doing for the boys. It is a great pleasure to receive a package over here. The happiest days we have here are the days we receive mail. We were in the trenches but this company came out O. K. and the fellows are feeling fine and happy as kids.

Most of the boys use the Gillette razor here because they have to use cold water to shave with and it is just the thing they rely on, because we have to shave every day and it is no cinch.

Gratefully yours,

MICHAEL F. HANNON,
Co. E, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

*Le Foyer Du Soldat, Union Franco-
Americaine, France*

DEAR FRIEND LOUIS:

Just a line to let you know that I am in the best of health hoping this note finds you the same. I suppose that you know by this time that we have been in the trenches. Well, Louis, the trenches are some place to keep away from, take it from me. When the Germans are sending those big 18-inch shells over at you it is time to take a run for yourself. We are now out in a rest camp for about ten days and we are in hopes of staying out for good but no such luck by the way things look just now. How are all of the boys over to the shop nowadays? Jim is still living and feeling O. K. I want to thank you for the boxes that you have sent me in the past and hope to do something for you in some way some day.

I suppose that you know that my brother is working over to the shop now. I hope that he is getting along O. K. Why don't you drop me a line once in a year, would like to hear from you. I see where they are putting up a new shop over there now. Well I hope to be back to work before they get it finished, that is if the war is ever over and they can spare me. Ha! Ha! Hope to hear from you soon. With best wishes from

CORPORAL GEORGE PICKERING,
Co. H, 101st U. S. Inf.

Somewhere in France, May 4, 1918.

DEAR MR. GALE:

Just a few lines to let you know I received packages Nos. 5 and 6 while I was at the front. They were more than wel-



come and couldn't have come at a better time.

I am sorry I haven't answered your cards before now, but I met with a slight accident. While we were firing one day the Huns got a direct hit on one of our pieces. Out of eight men in the gun, just four of us came out alive. One man standing beside me got hit in five places. Two men in front of me got killed instantly and one lost a leg, an arm and an eye and died that night. I got hit in the right hand and had three pieces of shell taken out. I was sent back to the Icaon where I am now awaiting orders to go back again.

They can't send me back any too soon for I've a little debt I owe the Huns and I'll feel better when I pay them back twice what they gave us. We are very generous in paying Fritz what we owe him and always give him two for his one.

I am taking a chance in getting this letter by the censor although I haven't said anything that would give away military information.

Trusting that it will get by and reach you O. K., I will close for this time. Thanking you once again for your packages, I am,

Mechanic CHARLES FISHER.
101st Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Received your cards and packages O. K. The last box I received, I was on my way to the trenches and Gee, I was certainly a lucky boy. I had no socks, and when I opened the box and discovered a pair, you can imagine what a happy Soldier boy I was. I am not exaggerating a bit,—if I had not got those socks, I would have come in contact with trench feet, which is a very serious case.

I am in good health and enjoying life first rate. Have seen some excitement ever since I have been on the front. I met quite a few of the boys who were engaged in the last battle we had. We gave the Boche all they were looking for. No doubt you have read in the papers at home what great work the 104th have been doing.

I have been engaged in several patrol parties and a number of raiding parties, which we made a success of,—captured twenty-six prisoners and killed about thirty. We have come in contact with several gas attacks, which only affected a few of our men. There are several kinds of gases, such as Mustard Gas, Chlorine, Tear and Cloud Gas. We have a genuine gas mask so we do not mind the gas, but we all dread it.



PRIVATE A. LYNN
Honing Dept., Canadian Factory.

Enlisted November 19, 1916, with Irish Canadian Rangers at the age of 17 years. When he landed in France, he was transferred to the 24th Canadian British Expeditionary Force. On August 15, 1917, while fighting in the battle of Hill 70, he was wounded in the arm and hip. Upon recovering from his wounds, he returned to the trenches, in December, 1917, and is still going strong.

when we get the alarm that gas is in our vicinity. We have to put our masks on very quickly, the limited time being six seconds. If you do not put your mask on within this time, why you are out of luck, in other words S. O. L.

I received THE GILLETTE BLADE today, which I prize very highly as it is a very interesting book, giving all the employees the topics of the day, also in regard to what the firm is doing for its employees and the boys at the front.

I will now come to a speedy end. Remember me to all my friends. Wishing you the best of luck and hoping this letter finds you and all the members of the firm in the best of health, also hoping that the Gillette Liberty Loan is a success.

Yours truly,

PETER L. LEROUX,
Co. E., 104th U. S. Inf., A. E. F.



Camp Johnston, Florida.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

In one way I feel quite mean for never having written to you since coming South but on the other hand I have a feeling that my two last letters to you still remain unanswered.

I have had a very strenuous summer so far. The course I am in absorbs nearly all my time and I have done little except study. My day in class commences at 7 A. M. and ends on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 P. M. On all other days I close the books at 9.30 P. M.

The heat has been terrific, at least for me and I have lost more weight than I care to admit.

The big object in view, the commission, however, offsets everything else and I know that if I come out on top I will be well compensated.

This camp here is a wonder, quite above my ideal as to location, etc. It is situated about twelve miles from Jacksonville in a place called Yucon, on a peninsula extending into the St. John's River. The trees throughout the camp, of which there are many, are laden with Spanish Moss which lends the most picturesque appearance imaginable. What portion of the camp that is not covered with barracks, trees and those unique red brick roads, is filled in

with a fine white beach sand which makes one feel as if he was enjoying life with some summer colony at the shore.

Saturday evening I went with a lovely family motoring to Atlantic and Pablo Beaches, about twenty-five miles from Jacksonville. We took a route to the beach where we went through the jungle as it is called. Real tropical in appearance with dense woods, mostly of very tall palms. After a moonlight swim we had lunch on the beach, went to the hotel and danced some and then went speeding on the beach for about fifteen or twenty miles. That is only a sample evening's entertainment, but the sad part is that we can spare only one night a week from our studies.

I have no idea where I will be assigned to, if I am fortunate enough to be commissioned, but if I am not sent over I would like to get to Boston. Assignments "Over There" are the plums and much sought after so it will be a matter of luck how I come out.

The Gillette must be hopping along at a great pace these times and I often feel that I am missing a lot but nevertheless I would not swap with a great deal to boot until our little fuss is settled.

Sincerely yours,

E. FRANK WARD,

6th Co., Q. M. Officers' Training School.

Additions to the Roll of Honor

Frank Hardy, Hardening Dept.

11th Co., 3rd Batt., 153rd Depot Brigade,
Camp Dix, New Jersey.

Walter F. Schifferli, Foreign Dept.

J. J. DeCourcy, Bookkeeping Dept.

W. H. Chisholm, Machine Shop.

Walter Franz, Buffing Dept.

William Crowley, Buffing Dept.

L. C. Foubister, Wiring Dept.

Joseph Tricond, Buffing Dept.

Glendon R. Brown, Power Dept.

W. E. Garland, Leather Goods
Stock Dept.

Liborio Amaru, Machine Shop

Garrett K. Murphy, Stock Room
"D"

Changes in Addresses

Corp. Frank J. Sweeney,
Quartermaster Officer's Training Camp,
Jacksonville, Fla.

John W. Kairit,
Battery F, 55th Art. C. A. C., American
Expeditionary Forces.

2nd Lieut. George Evans,
Inf. U. S. A., 321st M. G. Bn. 82nd
Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

Paul E. Norton,
U. S. S. C. No. 272, c/o Postmaster, New
York City.

Frank G. Phinn,
Section E. 19, U. S. Naval Training Camp,

Priv. Walter Kenney,
France.
Evacuation Hospital No. 5, A. E. F.



OF MOST INTEREST

"Is Maud a good listener?"

"Yes; when she hears herself talking."

WARNING

"Beware of the man who knows too much, especially if it happens to be yourself."

REPARTEE

Mrs. Youngwife: "Do you cook lobsters?"

New Cook: "Always, mum. Do youse eat yours raw?"

NOT TO BE FORGIVEN

Blobbs: "Why do those two girls hate you so?"

Slobbs: "I once innocently remarked that they looked alike."

WELL SAID

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."

IN ERROR

"I breathe my vows from a surcharged heart," murmured the young man.

"Nonsense, Henry," said the college damsel, "you don't breathe from your heart; you breathe from your diaphragm."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THRIFT

Sandy: "Eh, yon was a powerful dees-course on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbath."

Preacher: "Ah 'm glad ye were able to profit."

Sandy: "Profit! Why mon, I would have sloshed na sixpence into the plate wi'out a thought, if it had not been for your providential words—they saved me fourpence there and then!"

MAKING THE MOST OF IT

No society girl considers herself formally engaged these days unless the following formula is gone through with:

1. The rumor.
2. The denial.
3. The unofficial announcement.
4. The double denial.

5. Investigation by the press, with photographs.

6. The official confirmation.

WOMAN'S WEAK POINT

She can fool the men about her age,
And fool 'em 'bout her wealth;
Their doubts as to her past assuage,
And those about her health.
She fools 'em about her temper, gee!
Of that there is no doubt;
But there is no chance for trickery
When she's growing stout.

In case the chap likes tresses light,
While hers are dark in hue,
The change is safe and simple quite,
And she knows what to do.
The tailor man, though thin she be,
Can always help things out;
But there is no chance for trickery
When she's growing stout.

THE WATCHWORD

That trolley car was packed all right,
Full ninety people had to fight
For breath within the squirming crowd,
But that conductor cried aloud,
"Movupfor'd."

The small, the tall, the lean, the fat
Were smashed together good and flat.
And still at every corner, well,
They heard that bold conductor yell,
"Movupfor'd."

And some sat on each other's laps,
And others hung and swung by straps,
And ever as they bounced along,
He sang that same old frightful song,
"Movupfor'd."

And some were black and blue and sore,
And some were pushed clear out the door.
And yet as more climbed on the car
They heard him crying from afar,
"Movupfor'd."

And some were clinging to the top,
It seemed each moment they would drop,
And yet to those there came the cry
Of that conductor shrill and high,
"Movupfor'd."

And in our dreams it seems at night
We hear that sentence full of fright,
And tremble in the nice warm bed
To hear that sound so full of dread,
"Movupfor'd."



We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

WHITTIER

NAPOLEON

Dead on his Island
Prison of St. Helena.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he lead through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers that blazed the while,
His eagle flag unrolled and froze.

Here sleeps he now alone. Not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust; nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Alone he sleeps. The mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

High is his couch, the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved while he stood
A stormy and unstable world.

Behind that sea-girt rock, the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Has sunk and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

Pause here. The far off world at last
Breathes free. The hand that shook its
thrones
And to the earth its mitres cast
Lies powerless now beneath these stones,

Hark! Comes there from the pyramids
Or from Siberian wastes of snow,
Or Europe's hills a voice that bids
The world be awed, to mourn him? No.

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there, is the sea-bird's cry;
The mournful murmur of the surge;
The cloud's deep voice; the wind's low sigh.

*Napoleon was held a prisoner in charge of the English government from the time of his defeat in 1815 at the Battle of Waterloo, until his death some fifteen (?) years afterward. His place of imprisonment was St. Helena, a small but mountainous island of rock in the South Atlantic Ocean far from the main land of either Africa or South America. His remains were afterward removed to Paris.

Justice will be defeated. Who says that
He lies in the face of the gods. She is im-
mutable, immaculate and immortal! And
though all the guilty globe should blaze,
she would spring up through with fire, and
soar above the crackling pile, with not a
downy feather ruffled by its fierceness.

KNOWLES

So live that when thy summons comes to
join

The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave

Like one that wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

BRYANT

LABOR AND POVERTY

Two men I honor. First, the toil-worn
craftsman, that with earth-made implement
laboriously conquers the earth, and makes
her man's. Venerable to me is the hard
hand; crooked, coarse, wherein, notwith-
standing, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly
royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Ven-
erable too, is the rugged face, all weather-
tanned, besotted, with its rude intelligence;
for it is the face of a man living manlike.
Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty,
be out of it who may; thou toilest for the
altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more
highly; by him who is seen toiling for the
spiritually indispensable; not daily bread,
but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his
duty, struggling towards inward harmony;
revealing this, by act or by word, through
all his outward endeavors, be they high or
low? Highest of all when his outward and
his inward endeavor are one; when we can
name him artist; not earthly craftsman only,
but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made
implement, conquers heaven for us! If the
poor and humble toil that we have food,
must not the high and glorious toil for him,
in return, that he may have light and guid-
ance, freedom and immortality? These two,
in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff
and dust, which let the wind blow whither
it listeth.

Unspeakingly touching is it, however,
when I find both dignities united; and he
that must toil outwardly for the lowest of
man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for
the highest.

Note.—It is not to be supposed that a man of Shakespeare's penetration intended to condemn all ornament in the passage selected for this issue of *THE BLADE*. Were it wrong to make use of ornament even nature herself would be to blame for creating flowers. It is stated rather that all ornament which is used to cover up defects and deceive the observer can be seriously questioned. We are reminded that we should look beneath ornament and externals in general and search for that which underlies them. Only by so doing can we rightly judge of the real merits of people, principles and things.—W. E. N.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Act III, Sc. II.*

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valor's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiléd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

Save the Thoughtless Dollars

"I got the sweetest hat today. And, my dear, of course, I didn't really need it, but—"

* * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"


* * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against these blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * *

It isn't that we Americans are a selfish people. *We have simply been thoughtless. Money is needed to win this war—let's give it.* So far, we have been asked only to lend—to lend at a good round 4% interest. Turn your THOUGHT-LESS dollars into War Savings Stamps.

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE
WASHINGTON



Contributed through Division of Advertising
United States Government Committee on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by The Gillette Safety Razor Company

The Gillette Blade

September, 1918



First American
Soldier Captured
by the Germans

Buy a
LIBERTY BOND
and set him Free

They Gave Their Lives for Liberty

Boston Factory

John Thomas Henderson

Montreal Factory

Bert Lyder

E. A. McMullen

James Sargent



THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O Guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on;
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone).

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon
They shall feel earth enwraught in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

The Gillette Blade

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston

To Our Fellow Workers—An Appreciation

FRANK J. FAHEY, *Vice-President*

SO many things have been transpiring with us all in the Boston factory during the past six months that there has not been much time for letter-writing, and THE GILLETTE BLADE editors have at times seemed very busy trying to get material from the "Busy Bosses" for the various issues.

Since last January, when the government business came upon us, there have been some very interesting developments in our plant.

At the time mentioned, we were going along comfortably, producing about 4,000 razors and 20,000 dozen blades daily.

The urgent demands of our government caused an immediate awakening among our people at that time, and we in the management have been pleased indeed to see this energy grow almost over night, until, as you probably know, we are producing for our boys in the trenches a steady daily output of 20,000 razors and 45,000 dozen blades.

This remarkable growth in capacity has astounded our Directors as well as the Government, and it has enabled us to again "do our bit" in the present crisis.

That new machinery and processes

have played an important part in this wonderful development, no one can doubt. The greatest factor which has enabled us to accomplish the result, however, was neither machinery nor processes, but the loyal, honest, thorough co-operation we have received from our associates and operatives in the factory.

This co-operation, to us, has been the monumental factor, and we feel it should not go unnoticed.

While we in the management have worked earnestly with the government here and in Washington to secure this business for the Gillette, you men and women have stood back of us with your hands and your hearts and kept up the steady flow of razors and blades.

It is an accomplishment to which we are pleased to refer, because without it we could never have made deliveries of over 2,500,000 Gillette razors and about 2,800,000 extra dozen blades during the past six months to take care of this government demand.

We record it here as a mark for the future, and we point to it with pardonable pride.

No other manufacturer of safety razors has received such a volume of



business from the government, and no other manufacturer could have made such deliveries.

Neither is the end in sight yet, because so long as our boys continue to go "over there" in such steady streams, we must keep up our sup-

ply of razors and blades to the camps. We hope you have all enjoyed your summer vacations and are refreshed for the great task which lies before us.

FELLOW WORKERS,
WE ARE PROUD OF YOU.

How a Montrealer, a Real Man, Awaited Death

A CAMEO FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF THE PRINCESS PATS

Contributed by A. A. BITTUES, *Managing Director*

Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

GEORGE PEARSON, who wrote "Englander Schwein" and "The Soul of the Assault," tells in *MacLean's* for July, the story of "The Last Stand of the Princess Pats." The story is such—in particular where it refers to the day's experiences of Major A. Hamilton Gault, a well-known Montreal gentleman—that it is worth reading by every red-blooded man, be he American or Canadian.

The day referred to was that of the attack on May 8th, in which practically all of the remaining "originals" of the Princess Pats were killed or wounded. Roll call at the close of the day revealed but 140 men fit for duty out of what had been a complete battalion (1030 men) when the drive began.

The story goes on to tell of Major A. Hamilton Gault who was then in command of the battalion that he had personally raised.

"The commanding officer, who had just returned from hospital in England a few days before, was wounded early in the day, but like this other would not accept such a quietus. Instead, he crawled around just as he had done for many days on the occasion of his previous wounding at St. Eloi, and kept in active command of the situation. But a shell found him squarely about seven o'clock, mangling him badly beyond any possibility of standing, let alone walking. He had been in the forefront of all inspiring activity since the beginning of the end, and although he could no longer remain in active command, the courageous spirit of the man drove him on to do the Spartan impossible. He crawled up and down that bloody lane—a shattered hulk, a shocking thing of blood to any eyes that saw less well than those of these devoted men of his for whom he now risked the

faint spark of all his slight remaining strength and all hope of dearer life itself, and glad to do it too; the one driving order of his soldier brain, the safety of his comrade-men. Others who were perhaps of lesser interest to their comrades had to remain in the trench unless they were themselves able to crawl to the rear and so escape the agony of the waiting and the watching and all the other pain of all other comrades without even the negative of relief of any blessed action of their own to obviate it. And it was this, the common lot of those of lesser rank, which the commanding officer elected to share; although the others were insistent that he should allow them to take him to the rear. 'No,' he said, 'I'll stay here with you fellows until you're relieved,' and no doubt added to himself what all now looked upon as certain fulfillment 'Or be done in with you.' And stay he did, for all the ten long hours of the terrible day.

He had to lie so throughout the agony of the first attack, and, what was worse for wounded men than whole ones, powerless to help and perhaps because of the need of every rifle at the parapet, for the moment, forgotten. He slowly crawled around from point to point, an injured anxious animal, all eyes, but at least easing his soldierly concern for his men and the position in his charge. The bombardment went on with increasing intensity and although his men crept up to him offering succor and to carry him out, he bit his lips, shook his head and tried to smile.

The tortured wood behind was blown away and all signs pointed to the swift approach of the inevitable end. All knew by this time that the regiment was now unsupported on either side and had been left as picked troops to stem the Teuton tide



and if need be—go down in it. At that moment when the cessation of this terrible fire indicated the certain assault of the enemy infantry, the recumbent and now exhausted officer bade bearers come to him and take him from shattered traverse to broken bay in order that he might see for himself what was left of his men and of the trench. From behind closed lids he spoke to all he might, giving to them freely of his own courage to sustain them for the end and bidding them draw their beads steadily to the fineness of a siiken hair and in the clash of closer arms to lose no whit of the good cunning of a man-at-arms, but to strike shrewdly for the old regiment and the right.

* * *

At that last moment when further delay might prove hazardous the commanding officer prepared himself to die as a Patricia should, after the former fashion set by the old colonel when he had died, and by his successor, the adjutant, who had been blinded a few days before. He bade his bearers lay him down with his face to the foe and fit him out for the swine with a private arsenal of his own. They laid him across the trench as comfortably as might be, and propped his head against the parados.

'Give me my revolver,' he said and, pointing at the same time to a dead officer, added: 'And his.'

They placed one in each hand and the fully loaded rifle of another casualty on either side for use as needed and then left him in a sudden rush to man the parapet for pressing work of their own. The clash and smack of small arms fire now almost drowned the greater and less frequent racket of the shells. The cries of suddenly wounded men intermingled shrilly in the din

"CAPTURED BUT NOT CONQUERED"

The statuette by Cyrus Dallin, "Captured but not Conquered," which appears on our front cover, had its origin with the Publicity Committee of the Liberty Loan Committee of New England. It aroused intense feeling during the third Liberty Loan campaign. It was displayed in show windows of merchants throughout New England with a card reading—"FIRST American soldier captured by the Germans. How long shall we allow him to remain a prisoner? Buy Liberty Bonds and set him free."

This inspiring statuette will be as freely used in other federal reserve districts during the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign.

The identity of this first American soldier captured by the Germans has been established.



COL. FARQUHAR (*in front*) AND MAJOR
HAMILTON GAULT

with a strange murmur of confusing sounds from the fire-trench where God only knew what was happening, for all could see that the Boche had gained entrance there, but that the trench still swirled angrily in the private fights of true hearts of oak. There was nothing to do but wait. The commanding officer settled his smashed body, perhaps glanced at the wrecks of others that surrounded him, gripped his guns the tighter and settled back against the parados with what to any one who knew him must have been a sigh of content, happy in the knowledge that he should pass out in so tidy a bickering and amongst his mates, waiting with them for the worst and best that Death could offer to any man of the Patricias, a swift passage to the old colonel and to the ranks of all those old boys, whom all knew now hovered overhead, waiting to present arms at the gate."

He is Sergt. Edgar M. Halyburton of Stony Point, North Carolina.

He enlisted in the regular army nine years ago as a private. His parents recently received word from him that he is well though in a German prison. Sergeant Halyburton is unaware of the influential part he is playing in the raising of money with which to carry on the war.

This fine, manly figure breathing defiance to the hellish Hun will stir the emotions of all true Americans. They will want to lend to the utmost in the same spirit that Halyburton has given his services to his Country. They will want to buy Liberty Bonds during this approaching Fighting Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign to the utmost, realizing that while we and our Allies have the Hun on the run we yet must beat him into complete submission.



The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED—IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

IN the fall of 1889 while I was in some perplexity about my financial condition which had become quite serious on account of the slump in my elevator plans, a gentleman came to me for an opinion and advice on a mechanical matter. The reader, after having accompanied me thus far on my journey through life, may think that it was rather foolish to come to so poor a source for an opinion and especially for advice. I wish to say, however, that I did know a few things and that it is undoubtedly true that there are many whose well considered opinion and advice would be much better than their practice. I once knew a man who could give the most delightful directions for bringing up children, advice detailed and accurate, yet his only child, a girl of fifteen, was notably ill mannered and disobedient. This seeker for advice was a gentleman who afterward figured quite largely in my affairs. I was recommended to him by a man who had been for some years my patent solicitor and who seemed to think that I had some sort of capacity for solving mechanical problems. The man who desired advice was Mr. Jacob Heilborn at that time in the wholesale shoe business in Boston and the nature of the advice I will now describe.

A certain man, who was mostly a fakir, was selling stock in some sort of a flying machine with which the North Pole could be reached and other feats accomplished. He had apparatus partly built, and kept it

partly built, for to have finished it would have been fatal to his project of enriching himself at the expense of others. Among the absurdities that he called for from his principal mechanic Mr. X, was a perfectly air-tight cylinder and piston. Mr. X. realized after a while that the scheme was a swindle, but acting on the suggestion of an electrical expert, wished to construct on his own account an air-tight cylinder and piston and therewith to build an air pump for exhausting incandescent lamp bulbs. Mr. Heilborn had met Mr. X. and had become the head of a small syndicate which put up the funds for the building of the pump. The first pump built was a flat failure but the syndicate went down into their pockets again and a second pump, larger and more elaborate than the first, was built. This pump, however, failed of being a success by a large margin and so Mr. Heilborn came to me through my patent solicitor, who was also Mr. X.'s, to see if I could do anything to help him out.

I was only too glad to look at something and think about something more hopeful than my elevator affairs and set about investigating the vacuum pump for incandescent lamps with considerable enthusiasm. I talked with Mr. X. and we operated the pump and exhausted lamp bulbs as well as we could. I soon began to get some ideas on the subject and after a few days I wrote a letter to Mr. Heilborn of which the following is an abridged copy:



Boston, Sept. 24, 1889.

JACOB HEILBORN, Esq.,
15 High Street,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—

In compliance with your request I have personally inspected the vacuum pump and conversed with the inventor in relation to its construction and mode of operation and also as to the various steps by which it has reached its present stage of development.

The pump was designed to operate with mercury, but owing to its unfortunate and unforeseen destructive action, by amalgamation or otherwise on the finely polished and close fitting walls of the pistons and cylinders, this liquid cannot be used. With such oils as have been tried, the pump has so far failed to produce a vacuum of the necessary completeness for electric light work.

The problem to be solved is mainly to procure a liquid capable of acting as a substitute for the mercury. This liquid must be non-volatile and non-corrosive in its essential substance. Indications seem to point to some of the fixed oils, though it may be necessary to pass such an oil through a vacuum to free it from volatile impurities, such as traces of dissolved air and water before forcing it into the pump.

As the pump was designed for mercury, some of the passage-ways will probably need to be enlarged and the throw of some of the valves increased to avoid obstruction to the passage of the highly rarified air by oil films. In my opinion, with a suitable liquid properly introduced, the pump will produce a vacuum perfect enough for making lights.

Respectfully,

(Signed) Wm. E. NICKERSON.

At my first meeting with Mr. Heilborn I studied him very closely. This was not my habit, as personalities have never been especially interesting to me and they have given me about all the trouble I have ever had. This of course includes my own personality. Mr. Heilborn made a strong impression on me. He was quite different from any one I had ever met. He was affable, hopeful, generous and very communicative. After conversing with him for half an hour, mostly as a listener, I said, "Mr. Heilborn, you are either a very fine fellow or a d— good actor!" He laughed and said he hoped it was

the former. Well, he was really both. In after years he often referred to my blunt remark.

After Mr. Heilborn had received my letter he asked me if I would co-operate with Mr. X. to find a suitable oil and perfect the pump which the interested parties fully expected to sell to the makers of incandescent lamps if it could be made to exhaust the lamps satisfactorily. Mr. X. being at the end of his rope was quite willing for me to come in on the work



WILLIAM E. NICKERSON IN 1891

and so it was arranged that I should have some stock in the company which was to be incorporated in case the pump should prove successful. After my usual practice, I left the amount of stock I was to receive to Mr. X. I now took up the problem in good earnest and in a short time had gathered many facts about the behavior of oils in a vacuum and had made some important changes in the pump. The work proved that the views which I had expressed in my



letter to Mr. Heilborn were substantially correct. An oil was found that by treatment in accordance with the new ideas answered the purpose and lamps were exhausted to a point which met all requirements.

I have spoken of Mr. X. as an inventor. This is not wholly correct. He was a "would be" inventor but was hardly qualified to earn the full title. He was a good workman and wanted to get up something, but his general knowledge and originality were quite below the level necessary for any great achievement. His pump, as I first found it, was well built but contained nothing new in principle and was quite incapable of doing what was expected of it. All this I soon found out when I began to work with him. Still, he was the first on the field and while it was up to me to furnish the necessary ideas to bring success, I of course had for a while to play second fiddle, to his first.

By thus suppressing myself and meekly taking what he was willing to give, we got along together very well for a while. In fact we became quite thick. To paraphrase Harry Lauder, I don't know which was the thicker. He was not a bad fellow at his best, had an enormous amount of self-assurance and a boundless optimism based usually on nothing. When his first pump was completed he invited all the investors in to see him start it, without having first tried it himself. They only witnessed its failure. When his second pump was done, not having learned anything from experience, he repeated his folly and with similar results. Yet he was not even abashed. I have never seen such self-assurance elsewhere.

The pump having now produced a

vacuum of satisfactory completeness the ownership was divided into sixty equal parts, of which Mr. X. had twenty, myself ten and the balance was divided between the people who had put up three or four thousand dollars for the building of the pumps. So while I had furnished the key which had unlocked the gate, I got one-sixth of the stock, which was doing pretty well for me. In fact relatively the best I ever did. A trustee was appointed and an attempt was made to dispose of the invention to the then makers of incandescent lamps. Representatives of the lamp companies came and looked at the pump but much to our surprise, and not a little to our chagrin, would have nothing to do with it. They would not credit their eyes and could not believe that the pump would do the work.

After the lamp makers had refused to deal with us we did not know what to do for a while but after much consultation it was decided that if they would not make lamps with our pump, we would. So a company was organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine by Mr. Brandeis, now of the U. S. Supreme Court, and money enough was raised by the sale of treasury stock to start in business. We leased a part of the Harcourt Building on Irvington Street, near the Back Bay Station, the same quarters are occupied today by the J. W. Maguire Co., Agents of the Pierce-Arrow Car, for a service department. Expert filament makers and glass-blowers were procured and we started in to make lamps.

Stock was beginning to command a fair price, the demand being stimulated at this stage mostly by hot



FRONT VIEW OF TWENTY-TON VACUUM PUMP

air. I disposed of enough of mine to pay up my most pressing debts and so relieved my mind on that matter. But as soon as we began to manufacture we speedily found out that the pump we had, while very good as to quality of vacuum, was altogether too small for the quantity of lamps we wanted to make. There was nothing to do but build more like the one we had or build a larger one on a different plan.

This was where Mr. X. and I parted company. My idea of the next pump differed radically from his, not only as to general plan but as to the quality of work and degree of finish required. He could not or would not grasp the principles and

clung to his old ideas of perfect fits and ground cylinders of imported Krupp steel. He got angry and became abusive. He had been for some time falling away from the good opinion of the officials of the company and now the crash came. At this juncture I made a proposition to the Company which was quite characteristic. My proposition was to build a pump at my own risk and my own expense. If the pump was satisfactory the company was to accept it and pay the charges. If it failed to do the work, the loss was to be wholly mine. The company accepted the proposition.

I started on my self-imposed task with great energy and spared neith-

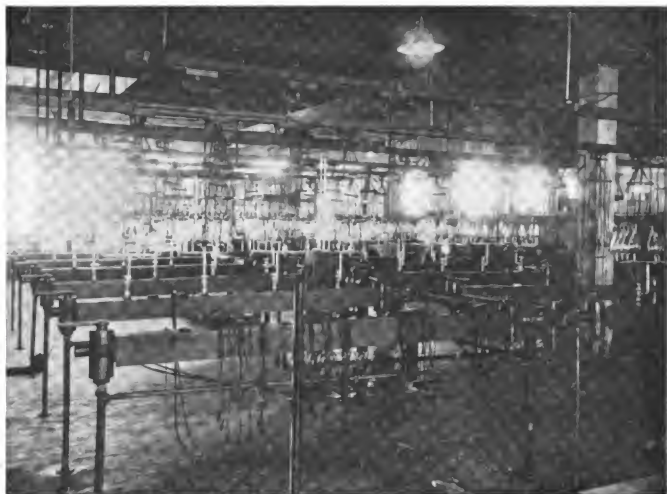


REAR VIEW OF TWENTY-TON VACUUM PUMP

er time nor strength to carry it through. The drawings which were hardly more than dimensioned sketches were quickly made. I hired a cab by the week and flitted back and forth from pattern shop to foundry and from foundry to machine shop in an unending round. Two separate foundries and several different machine shops were simultaneously at work on the job, and in sixty days from the time I started the pump was completed. It was eleven feet long, six feet wide and eight feet high and weighed fifteen tons. What is more, it worked and the company was very glad to pay me back the four thousand dollars that it cost. But the reader may well believe that I took

some chance when I made my proposition.

I will say further if I should go to any machinist today and ask to have such a piece of machinery built in sixty days, that machinist would probably fall dead. I have no picture of that particular pump. The one shown in the accompanying cut was built later on similar lines and weighed twenty tons. These two pumps were afterward moved to New Jersey where they were eventually destroyed by fire. All the lamp pumping the Company ever did was with these pumps, and without them no successful business could have been carried on. The pumps were located in the basement and the leading pipes



THE EXHAUSTING ROOM WITH LAMPS BEING PUMPED AND BURNED

carried to the floor above where they were provided with attachments for the lamps which were burned at a certain period of the pumping in order to expel the gases from the filaments. The cut shows the pumping room with the lamps burning during the final stages of exhaustion.

When the new pump proved to be a success, Mr. X. was beside himself and sued all the directors of the company, of which I was one, for a million dollars and attached their bank accounts which were all and singular very much below that amount. The suit naturally came to nothing but it was over two years before I had the use of that particular bank balance. Mr. X. got so threatening that I thought best to go protected, which I did until things cooled off. I still have some correspondence that

passed between us about this time and it is rather pathetically humorous.

With the new pump and other improvements the Beacon Vacuum Pump and Electrical Co., as our enterprise was called, soon got under commercial headway and progressed with ever increasing success and prosperity until about the first of the year 1893 when we received something of a shock by reason of a suit brought against us by the Edison Company. The bill stated that we were infringing a claim of the Edison lamp patent by making an all-glass lamp globe with leading-in wires melted into the glass. Our Company showed fight and Warren & Brandeis were engaged to defend us. They in turn brought in a firm of New York lawyers who had had



experience in lamp suits. The New York firm dug up an old fellow who once had kept a telescope in a city park and elsewhere for the public to star gaze through at a small price per gaze, and who having been an ingenious man with a taste for experimenting had done all sorts of odd things. Among the curious things he had done years before was to make an electric lamp on lines similar to the Edison lamp (at least so he said) and exhibit it run by a battery, in connection with his telescope. We people in the Beacon Company wanted to believe all this very much, and most of us succeeded pretty well, for it was about our only defence against a patent which had been well sustained by the courts. The thing which worried me most about the old man was that he was willing to swear to almost anything, as he was getting good money for his testimony. He did not have any of his original lamps and we tried to make some exhibits from his descriptions.

We felt quite hopeful during the trial. All our lawyers said sounded so true and so comforting, and all the lawyers on the other side said such foolish and unreasonable things. The judge too looked so calm and so just, that it seemed as though he could not decide against us. He patiently heard all that was said, heard the witnesses cross-examined, looked at the exhibits and did not seem to get excited at all. I wondered how he could seem so indifferent. He was a brother of a classmate of mine too. But in spite of all this the next day we were notified that the injunction had been granted. In after years I frequently

saw that judge on the street and in other places, but it was quite a long time before he looked as good to me as formerly. I know now that his decision was correct but it took some time to realize it.

Well, the Company was up against it good and solid. We could not sell the pump when we wanted to and now we could not make lamps. What was to be done? Nobody could answer. We did not want to die on the spot. We were so upset that we forgot to be thankful that the Edison Company had not brought suit for an accounting for the lamps we had made and sold. They had not done so, being satisfied to simply put us out of business. But they had not shut us out as completely as they imagined.

I went home and began to think. As it was an all-glass globe that we were barred from making I must see if I could make a lamp some other way. At this time I was not sufficiently familiar with the history of the incandescent lamp to know that all the early specimens were plugged or stoppered and that nobody had been able to make them tight, or that Edison himself had testified in court that it was impossible to make a tight lamp otherwise than by the hermetical platinum seal and that it was only when he had realized this that he achieved success. If I had known all this I probably would not have tried to do what so many had shown could not be done, but being in blissful ignorance of it I went to work to try and do the impossible.

How the attempt succeeded I will tell you about in the October BLADE.

To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for October



Y. O. U.

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

It is your Uncle Sam who is talking to you.

To you.

You.

Don't look around to see at whom I am pointing. My eye is on you. The dotted line from my eye falls plunk right upon your forehead.

My hand is on your coat lapel.

My voice is directed exactly to your ear.

Listen!

Don't turn away!

I am in trouble. Never was in a deeper or darker hole in my life.

I want money.

I have pledged to my friends Over There every cent I have. I had to. They are fighting for me. If they are smashed we may expect the German machine gun to point this way next. So you see it's life or death, old son, and what I want to know is, Are you going to help me out?

You.

Don't say there are plenty of rich men who ought to give. There are. But I want YOUR money, too.

You were born here, maybe, and have grown up and made some money in this country. Think how you would have prospered if the kaiser had been in command over here. Haven't you \$50 laid up, or \$100, or \$1,000? Lend it to me. I'll pay you back. If I live. If I don't live, you won't either.

Or maybe you came to this land as an immigrant. You have prospered. You've had liberty, law, protection, opportunity. You've had education for your children. My door was wide open, and I welcomed you in. Now, can't you help me out? You, I mean. Yes, you.

How much? Well, how much have you? Whatever it is, lend it to me.

Absurd, you say? You have hard work making ends meet? But you surely can spare a quarter. If so, buy a War Savings Stamp.

If you have only \$2.00, make the first instalment on a Liberty Bond. It will do you good to know that you have to save something every pay day to keep up your payments.

Wait. Don't go away. It's not to-morrow I want this little loan. It's right now. To-day.

You're not drafted, nor is your money. Not yet. I may have to come to that. I don't want to make any threats, but I'm going to win this war, son, and I'll do it if I have to take over every copper cent in the United States.

The kaiser is putting every ounce of muscle he has into his punch. He is killing his soldiers recklessly. He's starving his people on chemically prepared food to get real meat for his fighters. His blood's up. And he's desperate.

But he's not going to win, you say? That's my idea, too. But there's only one way to lick him, and that is to hit hard. This is no play. It's no dress parade. It's the meanest, nastiest war that ever was. And whether he is whipped or not depends on you.

Do you get me?

I said, You.

Y

O

U

What?

Why, thank you! That's fine.

Sign your name right here.

You've helped to feed a soldier, to build a ship to send him over, and to give him a belt full of cartridges.

And, for what ails 'em, cartridges are just the pills for Mr. Hun.

(Copyright, 1918, by Frank Crane.)



GERMAN SOLDIER, GAS MASK HOLDER AND GAS MASK

MISS FLORENCE SHAND, of the Hardening Room, first floor, building B, recently brought to the factory the German gas mask, gas mask holder, and the photograph of the German soldier pictured above.

During the battle of the Marne, Sergeant William J. Hennessay, 101st Regiment, Co. C., Miss Shand's brother-in-law, found it necessary to bury a German officer, whose body was lying in the path of his soldiers. Before burying him, however, he took the gas mask and also the officer's photograph, which was in one of his pockets.

As you will note from the photograph, the German was quite youthful. He was between 16 and 17 years old and was a sergeant in the German army.

Sergeant Hennessay states that one good use has been found for the trench rats. If they start to run into their holes, the soldiers know that a gas attack is coming and immediately don their masks. If they happen to be where there are not any rats, and a cat is available, they place the cat out on the field and if he rolls over the boys know that the gas is on its way.

Sergeant Hennessay went "over the top" on July 19, 1918, and on July 20, 1918, he started for America to be an instructor.

Owing to press of business Mr. Pelham was unable to prepare his letter on "Across the Atlantic on a Troop Transport." The concluding article will appear in the October BLADE.



Somewhere where you aint.



How is the dear old land that
 floweth with Milk and Honey.
 I guess they could make me mad
 right now if I got orders to hop
 it and never stop till I landed
 back in Halifax. I don't know
 why they keep me stickin round
 here dodgin shells - they got Mr.
 Douglas Haig and they don't need
 the tin of us anymore. But you know the old song
 Mick "You're in the Army now!"

Speaking of things that was and is to be, -
 they aint - cause its just the same old grind.
 We hear a lot about how Fritz is going to
 drive and that about lets it out for them
 the old stuff "the bigger they are the harder they
 fall" Say the artillery has got enough of
 them things the munition girls ruined their
 finger nails makin, to lob one on every yard
 of Belgium and then have a few to scare
 K. mm with.

We grabbed off a couple of prisoners on a
 raid the other night and one little guy was rare.
 He come from Hamburg - "Om-burg" he called it or
 something like that. When Bob heard him talk, he yells
 "Tickle his chest he's going to lay" Say, that junk was
 certain the Kaiser owned the world and had a mort-
 gage on heaven for good luck. When we come to
 search him, what do you think we found, a
 Gillette Safety Razor that he'd took off some
 Canadian, for the case was marked with initials
 and 13th Battalion, Montreal - even them Huns know
 a good thing when they see it. Of course as it
 was so to speak - "he ain't got that razor long" -
 We had a raffle and Sandbag Smith made the
 right draw gettin a perfectly good piece of shavin
 ordinance for 3 France. Can you beat it. I think
 I'll write Mr. Gillette and say that if he wants
 to start something in the way of a big drive
 give all the Heinies Safety Razors and then tell
 the bunch about it. My paper's all gone Mick
 so here's the finish. Be good and don't spend
 your pension in riotous livin Yours, Joe.

COURTESY OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



The Decalogue of General Foch

His Commandments Could Be Applied to Private or Business Life as Well
as Made a Family Creed in Every Home

THE following "Ten Commandments" of General Foch, commander-in-chief of the allied armies, are regarded as embodying the highest ideals for soldierly conduct:

Keep your eyes and ears ready and your mouth in the safety notch, for it is your soldierly duty to see and hear clearly, but as a rule you should be heard mainly in the sentry challenges or the charging cheer.

Obeys orders first, and if still alive kick afterward if you have been wronged.

Keep your arms and equipment clean and in good order; treat your animals kindly and fairly and your motor or other machine as though it belonged to you and was the only one in the world. Do not waste your ammunition, your gas, your food, your time, nor your opportunity.

Never try to fire an empty gun nor fire at an empty trench, but when you shoot, shoot to kill, and forget not that at close quarters a bayonet beats a bullet.

Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man; for a good soldier won't lie, he doesn't sulk and is no squealer.

Be merciful to the women of your foe and shame them not, for you are a man; pity and shield the children in your captured territory, for you were once a helpless child.

Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother or your fellow-soldier beaten or ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate.

Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable and your feet in good condition, for you think with your head, fight with your body and march with your feet.

Be of good cheer and high courage; shirk neither work nor danger; suffer in silence and cheer the comrade at your side with a smile.

Dread defeat, but not wounds; fear dishonor, but not death, and die game, and whatever the task, remember the motto of the division, "It Shall Be Done."



With the Gillette Boys



S. T. WRIGHT HAS INTERESTING EXPERIENCES — MASCOT NAMED AFTER CAPTAIN

July 8, 1918

DEAR FRIEND:—

We are all looking around for a shady place to rest our aching bones, because it certainly is hot here. I heard some "wise guy" say a little while ago that it never was hot in France. I thought he was a Frenchman, but he must have been a Lulu.

I was very sorry not to have seen Mr. Pelham. I was to have taken dinner with him and Mr. Barry one evening, but just then things began to hum, and I couldn't get away. We were very busy during the last Boche offensive, and for two weeks we slept an hour or two at a time on the seats of our cars. We evacuated from a point quite near the front, and drove over the worst roads I ever saw in my life. It certainly must go hard with the blessés who make the trip on litters.

There is a mad scramble for Gillette razors here. The New York Herald (European Edition) announced that Gillettes were on sale at the American Commissary for ten francs. I was down there the next day, and it seemed that about nine out of ten men wanted one of "the great little shavers."

We have moved again, not far, a matter of about a mile and a half. We are now in a camp with four other sections upon one of the most famous race courses in the world. It is a beautiful place, but we are rather unsettled yet, for we moved only yesterday, so I don't know whether it will prove a welcome change. For one thing, it looks as if our liberties and privileges will be somewhat curtailed, and we certainly did have little enough before. But, as they all say who are mixed up in this affair "*c'est la guerre*." We are much more comfortable than most of the boys, but you know a soldier is considered a rookie if he hasn't developed into a chronic kicker.

We have a new mascot—a peach of a little fox terrier which was abandoned by

some refugees after the last offensive. We tried to find an original name for him, so we named him after a captain we knew only too well back in the states, and we think we have paid said captain a great compliment. Most of the outfits name their pup either "Pinard" or "Cognac"—after the two vilest tasting liquids the world produces. "Pinard" or "vin ordinaire" is the national drink of France. To me it tastes like a mixture of gasoline and lemon juice. I don't dislike it quite as much as I did, but I know I never will go looking for it when I get back to the States. You know a Frenchman will shake his head in amazement when he sees a Yank drink H₂O.

France celebrated "the glorious fourth" in a way that would knock one's eyes out. Nearly every building around here showed the American and French colors. In the morning, there was a monster parade of troops, both American and French, which came down from the front the day before. Some of the Marines from Chateau-Thierry—the boys who showed the Boche that the Yankees were some scrappers—were in line. They looked as if they had been through it. Nearly every helmet was punctured, and the rifles and bayonets were all nicked and cut.

I must close because it is mess time. My best wishes to my friends at the factory.

Very sincerely,

SAMUEL T. WRIGHT,

S. S. U. No. 562, Convois Automobiles, Par B., C/M, A. E. F.

JOHNNIE HURLEY AND COOTIES NOT FRIENDLY—READING SHIRTS A NEW GAME

France, June 12, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I received your welcome letter of May 20th and was glad to hear you are in good health. I am also glad to hear the factory is so busy, and hope it will continue. No wonder you are busy, as almost all the boys over here are getting wise and getting a Gillette. We have to shave every



1. WM. J. CHAISSON; 2. LIEUT. FRANK J. SWEENEY; 3. TIMOTHY J. FRANE (in centre);
4. THOMAS McDONOUGH; 5. CORP. MARTIN MULLEN (on right); 6. GEO. L. ANDERSON



day on account of a Gas Attack, so you see the Gillette has been over the top, as the boys carry their razors into the front line.

All the boys are in good health and not a one feeling blue, only for the cooties. The coots sure are our enemies and we are bothered more by them, than the Huns. At night before going to bed, you should see the boys reading their shirts. Quite a few funny remarks are passed, just like these: "I'll give you a big one for two little ones, or a red one for a black one," and other funny sayings.

Was talking to Corp. Mattie Mullen and he is in good health and eager to get a few Huns every time he goes on the line. He used to be in my platoon, but now he is in the first.

It is nearing the 17th of June, and we won't have to go to Braves Field to hear or see fireworks as there are plenty over here. The noise the fireworks in Braves Field makes is small compared to the noise the boche shells make, when they break.

Things are rather quiet lately, but our artillery at this time is sending over a few to the Hun lines. The Huns will send some back in a few minutes and we have to be on the lookout, as they may send gas. If they send gas, on goes our masks and nobody can take them off until the Gas Officer tells us. It may be for ten minutes or ten hours, as you never know.

Well, I think I will close as I have a little work to do. With my best wishes to everybody in the Gillette, and also to yourself. The boys all send their best regards to everybody.

One of the Boys,

JOHNNIE HURLEY,
Co. B, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

HANNON BUSY DUCKING SHELLS
AND WATCHING AIR BATTLES—
SEES OTHER FACTORY BOYS

France, June 16, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I received your package about two weeks ago and it was very welcome. I would have answered it before now, only I was in the trenches.

We are having some very exciting times here ducking shells and watching air battles, but we are having a good time just the same.

I was speaking to some of the boys from the factory. They are all feeling fine and ready to give the boche the "Old Harry," any time he wants to come and visit us.



ENSIGN W. A. O'BRIEN

Naval Aviation Ordnance Corps, Washington,
D. C., Formerly of Gillette Sales Department

We don't get much news here, only what we get in letters.

Closing with best wishes from all,

M. F. HANNON,
Co. E, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

U-BOATS AFRAID OF WALTER KEN-
NEY—GILLETTE ON SALE
"THE WORLD OVER"

Somewhere in France, June 20, 1918.

DEAR SIR:—

It is about two months since you heard from me and I want to let you know that it is no fault of mine for not writing you. Since I left Allentown, we have been on the move mostly all the time, but now we are quartered in a little village "Somewhere in France." We had a pretty rough voyage on our way over and some of the boys fed the fishes nearly all the way. There were a bunch of boats in our convoy and there was little excitement. We saw no hostile craft to give excitement and it was a tiresome trip.



AMERICAN ARTILLERY IN FRANCE



U. S. MARINES



FRENCH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS CUTTING
BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS PRE-
PARATORY TO AN INFANTRY
ATTACK



AMERICAN SOLDIERS EQUIPPED WITH GAS MASKS



We landed in a small port and marched about three miles to a rest camp, stayed at the camp a few days and would have written you from there but could not get any paper as the Y. M. C. A. Camps were closed.

From the rest camp we marched to the station and entrained and went into the interior of France, a few miles from the trenches. Here we have a little camp to ourselves consisting of fifteen barracks, hospital, kitchen, power-house, office and the rest for storage and sleeping quarters. The village is a small one and sometimes you get sick of looking around and wish you were up in the trenches, where it is lively.

We see a number of German prisoners around our village and some of them are pretty husky chaps, but most of them are boys. Our Marines are fixing the Germans over here and are pushing forward all the time. You have got to hand it to them.

France is a beautiful place, but there is hardly anyone around, only a few old women—all the men are at the front.

Well, I will bring my letter to an end and will say this much, this war will last about one year more, that's the saying over here. We will eat next Christmas dinner in the States and no doubt about it. One thing more, even in this small village there is a little store with a sign outside (Safety Razor) and it's a Gillette too, so you see anywhere you go you will run across a good old Gillette Safety Razor. I am well and I hope you and everyone else is in good health.

Yours truly,

Private WALTER KENNEY,
Evacuation Hospital No. 5, A. E. F.

EDWARD PELHAM IN PARIS—CELEBRATION OF BASTILE DAY—
HUNS IN FOR A DRUBBING

July 15, 1918.

DEAR DAD:—

Yours of the 25th came this evening.

Am glad you are back safely and that you were satisfied with me and with what I had done and am doing. Mother wrote me she had received my diploma of service from the A. F. S. for work with the French Army.

Place has passed his course at Fontainebleau and will soon become *sous lieutenant dans l'Adme Français-artillerie*. We expect to have our leave together somewhere on the Brittany or Normandie coast (if I can fix things up in time).

Am still in the room you visited and Knapp is rooming with me.

Big Bertha has started again—about once every 15 or 20 minutes. The dogs begin to bark when the shell lands and the people say *ou, la, la!*

Barry's family are at Connes near Nice and I guess he'll keep them there while Big Bertha keeps up and especially because the Huns have started a new offensive at Chateau Thierry, which is about 40 miles from here. We can hear the cannonading here in Paris. Last night it was especially heavy. I know who is defending our line at Chateau Thierry and that we need have no fear about being pushed back for the Huns will only get another drubbing.

Saw the big parade the 14th. It was a wonderful sight. All the Allies were represented and the soldiers were covered with flowers. Out of many windows all over the city from the 3rd until now, the flags of France, America, England, Italy and Belgium flew with a few of the other Allies.

Love,

Ed.

JOHN KAIRIT HARD AT WORK DRILLING—GAS MASK NEARLY TAKES BREATH AWAY

*The busiest spot in the World,
France, June 29, 1918.*

DEAR LOUIS:—

Just a few lines to thank you for the package you sent to me. It was just what I needed and it was very good of you to think of me. You don't know how a fellow appreciates such thoughtfulness. When you sent the blades, I was using the last one I had and was just wondering where I was going to get my next shave. It was just my luck to receive the package and was so happy I did not know what to do with myself. Now I can keep my face clean.

We boys are all healthy and happy and are anxious to get to the front and show the Germans what we can do. They think we cannot fight, but we will show them and they will be a very sorry bunch.

We are drilling pretty hard now as we have our new guns. We are also drilling on gas masks and believe me, I wish I never saw one. The first day I put mine on, it almost took my breath away. In these masks, they have a clip for your nose so you cannot breathe and a mouth-piece and you have to breathe through this mouth-piece to get any wind. It sounds easy, but try it and see, if you get a chance.

The Germans are getting beaten every



7. JOHN J. HURLEY (*on left*); 8. ADELARD J. CREPEAU; 9. JULIUS RICE (*reading newspaper*); 10. OWEN J. MAGUIRE; 11. JAS. M. McLAUGHLIN (*in centre*);
12. JOHN J. FOLEY

Letter from the President to the American Soldiers

YOU are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you will do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude, not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence.

THE eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom. Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

MY affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you.

WOODROW WILSON



Gillette Safety Razor Company Honor Roll

September 1, 1918

Boston Factory

Max Abrams
Bartholomew J. May

John J. DeCoursey
Jeremiah J. Donohue

Walter Kenney
William H. Kenney

Paul E. Norton
William A. O'Brien

Irwyn F. Allen
 Liborio Amaro
 George L. Anderson
 John Bernan
 Albert A. Bernardini
 J. Joseph Berto
 Henry C. Boltz
 William F. Boushell
 Frank Bradish
 George R. Brown, Jr.
 Glendon R. Brown
 Thomas W. Butler
 Bernard J. Carney
 Frank Cashman
 William J. Chaisson
 William H. Chisholm
 Harry Cossaboom
 James E. Coyle
 Patrick Creamer
 Adelard J. Crepeau
 William Crowley
 George M. Cunningham
 John J. Curtin
 James T. Dacey
 Royal J. Dasher
 William C. Daunt
 Leo H. Daykin
 Harold DeCoursey
 Joseph A. Downey
 John G. Driscoll
 Charles P. English
 George F. Evans
 John F. Fagan
 Stanley Fairweather
 Thomas J. Felton
 Charles Fisher
 Edward T. Fitzgerald
 John J. Foley
 Lawrence C. Foubister
 Timothy J. Franc
 Walter Franz
 Thomas S. Fraser
 William E. Garland
 I. M. Gasper
 James L. Glasheen
 Thomas L. Greene
 Michael Hannan
 Frank Hardy
 Frank D. Harris
 John W. Hartnett
 John Heil
 John T. Henderson
 Frederick W. Howe
 John J. Hurley
 John W. Kairit
 William H. Kearney
 Hagop Kochadonjian
 Joseph Lavery
 Peter Leroux
 Thomas L. Linchan
 Cornelius Linskey
 James T. Madden
 Owen Maguire
 Arthur H. Mahoney
 James T. Mannion
 Owen McAleer
 William J. McCarthy
 Louis J. McCourt
 George A. McDonald
 Thomas M. McDonough
 Thomas McEvoy
 John McKnight
 James McLaughlin
 Arthur Mellen
 Nazaire Miller
 Peter Mitchell
 Sidney J. Morrison
 Robert Morrison
 Robert William Mullen
 Martin A. Mullen
 Garrett F. Murphy
 Edward F. Murray
 John E. Murray
 Joseph A. Nagle
 Patrick J. O'Malley
 Eugene O'Meara
 Richard R. O'Meara
 Albert W. Page
 Edward A. Page
 Frank M. Pearson
 Joseph A. Perry
 Frank G. Phinn
 George Pickering
 Robert G. Poirier
 John Reardon
 Julius Rice
 Herbert F. Ryan
 Walter F. Schifferli
 Otto C. Schmidt
 Antonio Smaldone
 Oliver E. Sorenson
 Frank J. Sweeney
 Joseph Tricone
 James H. Wallace
 William Walker
 E. Frank Ward
 James Warner
 Harold Warnock
 Philip B. Williams
 Owen J. Winn
 Samuel T. Wright

Montreal Factory

| | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| H. A. Barrett | A. Fawns | S. C. Maguire | Owen E. Rogers |
| J. Bishop | H. Fawns | *E. A. McMullen | *James Sargent |
| J. Butler | C. Ferguson | T. Neilson | L. Taylor |
| C. Cavanagh | E. A. Guilfoyle | George E. O'Brien | F. M. Tobin |
| L. Cunningham | F. H. Jones | A. Plante | A. Tonks |
| A. Devaux | | | T. L. Watson |

*Killed in Action.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the
people of the British Isles welcome
you on your way to take your
stand beside the armies of
many Nations now fighting in
the Old World the great battle
for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart
& spirit in your company.

I wish that I could shake
the hand of each one of you
& bid you God speed on your
mission.

George R. I.

April 1918.



day. June 28th, 1918, that was the date set by the Kaiser, that he would march through Paris, but you see where he is now, way back in the sticks. Some of our troops are even fighting on German soil.

Say, Louis, it is a shame how they destroy the beautiful towns in France. It is the most wonderful sight in the world. One mountain here named Pu de Dome, is the most beautiful mountain I have ever seen. They get all kinds of minerals from this mountain. I am going up a week from next Sunday to get some of the stones. One stone is the sapphire, and is a very beautiful blue stone.

Well, Louis, I think I have no more to write just at present and don't know if this letter will interest you or not. Will be in action soon and hope to have better news then. Give my regards to the boys in the shop. Will appreciate anything you may wish to send me. I received copies of THE BLADE and they were very good to look at.

Private JOHN W. KAIRIT,
Batt. F, 55th Art., C. A. C., A. E. F.

PRIVATE WILLIAMS ARRIVES IN FRANCE — WILL TRY TO SEE OTHER GILLETTE BOYS

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Having arrived safely and feeling in the best of spirits I hope this letter finds you and all my shop-mates the same.

I suppose that you will be quite surprised at my present address of which I must leave the rest for you to figure out. I honestly hope that I will run into some of the former Gillette Boys, and especially Captain McCarthy, but there is no telling how my hopes will come.

I suppose that the factory is pretty well drained of the young men by this time. I bet that it was very quiet the 17th of June and the 4th of July owing to the absence of the boys, but cheer up. It won't be always like this and when we get home just cast your eyes on us boys and see what our Uncle has to say. Haven't I seen some of the world though and believe me it is well worth everything we give.

Has the new building been erected yet? I bet it will be a handsome one and believe I want to get a look at it some day. While in Ohio I received a letter from you in regards to my idea, but owing to my studies and other duties it was a hard thing for me to find time in which to answer the different letters from my relatives and friends, and from a few young



PRIV. OWEN McATEER
Co. B., 101st Inf., A. E. F.

ladies whom I had the pleasure of meeting while enroute and as my duty comes before pleasure, I must say that I am at least 15 to 20 letters behind. That will no doubt increase before I return.

If it is of no inconvenience on your part, will you please send me the addresses of Mr. Ward, Captain McCarthy, Thomas Linehan and Owen McAteer? I will most likely be able to see them while on a leave sometime or will drop them a little note.

As it is getting late I will have to close, sending you and all my shop-mates my regards and best wishes, I am as ever,

Yours very truly,

Private PHILIP BENJ. WILLIAMS,
1104th Aero. Repl. Sqdn., A. P. O. 725.

A SPLENDID TRIP TO FRANCE— LINEHAN HOPES TO GET A GOOD CRACK AT BOCHES

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I landed safe and enjoyed the trip. We had a good time. We cannot tell you anything about the ships or where we landed, but we had good weather right through.

I received a letter from Mr. Pickering just before we left camp, telling me that his son was in the hospital. I didn't have time to answer it. Tell him I will try and locate him and find out how he is. I am sorry I didn't get a chance to see you before I left camp. I got only two furloughs.



BILLETED IN A FRENCH TOWN



SHELTER CONSTRUCTED BY THE GERMANS IN
BELGIUM, AND REBUILT BY THE FRENCH
AFTER THE BATTLE OF FLANDERS



THE "DEVIL DOG" MARINES USING A
LEWIS MACHINE GUN



GERMAN PRISONERS



It was late Saturday afternoon when I reached Boston. How is Mr. Fairwether and all the other boys in the Machine Shop getting along? How is my Old Pal Scott in the Tool Room?

I think they will keep us in training a few weeks before we go to the front, but never mind I am O. K. and hope to get a crack at the Boche yet. Hope to meet some of the boys over here, if so I will write and let you know. Hope to hear from you soon.

Yours waiting,

Private THOMAS LINEHAN,
Co. L, 301st Infantry, A. E. F.

LIEUT. EVANS VISITS MR. BARRY IN PARIS—HAS BEEN INSTRUCTING MACHINE GUNNERS

July 27, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Just a few lines to let you know everything is all right. I am in Paris today at Mr. Barry's office as you can see from letter head and thought I would drop you a few lines. He is sure a hard working man with a whole lot to think of besides his business, as you know Paris is no safe place these days, especially for women and children, on account of the air raids, and that long range gun. Nobody can tell what time they will be blown to pieces here. This is my third visit to Paris now and I like the place fine, and it sure is good to come here after being cooped up in the woods for a couple of months.

I have had it quite easy for the past three months going around instructing on Machine Guns from one division to the other, and for that reason I never get any mail, so if you haven't received any cards from me in receipt of the packages it is because I haven't received them. I haven't had a letter of any description since the middle of April. I read the article that was published in the *BLADE* concerning me and I appreciated it very much. It surely was nice and I thank the editor very much. I cannot make out how you got a hold of my picture. Well I think this will be all for now as Mr. Barry and myself are going out together. He is through with his work and we are going to see a boxing bout. Hoping this letter finds you well.

I remain,

GEORGE EVANS,
2nd Lieut. Inf. U. S. R., 308
M. G. Batt'n, 78 Division.
A. E. F. France.

GEORGE EVANS RUNS INTO HARD LUCK—LOSES 500 CIGARETTES

Somewhere in France.

DEAR SIR:—

Just a few lines to let you know everything is all right and that I arrived here safely after a long trip. We hit a very slow train and it took quite a long time.

It sure has been hot here for the past week and I am all burnt up from the sun. In about another week I will be like a nigger.

It is quite hard work here as we are assigned only as instructors, and after working all day we have to hold a school for two hours every night, so you can see it keeps us busy.

We have only 1½ hours during the day and in that time we have to brush up on our lectures for the evening as there is so much to Machine Gunnery no man living could remember it all.

We have a fine body of men in this battalion and they are all interested, so it makes our subject a lot easier to work on.

Every man in this Division has one of the Gillette Razors that you showed me and they think very highly of them.

I had some hard luck leaving Paris. I left my five hundred cigarettes in a taxi cab which was certainly hard luck. I wrote to Edward asking him to send me some more. I hope he does soon.

Hoping you are well and to hear from you soon, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Lieut. GEORGE EVANS, U. S. R.,
321st M. G. Bn., 82nd Div. A. E. F.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION- ARY FORCE

DEAR DAD:—

The last ten days have been the greatest in all my young life; days of hard work, full of danger, and I can look back on them with great satisfaction.

I have been in command of three truck companies and the Company Commander and my Lieutenant had been sent on special duty, leaving us short of officers. All the trucks have been in almost constant operation, or eighteen to twenty-four hours a day. I have not taken my shoes off for six days until five A. M. this morning.



STRETCHER BEARERS CARRYING WOUNDED OVER "NO-MAN'S" LAND



GERMAN DESTRUCTION. A FRENCH VILLAGE NOW USED AS A SHELTER FOR AMMUNITION



AMERICAN TROOPS BEING TRAINED IN THE USE OF LIQUID FIRE



Trucks have been used to carry rations, ammunition, replacement troops, wounded soldiers from front lines, barbed wire, boats and other supplies, and have been rushed up under shell fire and gas attacks up within a few hundred yards of lines.

The most interesting and difficult is the carrying of wounded—badly wounded on stretchers and slightly wounded standing or sitting and carried on same truck. In some cases as many as eighteen or twenty wounded have been carried on one truck. They have been well taken care of under the circumstances, but the number of wounded has been tremendous, trucks by the scores and hundreds of ambulances being worked for days. The first day the road was blocked with dead horses, wagons, etc., and numerous shell holes. This work is done mostly at night and it is certainly dark;—in places a man walks in front of the truck in order to guide it—this with shells landing a few hundred yards away.

We have had some casualties ourselves, in the Supply Train, principally gas cases—some trucks have been covered with shrapnel holes. This Division, and Uncle Sam in general, is apparently largely responsible for this recent great advance.

Love to all,

THOMAS W. PELHAM, JR.

J. H. WALLACE HAS A SWEET-
HEART—SWEATER CAME
IN HANDY

Somewhere in France.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

As it was sometime ago that I received from the shop a very nice sweater and it certainly did keep me warm while on duty cold nights, I have been trying now ever since last February to write back to you and thank you many times for it but never have had the chance. You no doubt know that the boys have been in the trenches under some very hard circumstances and we could not even write to our dear parents at home or our nice little sweetheart, if any of the boys were lucky enough to have one. I was lucky. I had one.

I am now stealing this time from Uncle Sam as the Boches are a little quiet today and I am taking the time to write to you. So you can just see how far back on answering mail we fellows are. Well, we have been informed that we cannot get any more boxes from the factory, but let us hope that they won't cut us off from the BLADE. That is very interesting. It stated how F. Kelley of the shipping room was engaged to be married. Frank and I are old chums.

Well, how are things now in Mr. Side's Department? Remember me to him, please. The new factory must be going fine by now. Well, us boys over here are limited to just so much paper and so many lines so I guess I will have to cut this small note short by thanking you once more for that nice sweater you had the patience to knit for me. How did you know my size? Well, good-bye and answer this if you care to, I remain,

Yours truly,

JAS. H. WALLACE,

C. O. D, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

P. S.—All the boys from the factory are feeling fine.

WALTER MURPHY HEARS OF HIS
BROTHER'S DEATH—WAS A
FORMER GILLETTE BOY

Somewhere in the Trenches,

July 12th, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND WALTER:—

Received your long looked for letter yesterday and was very glad to hear from you.

I knew that you and the rest of your folks would feel very bad just as soon as you heard of your brother Jack's death. I felt very sorry for him because Jack and I use to get along just like brothers, in fact just the same way you and I use to get along in the shop. The night that he met his death my Company was on the line with his. I was out on patrol that night, but our patrol was over on the right of where the Boche got him. I would like to tell you about the lacing he got because I know the first Boche you met in Boston you would kill him. Before I even got your letter I said to myself the first Hun that got into a hand to hand battle with me was going to pay for his death. I tell you Walter the boys have certainly got the hatred for a Boche—all they think of when they are on the line is blood. I believe when any of us get back to the States and meet any of them we will murder them.

Well, Walter, we are on the busiest front and there are a number of Huns across the line we are waiting to get at. The boys are all set waiting for the command to go over the top any minute and when we do you will read more about us than you did about the marines in last month's papers. We certainly have a couple of good men with us in Gen. Edwards and Gen. Traub and they have a division they can be proud of.

The sector that we are on now has some very nice dug-outs, just like a grave. They



are about six feet long, four feet deep and three feet wide so if a shell ever hits one of them they won't have to bother burying us because we will all be buried very nicely.

Tell Louis McCourt and Grace Lynch that I received their letters the same day I got yours and was very glad to hear from them. The first chance I get I will drop them both a line.

Well, Walter, I think I will close now, don't forget to remember me to all my friends in the shop and I hope it won't be long before I will be back working in the stock-room once again.

Private G. A. McDONALD,
Co. B, 101st Infantry, A. E. F.

P. S.—Don't forget to drop a line once in a while.

A VIVID PEN PICTURE OF AN ACTUAL BATTLE WITH THE HUNS

*Somewhere in France,
July 31, 1918.*

DEAR SISTER KITTY:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I am feeling pretty fair and I hope this letter will find you all at home well and enjoying good health.

I wrote to Catherine yesterday and I told her about my being in the hospital. I don't want you folks at home to worry as I am feeling fine and expect to be back with the Company in a few days.

When the big push started on July 19th, we were on the line and we went over after the Boche early on the morning of the (date taken out by censor). We kept a steady chase after them for five days and on the fifth night of the push, I was all in and Fritzzy shot over some gas, and, of course, being a little hungry and fatigued, I took a mouthful and landed in the hospital. I am up and around again and feeling fine.

Up here where I am at present, there are quite a few of the boys from my Company and they are all getting along pretty fair. I make a visit to the boys every day. I was over to see Major Mack yesterday and he is getting along fine.

The Boche laid up quite a few of our boys, but I only wish you could have seen the ground after our bunch got after them. They are just starting to realize that the "Yanks" can fight and if our boys keep after the Boche they will have him back on the other side of the Rhine.

On our drive we captured all kinds of ammunition, machine guns, and also some big cannons which Fritzzy left behind him in his awful hurry to leave.

I suppose by now you folks will have read about the work we are doing. Our Regiment and Division was the first to go over the top in the first American drive. In the papers over here a French General gave our Division quite a write-up on account of the good work we have done.

We laid in a wheat field for nearly an hour while Fritzzy kept playing machine gun bullets over our heads and I could see my finish any minute, but thanks to the Almighty and the prayers of all you folks at home for my safety. The last day I was with the Company, I came near getting mine, but as I have said before news don't count in this war and I expect to be at it again soon.

When I get back with the Company I expect to be made a Sergeant. The morning I went over the top I had charge of my platoon. Our Sergeant got hit with shrapnel and was taken to the hospital so our officer gave me charge of the platoon, which consisted of fifty men. If I get promoted I will let you folks know.

Well, Kitty, I will close for now and keep praying for me more than ever as there are some trying days ahead of us and I know the Almighty will guide me and protect me in the dark days that are ahead of us. God is good and we all trust in His Mercy.

Sending you all my love,

Your loving brother,
Corp. MARTIN A. MULLEN,
Co. B, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

CADET ROGERS' FLYING EXPERI- ENCES—VISITS THE LONDON OFFICE

Salisbury, England.

DEAR MR. BITTUES:—

At last I can write and let you know that I arrived safely. We landed in London by rail on July 18th. We had quite a trip and am very sorry that I cannot tell you all about it for it is most interesting to know, but orders are very strict here and we are not allowed to give any details about our trip in any way.

I went before the Air Board on Friday and got through O. K., and have been recommended for fast bombing.

Just to let you know how fast they do things here. I got here yesterday at 4 P. M. At 5 P. M. I had traveled 7 miles from the station (they sent a car for us), and I was very soon straightened out.

I had my first flight on 9 A. M. this morning. I was up for half an hour. It was an Aero Machine that I was in. I start my regular duty tomorrow at 2 P. M., so by



CADET O. E. ROGERS

the time you get this I will have my own machine, and I will then be able to give you more news.

When the instructor took me up this morning he was doing all kinds of stunts to try and get me going, but there was no chance as I did not feel any sensation, — only when he got me in a spiral nose dive. I wasn't afraid but the wind was getting me in the ears and on the face. I did not have any helmet on at the time so you see it was very uncomfortable, but I am all right now for I have my flying kit. They certainly give us some kit. I have a flying coat all leather and lined with rabbit fur, also my goggles, and I have a pair of leather gauntlets also fur-lined, and a pair of sheepskin thigh boots. We only wear the helmet and goggles here as it is not cold enough for the rest of the kit.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that I called at the Gillette Branch. They gave me a fine reception. Mr. Kirkland had not arrived yet but he is expected early in August. It was Mr. Marshall whom I saw and I found him a fine gentleman.

He says that they are never mentioned in the BLADE, so I told him that you were getting out the Canadian edition.

Before I close I must say that London is some place. I will be able to give you more news in my next letter. I will now close, wishing you and all the firm success. Please don't forget to send me the BLADE.

Sincerely,
Cadet O. E. ROGERS, 154881.

PRIVATE LINEHAN HAS ENOUGH BOAT AND TRAIN RIDING TO LAST HIM A LIFETIME

August 1, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I am writing you this letter in case you don't receive the one I wrote when I landed. I am some where in England just now but I don't know for how long. I am getting along fine so far. I had so much riding on the boat and train that I am sick of riding. We have plenty of rain over here. It rains almost every day.

I cannot let you know anything about the trip where we landed but we went through some fine cities and towns.

How is Mr. Fairweather and all the other boys getting along? It makes me homesick every time I ask for the boys, but I will have to wear that off. I want to go over the top and find out how it feels.

I met only one of the boys from the shop so far. He is Pat O'Malley and I think he worked for Mr. Gale. I have my Service pin yet and I will try and hold on to it. Cannot think of anything more to write so I shall have to close here.

Yours truly,
Private THOMAS LINEHAN,
Co. L, 301st Infantry, A. E. F.

FRENCH PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO CALL AMERICAN SOLDIERS "GILLETTES"

July 29th, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Having a few moments to myself I will endeavor to try and write you a letter, although it is a hard thing to do for we are forbidden to say anything of military information, so you see we have to scratch for something to say.

I suppose that although I was relieved of duty yesterday at 5:30 P. M. and having a fair night's rest I will have to report back for duty at 4:30 A. M. tomorrow and will be relieved again at 5:30 P. M. tomorrow night. We are just beginning to feel the effects of real duty, but as yet it is not to the liking of a lot of us, and army life is really never known until you enter it. The first thing they do is to make a soldier of you. Then they put you where they think you are best fitted, but sometimes that takes some little time.



If you can remember I was one of those to receive the Gillette Service Set and when I was equipped for Over-Seas duty, I had one of the Khaki Sets issued to me so I am preserving the Service Set and using the Khaki. Gillette Sets can be bought at the Commissary Department. I was looking at a paper that was published in English over here. It is called the Daily Mail, and I saw a Gillette Ad in it that stated that its headquarters were in Paris. Another thing that is common here is when the boys go to town, the French people try to ask them in French and say Gillette, Gillette, Gillette, but the boys have to disappoint them by saying they don't understand.

We boys are looking forward to being home by this time next year, and possibly by Christmas, but that is our own judgment.

I suppose that the new building is pretty much on its way by this time and I bet it will be some building when completed.

Have there been any casualties among the boys who have worked in the shop, and is Captain McCarthy still in the trenches?

As I cannot think of anything else to write I will have to close sending my best regards and wishes to all, and please accept the same. I am as ever,

Yours very truly,

Private PHILIP BENJ. WILLIAMS,
1104th Aero. Repl. Sqdn.,
A. P. O. 725, A. E. F.

CANADIAN MEETS THE "YANKS"— WAITING FOR AMERICAN SMOKES

Harlaxton, England.

DEAR MR. BITTUES:—

This is our semi-monthly holiday so am writing a few letters.

Yesterday I was in charge of the whole blooming camp and everybody in it. Tomorrow I have to go out to the country and take charge of a wireless plant for the day, but the work is not hard and there are lots of things I like worse.

Have been playing baseball all the afternoon with the "Yank" officers and men who are stationed here. This country is just as full of American troops and it certainly seems good to have them.

I had about eleven days' leave in London recently and I know the "Village" pretty well now. I visited all the well known places, rode on the busses, etc., and had quite a good time. Went out past Buckingham Palace one day and you should have seen the snappy salute the guards



LIEUT. FRANK M. TOBIN

out there gave me. It sure made yours truly "trow" out his chest.

I haven't started to fly yet, have a lot of stuff to go through like I had in Toronto. It may be a month before I fly. There are three different types of machines here, and the one I want to get and the one I have asked the Board for is a two-seated machine which carries besides myself, an observer and three or four guns and can fly about 134 miles an hour. I may not get it as it is in great demand and there were so many of us came across they are allotting us anything they wish.

Have given up smoking for awhile as I can't seem to get used to the tobacco we get here. Expect to start again soon as one of the Yank officers is expecting some cigars and cigarettes from home, and I see where I will share them.

Sincerely,

Lieutenant FRANK M. TOBIN.

SEAMAN KOCHADORIAN TRANS-
FERRED FROM S. S. SAN DIEGO
SHORTLY BEFORE SINKING

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I want to thank you and your firm for the gift of tobacco I received at the plant on my recent visit home to my sister's house. As you were not in your office when



I was there, and only having a few hours at home, I could not come back and thank you personally for the gift.

I was transferred from the U. S. San Diego before her misfortune, to a new lake vessel, the S. S. Lake Catherine, as an armed guard and I am now waiting to go across to France for eighteen months' foreign service.

We had the misfortune of running on a reef in the fog in the gulf coming down from Montreal. We got into Sydney, O. K., so if the damage is not too much, we will not have to come back to the states for dry dock and will leave here with the Convoy.

I will send you my address as soon as I get in France. We may be here about a week for repairs.

The climate is warm here and the scenery very beautiful.

Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours truly,

Seaman H. KOCHADORIAN,

S. S. Lake Catherine, c/o American Consul, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

CORP. GLASHEEN'S VIEWS OF WAR COINCIDE WITH SHERMAN'S

July 17th, 1918.

DEAR MR. GALE:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I am in the best of health and having a good time.

We are now on a busy front and believe me war is *hell*; but believe me we are giving the boche *hell*, just the same.

The 101st is making a fine name in France and we hope to keep it up at any cost.

I saw a few of the boys from the shop and they are looking fine.

We were behind the lines the 4th of July so I got a pass and went to Paris and met Mr. Barry at the Gillette office. He was very glad to see a Boston fellow. I also met Mr. Pelman's son, the one in the Y. M. C. A. and I lead the life of a king for a few days. I forgot there ever was a war, and you talk about the girls, oh boy! They have nothing on the Gillette girls, you can bet on that. We had the best of eats and the best of smokes. We put up at the best of hotels and went to the best of shows in Paris and believe me they were some fine shows. Carpenter, the Frenchman, boxed, and he was good.

Mr. Barry is in the best of health but as busy as a bee. Mr. Pelham wishes to be remembered to you and Mr. Thompson and the rest of the firm, and hopes you are all

in the best of health. Say Louis, I am sending you a little poem in this letter made up about the boys that are with me, and would like to have you put it in the *BLADE* if you would.

Well, I think I will close now as I am in a little dugout and my neck is nearly broken.

Hoping this will find you all in the best of health and also luck in the work in the shop, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Corp. J. GLASHEEN,

Co. H, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

PRIVATE McEVoy HAS HIS FIRST REAL TASTE OF ARMY LIFE

August 11th, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

As a former employee of yours I realize it is my duty to drop you a line as I understand it has been the custom of all the other employees who are in the service.

I am up here in Camp Devens in the Depot Brigade. I am acting Corporal breaking in recruits and we are about all in from the drafting of so many men.

It has been my desire to get a pass to visit you all but I can't do it. The only pass I can get is on Saturday from 11 o'clock to 10 P. M. the following day. No matter how I try I cannot get into Boston before 12:30.

Mr. Thompson, could I purchase a razor at a wholesale price even though I am not in the employ of the factory, but left there on being drafted? As I expect to be going over shortly I would also like to know just what arrangements can I make to have a few blades sent to me when I get across over there.

Hoping you will oblige me by an answer at an early date I will draw to a close.

Thanking you in advance and with best regards and wishes, I remain,

Yours truly,

Private THOMAS McEVoy,

Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

FRENCH TRAINS SEEM LIKE TOYS TO PRIVATE PERRY. BUT HE ENJOYS THE LIFE

July 7th, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Having a few spare moments this afternoon I thought it a good time to write you



a few lines and let you know I have arrived safely in France.

We had a very pleasant trip across and the weather was fine all the way. We were all very glad to see land once more after seeing nothing but water for a number of days. We landed in a very pretty place and stayed there only a short while. We then took a train and landed in this small town where we are comfortably situated for the present. They call them trains here but I don't think one would over there. It would take about three of these engines to make one of those in the United States.

The 4th of July was celebrated here like it is in the States, there being a band concert, fire works and a parade. Although it was much quieter than in the States, we could realize it was the 4th of July.

Several days ago I received the book that was sent me for April and which I was very glad to get. It takes some time for letters to get here and we get a number at a time.

We have a Y. M. C. A. here and a K. of C. building, and then another building where we have moving pictures two or three times a week. All these things make it very pleasant for us.

It is getting close to the time for our supper so I will have to close now, hoping to hear from you soon again.

Sincerely yours,

PRIO. JOSEPH A. PERRY,

Vet. Hosp. No. 1, A. P. O. 720, A. E. F.

A LANDLUBBER AT SEA—REAL
GOBS ALWAYS USE
GILLETTES

U. S. S. Cobb, Aug. 14th, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND MR. GALE:—

Just a line from the U. S. S. Merchant Marine. Well, Mr. Gale, this is some life, we are at present anchored off the coast of Maine and we expect to reach Nova Scotia on this trip.

We get up at 6 A. M. or kicked out at 6:10 that is our choice. We have a couple of boat and fire drills each day. The boat drill is some sport, each man has his place on the hurricane deck—then we cast the life boat off into the water, then we go down the life line, which is some sport—then *we* or *they* row, yes, row is right, but I am an awful old maid with an oar.

I use my Gillette as often as possible, that is when we have fresh water. We only have it at certain periods, so sometimes I miss. The real Gobs use Gillettes. This outfit is not anything like home or Gillette, still



WILLIAM E. GARLAND

it is not so worse. I tried to do a little washing this eve and I started off with real fresh water and in the meantime they changed over—so when I changed over and started to put my finishing touches and had salt water believe me I had some sticky garments. Mr. Gale, I know how busy you are and have no time to waste on Bolshevik so I will cut this a little short.

Well, I will close now, with regards to you and all. Please tell Mr. Kelly and Murphy that I was asking for them. Mrs. G. gets the next hour.

Respectfully,

BILLIE GARLAND,

U. S. S. Cobb, East Boston.

SNAILS A LA TOMATO CAN A
NEW DELICACY—IN BEAU-
TIFUL FRANCE

July 10, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Although being quite tired, but as I had a little daylight before retiring, I felt that I ought to drop you a letter and let you know that I am feeling fine and happy, and hope that all the folks at home are the same.

I arose this morning at 5:30 and after mess as everything was kind of quiet I retired to the rear of the camp with four of my comrades and we saw a peasant looking in the bushes and on the limbs of the trees. He carried a rude looking hand bag and of course as we were curious and obtained



GARRETT K. MURPHY
Naval Training Camp

a few words of French language, we approached him and asked him what he was doing. He showed us by opening the hand bag, and inside was two tomato cans. One had about eight snails in it, so he told us that he was hunting snails, and to break the monotony we joined hands with him and for two hours we walked along the road and got both of his pails full. We asked him what he was going to do with them and he said he cut them out of the shell and boiled them with salt and pepper and they made a grand dish. I turned to my comrades and said that he could have my share for all the snails he could get, as the looks of them was enough to suit my appetite. Just imagine we did not have to cover the side of the road more than three hundred yards one way or the other, and they were plentiful. They got up on the limbs of the trees and hang on to the leaves upside down.

France is certainly a beautiful country and it really deserves its name, but their transportation and living methods vary very much from ours, therefore the scenery is the only thing that appeals to me.

I happened to be very lucky the other day. While watching a ball game, between the Aviation Section boys and the Signal Corps. I ran right into one of my previous service comrades, and he took me to two other games, but I never as yet happened to run into any of my fellow employees.

Well, as it is now growing dark, I will have to close sending you and all the shop-mates my regards and best wishes.

Yours very truly,

Priv. PHILIP BENJ. WILLIAMS,

1104th Aero. Repl. Sqdn., A. P. O. 725,
A. E. F.

COMRADES

CONTRIBUTED BY CORP. J. GLA-SHEEN, A GILLETTE BOY
IN FRANCE

A shell plowed field, a battered trench,
With the gooey three foot deep;
And a bunch of muddy doughboys,
On the job, not one asleep.
Faces, which good humor shined
Upon a year ago,
Now with firm resolve are lined
Face toward the foe.
These — My Comrades. —

Teamster, Laborer, Banker, Clerk,
All of them are there,
Waiting for the onslaught,
Each one without a care;
Freedom's fire lights up their soul,
Beams from each one's heart
Made each good American
Ready to do their part.
Yes — My Comrades. —

Crash! Bang! In comes the parapet,
A ton of dirt or more.
It fills the trench; makes strong hands
clench;
We'll have to dig some more.
Some heavy shells and then shrapnel,
Some volleys fired quick,
A group of forms just fade away
The dose has made them sick.
Why? — My Comrades. —

Some noise, a scurry and then a splash
We see them squad by squad;
As along the parapet they dash
Dodging the swift thrown sod,
And turn their heads in our eyes glare;
The nervous feel their gats
For their bold army has no fear,
Damn them all, I mean the rats.
Not — My Comrades. —

No pamphlets, books, or magazines,
Are in the hell of muck,
And yet they're readers one and all,
From Captain down to Buck,
With knitted brows and glaring eyes
And fingers all alert,
Then patiently search thru each seam,
Yes, all over each one's shirt.
For — Strange Comrades. —



Additions to the Roll of Honor

Joseph A. Downey, Machine Shop

Wm. H. Kenney, H'ndle Press Dept.

Eugene O'Mara, Grinding Dept.

Royal J. Dasher, Grinding Dept.

Thomas McEvoy, Power Dept.

Louis J. McCourt, Stock Dept.

John E. Murray, Store Room

Frederick W. Howe, Draughting Dept.

Thomas Felton, Blade Punching

Wm. F. Boushell, Hdl. Insp. Dept.

Sidney Morrison, Paint Shop

Robert William Mullen, Handle Press

Robert G. Poirier, Blade Printing Dept.

James Warner, Hardening Room

Richard R. O'Meara, Store Room
Section Barracks, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Patrick Creamer, Store Room
4th Battalion, 15th Company, Syracuse
Recruit Camp, Syracuse, N. Y.

Bart. J. Adley, Store Room
5th Battalion, 19th Company, Syracuse
Recruit Camp, Syracuse, N. Y.

Changes in Addresses

Liborio Amaru

48th Company, 12th Battalion, Camp Fair
Ground, Syracuse, N. Y.

Hagop Kochadorion

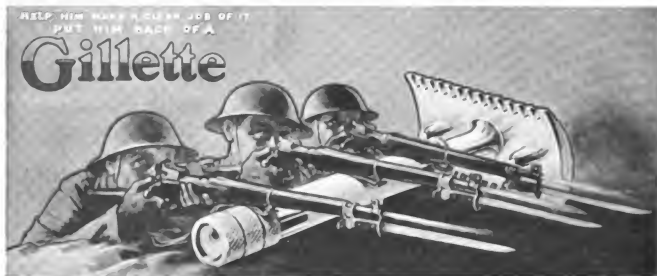
S. S. Lake Catherine, c/o American Con-
sul, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Philip B. Williams

1104th Aero, Repl. Sqdn., A. P. O. 725,
American Expeditionary Forces.

Leo H. Daykin

Radio, U. S. S. Mercury, c/o Postmaster,
New York City.



ABOVE is pictured the Gillette Poster which will be shown throughout the country during October. The illustration does not begin to portray the beauty of this poster. It is lithographed in sev-

eral colors and carries a strong, clear, vivid, unforgettable message.

The colors fairly leap out of the paper and hold the attention until the message of Gillette is stamped upon the mind.



NU, UH, NOT ME!

Co'se I aint sayin' I won't do
 Jes what ma' country wants me to
 But Dey's one job dat I fo' see
 Dat aint gwine 'tach itse'f to me
 Nu, Uh! Not Me!



Dat's dis heah ahplane stuff, now boss,
 I'll beah some otha kin' 'o cross
 Lak drive a mule, or tote a gun
 But I aint flirtin' wid no sun.
 Nu, Uh! Not Me!



If I mus' do a loop de loop
 Let mine be roun' some chicken coop:
 It ain't gwine to be up wha' de crows
 Kin say I's trampin' on dey toes.
 Nu, Uh! Not Me!



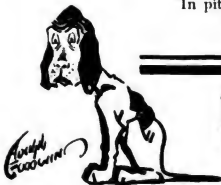
It sho' look sweet, I don't deny
 To be a oozin' roun' de sky
 But dat's for folks dat's in de mood
 To pass up love, an' gin, an' food.
 Nu, Uh! Not Me!

Down heah, I firs' saw light o' day
 Down heah's wha' I's gwine ter stay:
 Folks, I don' keer to hab my feet
 Git too blame proud ter walk de street.
 Nu, Uh! Not Me!

So I'll jus' wait til Gab'll brings
 Den good ol' fashun' angel wings;
 Den, as I pass de ahplanes by,
 In pity I'll look down an' sigh.
 Nu, Uh! Not Me!



—Navy Life





Factory Notes

FOR the "Factory Notes" Department twenty-two reporters have been assigned to collect items of interest to Gillette co-workers.

Unfortunately the September number of the BLADE was well under way when these assignments were made, but commencing with the October issue the "Factory Notes" Department will be enlarged and improved.

The excellent material already received makes sure one of the most interesting and instructive departments in the BLADE.

We bespeak the hearty co-operation of Gillette co-workers in assisting the GILLETTE BLADE reporters, the names of whom will appear in the October issue.

Tom Spellman's wife must be Hooverizing as Tom has been buying snappy lunches these days.

Nothing slow about the Machine Department—they already have about ten girls working as machinist apprentices and are making good.

John Hannon from the Machine Shop is back on the job full of pep. It must be that "Saratoga Water" he drank while on his auto trip from Schenectady to Lake George that makes him feel so well.

Machine Dept.

We are all sorry to hear of the death of Miss Alice Le Croix, sister of Florence Le Croix of our sixth floor office, who passed away at her home in Dorchester July 29th.

A popular young lady of the sixth floor office we notice is now wearing a platinum set diamond ring. We wonder who the lucky fellow is.

6th Floor Office.

Our traffic Manager, Mr. Raphael, should have named his young heir "The Star Spangled Banner," because every time he makes a noise Papa Raphael has to get up.

If any of our boys are thinking about married life, they should eat lunch with Mr. Frank Kelley of the Shipping Department. Mrs. Kelley, who was formerly one of the Gillette girls, is a good cook. How about it, Frank?

Shipping Dept.

On August 27th the stork paid a visit to the home of John Flaherty who operates the elevator in building "B" and left a

package containing a little son weighing eleven pounds.

I suggest that a column be started in the BLADE, and a suitable prize be offered for the best suggestion that will promote the welfare of the employer or employee—such as a safety device or some machine on a money saving scheme, or something that will benefit everyone in the Factory.

Joseph E. Murray left recently to join the service. The boys presented him with a wrist watch and a fountain pen.

Eugene O'Meara paid us a visit August 22nd. 'Gene is in the Naval Reserve.

It is reported that Jerry Murray is taking dancing lessons.

Store Room A.

While the soft winds of hope and love were blowing, the good ship fate sent a gold band ring to Mary O'Neil. The Pilot of this ship was Hans Schults. Mr. and Mrs. Schults are employees of the Hardening Room and were married Sunday, August 11th, at the Gate of Heaven Church.

James Warner of the Hardening Room enlisted in the navy and was given a beautiful wrist watch by the employees of his department.

You're in style when you're wearing a smile, so George Evans, foreman of the Cleaning Dept., wore a broad smile at the arrival of a new baby girl at his home.

Hardening Dept.

THREE OF A KIND

There has been a son born to each of the following gentlemen of this department:

| | | |
|------------------|-----------------|---------|
| Chester Devoe | July 30th, 1918 | 7¼ lbs. |
| Sam Gould | July 29th, 1918 | 7½ lbs. |
| Isidor A. Tubman | Aug. 5th, 1918 | 6 lbs. |

Mothers and sons in all cases doing fine.

Frank Edwards, formerly of the Plating Room and now of the Buffing Department, has the sympathy of all in the death of his wife.

Buffing Dept.

Bill Boushell of the Handle Inspection Department 4 "D" has been called to the colors and will leave for Camp Upton, New York. He was presented with a handsome wrist watch by his fellow employees of 4 "D," the presentation being made by Oliver Velmore.

Handle Inspection Dept.

Mrs. Mary Casey of the Grinding Room has been quite ill but we are pleased to say



she is now convalescing at the House of the Good Samaritan, Brookline.

Grinding Room.

Miss Hilda Nichols of the Stopping Department while on her vacation had the opportunity of visiting the Canadian Factory through the kindness of Mr. Rock and Mr. Sullivan. She had the pleasure of meeting the superintendent, Mr. Peterson, who took great pleasure in showing her through the factory. She claims it was the best and most interesting day she spent up there.

Miss Mary White, for the past seven years in the Stopping Department, has left to join the sisters of the Notre Dame at Waltham. On leaving she was greatly surprised when presented with a purse of gold.

Stopping Dept.

Through the courtesy of Mr. James A. Quinn, of the Hardening Department, the night employees of the Hardening and Blade Press Departments spent Sunday, August 25th, at the Rose Kelley Cottage at Sharon Heights.

A very spirited game of ball was played between the Boston Express Exchange and the night employees of the Gillette Company, and after 11 innings it was declared a tie score of 4 to 4. A very enjoyable dinner was served by Mr. Quinn in the open air. At the dinner, Mr. Thomas Felton of the Blade Press Department, who has just entered the U. S. Service at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, was presented with a wrist watch by the night employees. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Morris Manofsky, night foreman of the Blade Press Department.

After dinner boating and bathing was enjoyed on the Lake, and a closing entertainment was given in the evening and songs were rendered by Jos. McGrath, Philip Wright, and Joseph Roy, night foreman of the Blade Cleaning Department. There were monologues by several ladies, employees of Gillette Company.

Miss Frances Rise, sister of George Rise of the Plating Room, was married August 20th, 1918, to Mr. Samuel Newberg.

The father of Miss Louise Sullivan of the Shipping Department died August 24th after a brief illness.

Cupid visited the Leather Goods Department last month in the marriage of Miss Olive Rice to Mr. Joseph O'Donnell on August 18th.

Miss Helen Sheehan became the bride of Mr. William Maider on August 20th. The couple will make their home in South Boston. Miss Sheehan was presented with a beautiful piece of cut glass from her co-workers in the department.

A miscellaneous shower was tendered Miss Mae Sullivan at her home on August 23rd.

Miss Sullivan received many useful and beautiful gifts, including a cut glass water set and reflector from the Leather Goods Department.

A very pleasant evening was spent. Vocal selections were contributed by Miss Mildred Gallagher, Edith Mederlas and Svea Gilbert, accompanied on the piano and violin by Miss Anna Sullivan and Lillian Cohen.

Miss Sullivan became Mrs. John McDonough on August 28th and will make her home on Draper Street, Dorchester.

The father of Success is Work;

The mother of Success is Ambition;

The oldest son is Common Sense;

Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm and Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is Character;

Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family.

Contributed by ALICE BRUSARD,

Leather Goods Department.

THE MISPLACED PATCH

(A Comedy in One Act)

Time—Late Evening. Place—Dimly Lighted Berth-Deck of a Battleship.

Characters—Two Sailors Trying to Patch a Hole in a Trousers Seat Worn Through in H. M. S. Service.

"Aw, how can hi sew hif you wiggle the bloomin' thing like that. 'Old it steady, will you, and keep your bloomin' thumbs hout of th' wy'."

"'Hi sy, hold chap, you jest 'ave a care will you, where you poke that sticker!—you've give me 'avf a dozen jabs hairdry! (Ten minutes of grunting and puffing.)"

"My word, 'ow far is it round that bloomin' patch, 'alf a league?"

"'Ow do hi know? Hi didn't take no bearsins! Hall hi know is hit's so bloomin' gloomy in 'ere hi caun't see me thread."

"No, and you cawn't see me thumbs neither—there, you've jabbed me again." (Ten minutes more of intense application and rising temper, then an exultant sigh.)

"There!—hi see she's done, Bill, but hit's a rum job—the patch isn't hover the 'ole at ail."

Contributed by F. L. C., *Leather Goods Dept.*



Note.—Mr. T. L. Smith, Production Engineer, in his splendid article in the August number quoted Lt.-Col. McCrae's poem "In Flanders' Fields." In answer to Col. McCrae's stirring appeal Mr. C. B. Galbreath, State Librarian, Columbus, Ohio, wrote the following poem:

In Flanders' Fields

(An Answer)

In Flanders' Fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders' fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders' field.

Buy a Bond

Our Nation has called, our duty is plain
We must not seek profit, we must not seek gain;
But each one must do his own share of the work
And each one must realize it's no time to shirk.

The Nation wants dollars to back up its boys,
To give her these dollars we'll sacrifice joys,
We'll give up some pleasure, we'll never be moan,
And add on our dollar to the "Liberty Loan."

We'll all buy a bond: how happy we'll be
To know that our money goes over the sea,
And when they are choking the Kaiser to death
It may be that your bond cuts off his last breath.

Each bond is a bullet, they tell us quite clear,
So wouldn't we think of that bond as a dear
If shot from our purses right out of this burg
And removed from this earth, Mr. Von Hindenburg.

I am sure that we all can afford to buy one,
I'm sure that we all want a whack at the Hun,
Let's all show the Germans that we can be true
And teach them respect for the Red, White and Blue.

Let's all get together right over the top
And not even think then of trying to stop
Till we run up a list of Gillette razor loans
That will alter the War Lord's contemptible tones.

FLORENCE G. BRADY, *Blade Packing Dept.*



A NEW FIVE-TON TRUCK



GET AHEAD OF TIME

Bonus Received in Various Departments During August

The weekly Bonus is figured on a basis of 95 per cent for Attendance and 97 per cent for Tardiness. The department must come up to both percentages in order to receive the Bonus in full.

Each employee who is neither Late nor Absent receives 50 cents, and if the required percentages of the department are also reached, such employee receives an additional 50 cents, making the total Bonus \$1.00 per week.

| Week Ending | Dept. | Aug. 7 | Aug. 14 | Aug. 21 | Aug. 28 |
|-----------------|----------------------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| Mr. Olson | Punching | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Sides | Hardening | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Evans | Cleaning | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Vezina | Blade Print., Polish | | * | * | * |
| Mr. Garbarino | Grinding | | * | * | |
| Mr. Kelley | Honing, 3-A, 4-B | * | * | | |
| Mr. Sullivan | Stropping | | | * | |
| Miss Quinlan | Blade Insp. | * | * | | |
| Miss Macaskill | Blade Packing | | | | |
| Miss Driscoll | Leather Goods | * | | * | |
| Mr. Goodsell | Store Room | * | | * | |
| Mr. Sorenson | Screw Machine | * | * | | |
| Mr. Fairweather | Machine Shop | | | | |
| Miss Brady | Fin. Packing | * | | * | |
| Mr. Whorton | Handle Press | * | * | | |
| Mr. Murphy | Stock | * | | * | |
| Mr. Rattray | Carpenter | * | * | * | |
| Miss Roycroft | Paper Box | | | | * |
| Mr. Fisher | Printing | | * | | |
| Mr. Crichton | Janitor | * | * | | * |
| Mr. Hatfield | Power | * | * | * | |
| Mr. Gaskin | Electrical | * | | * | * |
| Mr. Biggar | Painters | | * | * | |
| Mr. Hoar | Plating | | | | |
| Mr. Rice | Buffing | | | | |
| Miss Denny | Handle Insp. | * | | * | * |
| Mr. Raphael | Shipping | | | | |
| Mr. Blank | Engraving | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Briscoe | Watchmen | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Donovan | Adv. Shipping | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Ruppel | Laboratory | * | * | * | * |
| Mr. Lord | Stores Rec'd. | * | * | * | * |



Sharp Edges

Big Business will advance to positions of great responsibility no man who has not demonstrated his ability and aptitude as a teamworker.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

Stick to your job and help win the war. No man can succeed who does not see farther than his immediate work.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

The man who is the most hot-headed is usually the first one to get cold feet.

Don't quarrel with what the other fellow has done, or how he has done. His ways of doing may be different from yours. Quarrel with yourself over what you haven't done.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

The United States might start Russia on the road to regeneration by shipping in, first of all, a few trainloads of safety razors.

It is up to each of us to fight or help our fighters by our work.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

Credit in the long run usually goes to those who seek it least but deserve it most, not to those who strive to monopolize it.

I am inclined to the opinion that most men start on the ladder of success when they cease to be superficial.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

Without self-reliance no man can succeed in the largest way.

When a man's talents are encouraged it means a profitable investment; with hundreds of men giving wholehearted service the dividends would be great. A capable executive is the man who wins the respect of those placed under him and encourages them to make the most of themselves.

The first requisite for enduring happiness is in having work to do in which one believes.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

The teamworker is courteous, considerate, good tempered.

He tries to meet others at least half-way.

He is accommodating, obliging, helpful.

He co-operates.

He is more concerned about getting

things done than about getting credit for the doing of them.

He puts the good of the house, the firm, the institution, the company first.

Business is honesty. It no longer connotes over-reaching, short-changing, cozening and haggling. It does not take a business liar long these days to stumble over himself.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

Don't knock. The beat of the drum smother the knock of the hammer. The world hates a knocker in war more than in peace. He is a time spendthrift. He squanders his own and listener's time.

Don't quarrel with your job because you don't think it is big enough. It may be bigger than you know. It is part of a whole, and no whole is more important than the unfinished part.

Buy Liberty Bonds.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE





SMALL BLAZE

Peggy: My brain is on fire.
Peggy: I hardly think we need call out the fire department.

TOO COSTLY

Tom: "I wish I knew what my girl would like for a birthday present."
Jack: "Why don't you ask her?"
Tom: "Oh, I haven't money enough to buy anything so expensive."

TECHNICAL TERMS

"What was the matter with that fellow, doctor?"
"Nothing."
"Did you tell him so?"
"Well, yes, in Latin."

A DREAM

Hard Featured Woman: "So you had money once, had you? May I ask how you made your first thousand dollars?"
Tuffold Knutt, (wiping his eye with his coat sleeve): "I dreamt it, Ma'am."

SATISFIED

Isaacstein: "Iss my check goot for one hundred tollers?"
Teller: "No sir! Your account is over-drawn."
Isaacstein: "Dot's vot I tought, but I shust gave one to Cohen for dot amount, unt wanted to make sure."

UNACCOUNTABLE SURPLUS

The Mistress: "What's the matter, Hortense?"
The new maid: "I dunno, ma'am. Something seems wrong with your hair, ma'am. I done it up just as it was before, ma'am, an' it looks all right, ma'am, an' it feels all right, ma'am, but there's two rats an' a puff left over."

IN THE WIDOW'S WEEDS

"Yes, brethren," said the clergyman who was preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a widow at the age of 28 years."
"Twenty-six, if you please," sobbed the widow in the front pew, as she emerged for an instant from her handkerchief.

BETTER

"The apartments are quite satisfactory," said the would-be tenant.
"I suppose it isn't necessary for me to give references, as I always pay as I go."
"That won't do in this case," rejoined the landlord. "I rent only to parties who pay as they come."

WOULD NOT GO BACK ON HIS WORD

A man who had a strong prejudice against receding from a position once taken was testifying under oath in court. He swore a man was eleven feet five inches high, of course inadvertently. On cross-examination when confronted with his testimony he denied saying so, and claimed he said five feet eleven inches. The court stenographers all agreed that he said eleven feet five inches. After a little reflection he blurted out: "Well, if I really said so I'll stick to it."

H. I. M. WILLIAM

Translated from a German memorandum found in the Emperor's personal waste paper basket.

Oh Me! Oh My
And likewise I.
Sit still My churls while I orate.
Me, I, Myself, the Throne, the Sun
All rolled in One.
Both hemispheres am I.
Oh My!
If there were three, the Three I'd be.

It makes Me tremble like the aspen tree,
To think I'm Me.
And blink like stars up in the sky,
To think I'm I,
And shrink in terror like a frightened elf,
To realize that I'm Myself.

Ye blithering slaves beneath My iron heel,
What know ye of things I feel?
Didst ever wake at dead of night
And stand in awe of thine own Might?

It took six days to make the land and sea,
But centuries were passed in making Me.
The Universe? an easy task! but I—
Oh My!
(Cut from an American Newspaper 15 years ago.)



BE SOME KIND OF A HERO

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footsteps in the sands of time.

Let us up then and be doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to LABOR and to WAIT.

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF HAPPINESS

A mistake, which is too common, especially among those who have experienced any trials and difficulties in life, is, that happiness is to be found in rest. Ask those who are so busy in the active pursuits of life, to what they look forward with such ardent expectation, and many will tell you that they are toiling for repose. They look with envy upon the condition of that man who, in the language of the world, "has nothing to do but enjoy himself." They look upon exertion as a species of servitude, as if he only were the independent man, who is reposing upon his laurels or his gains. But, as has been pointedly remarked, that man is most restless who is most at rest. Nothing else is so hard as the pillow of perpetual indolence; nothing so oppressive as the stagnant, unelastic air of entire inactivity. The truth is, that the mind which is not constantly directed to something exterior preys upon itself. The bed-ridden intellect pines away in atrophy and the everlasting uneasiness of sloth.

Another mistake concerning the subject of happiness is, that it is to be found in prosperity. The truth is, that of the objects of human acquisition, very few are, beyond a certain limit, even the means of happiness. We are perpetually making this mistake in respect to riches, and confounding two things completely distinct; that is, property and happiness. Ask those, I pray you, who have accumulated the most enormous fortunes, whether they have ever yet been able to increase their possessions faster than their wants. It is indeed a trite maxim that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he posses-

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

KINDNESS ITS OWN REWARD

Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful return, but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver. And we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense! Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the mind of others, and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues always; twice blest sometimes.

seth." For when we look at those above us, and find that they are able to supply those wants to which we, in our actual situation, are most sensible, it is natural to conclude that they are happy; because we should be happy if we could remove, as they can, our most pressing needs. We do not consider that, the higher we ascend, and the wider we can see, the more we desire; and it is often true, that, the more extensive our horizon, the more barren appears the soil around us.

A third mistake on this subject consists in supposing that happiness is to be found in perpetual excitement. Hence thousands always confound pleasure with mirth, and think nothing tolerable which is not exquisite. Others think nothing pleasant which is not riotous, nothing interesting which is not boisterous, nothing satisfactory which is not intoxicating. It is this mistake which leads so many through the ever-shifting varieties of dissipation, when what ought to be only an occasional recreation is made necessary to common comfort, and all satisfaction is lost in the wearisome chase after novelty.

So far as circumstances of fortune conduce to happiness, it is not the income which any man possesses, but the increase of income, that affords the pleasure. Two persons, of whom one begins with a hundred, and advances his income to a thousand pounds a year, and the other sets off with a thousand, and dwindles down to a hundred, may, in the course of their time, have the receipt and spending of the same sum of money; yet their satisfaction, so far as fortune is concerned in it, will be very different; the series and sum total of their incomes being the same, it makes a wide difference at which end they begin.

NOTE:—Cassio has indulged too freely in wine and while under its influence has been guilty of acts which have lost him the confidence and respect of his superior officer. He is intensely ashamed and full of bitter regrets. He is low in courage and feels that no adequate excuse can be found. His state of mind is that of all those who are essentially decent in character but have gotten into trouble through yielding to the temptation to drink too much.
-- W. E. N.

O'THELLO—ACT III—SCENE 3

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one imperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer should stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

a clean-cut call to duty

GEN. LEONARD WOOD is fond of saying: "America gives each person an equal opportunity; but it implies an equal obligation".

The time to meet that obligation is now!

Unless the Huns are driven into their hole and the hole stopped up, America and its homes, factories and stores is perilously unsafe.

Buy Liberty Bonds as the boys in France fight—to the utmost.

Buy at once — at any bank — cash or instalments.

LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Save to buy and buy to keep



The Gillette Blade

OCTOBER 1918



TRADE MARK
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

GET

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

WE are all interested in our GENERAL PERSHING. The portrait on the cover more than any other we have seen reveals the intellectual power, the determination, and withal the kindliness that are broadly his dominant characteristics. His comment on visiting the tomb of La Fayette in Paris, "Well, La Fayette, here we are," will live as one of history's notable phrases. In it he expressed the nation's thought.

The photograph from which the reproduction was made was taken in England just before he embarked for France.

The Gillette Blade

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston

Patent Soliciting

E. D. CHADWICK, *Patent Attorney*

THE job of the patent solicitor is not an easy one to describe.

At least, it is not easy if the idea is to write a description which other people will read and in which they will find something to interest them. The job, like most others, has its advantages and its disadvantages. It has the great advantage that one can work and smoke at the same time, with his feet on his desk. On the other hand, it has its full share of drudgery, and when it is done there is not much to show for it. In this respect the inventor has the advantage. Mr. Nickerson, for example, can go practically anywhere in our factory and see the results of his work in the form of all sorts of machines which are demonstrating their value every day, but when I get a patent on one of his machines the only visible result is a document ornamented with a blue ribbon and a red seal, which immediately disappears in our company's files. No one can tell how good or how bad it is until it gets into some court or other, and most patents never get into court at all. Hence it is often easy for the solicitor to do poor work and get away with it, while if he does good work he is likely to have but

little attention paid to it. In these circumstances, it seems to me, he is under a special obligation to do the best he can.

I commenced the soliciting of patents in the office of a well known firm of patent lawyers in Boston. After I had been there a few months one of them put me at work on the preparation of an application for a patent on a machine which, while not particularly complicated, was quite ingenious and was supposed to be substantially different from anything that had preceded it. I had no trouble in understanding the mechanism and how it worked, and I proceeded with considerable confidence to prepare the description and claims which, with illustrative drawings, constitute the principal parts of a patent application. My work when finished was submitted to my employer, who told me after looking it over that I had described the machine very well but had not described the invention at all. That was my first lesson on the necessity of distinguishing between an invention and the particular mechanical form in which it is made available for use. The importance of this distinction is due to the fact that an invention, es-



pecially when it is of basic character, can usually be given mechanical form in a variety of ways. Machines differing widely in design and detail may still be based on the same principle and mode of operation and produce the same result. It follows, in such a case, that unless the patent for the invention describes and claims it broadly enough to cover all such machines it is likely to be evaded.

What I have just stated is well illustrated by one of the most famous patents ever granted. This was the patent commonly known as the Bell Telephone patent, although it was entitled "Telegraphy" and the word "telephone" nowhere appeared in it. Probably the word itself had not been invented at the time when the patent was applied for. It described a method by which speech can be electrically transmitted and also illustrated and described an apparatus for doing this, but the only apparatus disclosed was one in which an electro-magnet was employed. Since at that time the transmission of speech by any sort of electrical apparatus was a marvelous thing, it would not have been surprising if the one who prepared the patent application had assumed that speech could not be transmitted without using an electro-magnet and had therefore made such use an essential part of the invention, but if this had been done the history of the telephone art would have been profoundly changed. For within a few years other kinds of electrical apparatus not employing any sort of electro-magnet were devised and used for transmitting speech. As a matter of fact, however, the specification and claims of the Bell patent were so drawn that they covered the use of any apparatus

capable of transmitting speech by the use of "electrical undulations," similar in form to the vibrations of the air accompanying the sounds transmitted, to quote from one of the claims, and as a result the patent gave to its owners complete control of the telephone art throughout the term of the patent.

I have spoken of the illustrative drawings which usually form a part of an application for a patent. These drawings are required in every case where the invention is capable of illustration by a drawing, and have to be produced in accordance with rigid rules prescribed by the Patent Office. They are not working drawings and do not have to be drawn to scale, but are rather in the nature of a picture illustrating the various parts of the machine, or whatever the thing is on which the patent application is based. For these reasons the draughtsman needs to have special training and experience, and he should also be capable of seeing clearly the important features of the invention he is to illustrate, in order that he may be able to lay out the drawings in such a way as to show these features without wasting too much time on details which are matters of design rather than invention. There was formerly in Boston a draughtsman who had these qualities to perfection and who made many drawings for me. I recall in particular the drawings which he made for two patent applications relating to mechanisms which were complicated and exceedingly difficult to illustrate. In acting on one of these applications the Patent Office Examiner went out of his way to include in his official action a complimentary reference to the "excellent illustration of a very difficult



subject matter," the only instance in my experience in which this has been done. The Examiner in charge of the other application told me orally, in the course of a conference which I had with him, that the drawings were the best he ever saw. Unfortunately for me this draughtsman is no longer available to do my work, because he has another job; he is the head of the draughting and construction department in our factory—Mr. Parry.

In addition to the drawings a patent application includes a specification, which is made up of a description of the invention and one or more claims for it. The purpose of the description is, primarily, to disclose the invention and teach the public how to make use of it after the patent expires. This disclosure constitutes in effect the price which the inventor pays to the public for the protection which his patent gives him, and, conversely, the protection which the inventor receives is the inducement for disclosing his invention to the public instead of keeping it secret. The claims are the measure of the monopoly asserted by the inventor, and in so far as the invention is not covered by them it becomes public property when the patent is issued. Consequently, although the legal requirements are satisfied if the specification describes and claims any one way of putting the invention into practice, if it does no more than this a part of the invention is liable to be thrown away. For example, Mr. Nickerson's blade sharpening machines are specifically designed for sharpening flexible double-edged blades, but they contain many patentable features which could be used for sharpening flexible single-edged

blades, or for sharpening rigid blades whether double-edged or single-edged. Hence if the patents on them covered no more than the specific machines used in our factory, many of their valuable features could be appropriated and used for sharpening other kinds of blades by anyone who cared to do so. In preparing the specification, therefore, what the solicitor has to do is to determine what the essential features of the invention are and use such mechanical imagination as he has in an effort to foresee the various ways in which these features can be practically applied, for unless he can do this he is not in a position to describe and claim the invention in such a way as to cover it completely and effectively. He should also be able to see the relative values of the various features, in order that he may give due weight in his description and claims to those features which are of fundamental importance, in contrast to those which are of minor importance. In many cases this work is difficult and requires long-continued study, but it can be very interesting to one who has a mechanical turn of mind.

It is the wording of the claims which involves the hardest work, for in addition to being adequate to cover the invention they are supposed to be both concise and clear. They are usually concise, but the claims found in some patents are the reverse of clear. In some cases they seem to have been purposely framed in ambiguous language, with the idea of making them flexible enough to mean whatever it is necessary for them to mean in order to cover the invention without being themselves void. In the words of a Federal Judge, who must have been reading



Artemus Ward, the intention is "to hit it if it is a deer and miss it if it is a cow." In other cases the attempt is made to secure effective protection for the invention by means of a large number of claims which are expressed in different forms of words but otherwise differ but slightly or not at all. As an instance of the extent to which claims can be multiplied I remember seeing a patent on a golf ball which contained, if my recollection is correct, more than 80 claims. Probably the golf ball itself did not contain half a dozen parts at the most, and it might be suggested that it required at least as much invention to produce the claims as to produce the golf ball.

After the filing of a patent application comes the prosecution of it in the Patent Office, and this is a highly technical procedure on which a book might easily be written. Briefly, the procedure is commenced by the Patent Office Examiner who has charge of the particular art to which the invention relates, and who first examines the application to see if it is in proper form and then compares the claims with patents previously granted. If any of the claims are so broad that they cover subject matter which was not original with the applicant, such claims are rejected by the Examiner, who refers to the patents showing the subject matter claimed to be old, and thereupon the applicant has the option of cancelling these claims, or limiting them by amendment, or arguing with the Examiner that the latter's decision is wrong. The Examiner then makes a further action, to which the applicant can make a further response if necessary, and this procedure continues until eventually the claims are

all finally rejected or the application is allowed. Provision is made for appeals from the Examiner to higher tribunals and for conducting what are known as "interferences." An interference arises when two or more inventors claim the same invention at the same time, and its purpose is to determine which of such inventors was the first inventor and therefore entitled to the patent. An inventor who gets into an interference has my sympathy and needs a fat pocketbook.

After an application has been allowed the next step in order is the issuing of the patent, which contains a copy of the drawings, description and claims in the form finally given to them as a result of the proceedings in the Patent Office. It also contains a grant to the inventor or assignee of "the exclusive right to make, use and vend" the invention throughout the term of the patent, which in this country is 17 years from its date. The patentee is sometimes misled by this language, because it gives him the impression that his patent secures for him the right to make, use and sell the machine or other thing in which his invention is given tangible form, and at times I have had considerable difficulty in making it clear that this is not the case. As a matter of fact, the right of the patentee to make, use and sell does not depend at all upon the granting of his patent. He has that right whether he gets a patent or not, unless the patented thing which he wants to make, use or sell is an infringement of some prior patent which is still in force. What he really gets is a right of exclusion, that is to say, it is not the right to make, use or sell but is the right to exclude



others from making, using or selling. Hence an inventor may obtain a patent for an improvement on some prior machine, for instance, and still be unable to make, use or sell his patented improvement because it infringes the patent for the machine on which it is an improvement. The prior patentee, on the other hand, cannot make, use or sell the improvement invented by the later patentee without the latter's consent. The reasonableness of this situation becomes apparent when we consider that otherwise an invention patented by one person could be monopolized only so long as it was not improved upon by some other person.

It is essential to the validity of a patent that it be for an invention which is "useful." This does not mean commercially valuable. Neither the Patent Office Examiners nor any one else can determine in advance what the commercial value of an invention is going to be, and the Examiner makes no attempt to do this. If the thing described in an application will apparently work in the manner described, and will not be injurious to the public welfare, that satisfies the requirements of the Patent Office so far as utility is concerned. The result is that a considerable number of what are known as "freak patents" have been granted. I have seen or heard of several examples of these, one of which was for a tape-worm trap. I cannot describe the construction in detail, but the idea was to attach a species of trap to a piece of string and bait it and let the afflicted person swallow it, whereupon the tape-worm was supposed to get his head caught in the trap and be extracted by pulling on the string. Another was for

a device for removing sunken wrecks constituting obstructions to navigation. This device consisted of a float adapted to be anchored over a wreck, a pole connected to the float and extending downward from it to the level of the wreck, and a double-bitted axe-head secured to the lower end of the pole. The theory of operation was that the rocking of the float by wave motion would swing the axe-head to and fro and eventually chop the wreck to pieces. In contrast to these ridiculous and, in a way, pathetic examples of wasted effort and expense are the patents for historic inventions such as the cotton gin, the sewing machine and the telephone, all of which were the product of brains of the highest order and have exerted an influence on civilization which cannot be estimated.

The final test of the validity and scope of a patent comes when a suit for infringement of it is brought in a Federal Court. The procedure in such a suit is entirely beyond the scope of this article, but an interesting illustration of the number of questions that can be raised in connection with a patent is furnished by the suits on the telephone patent, to which I have referred. When this patent came before the Supreme Court as a result of several suits based on it and argued as one suit, eleven patent lawyers, including the best in the United States, participated in the argument of the case and it took an entire volume (Volume 126) of the Supreme Court Reports to hold the statement of the case, extracts from the arguments of counsel and the decision of the Court, 584 pages in all.



Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED—IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

HOW to make an incandescent lamp without using a hermetically sealed or all-glass bulb was now my problem. I speedily decided on the general form of the bulb. It is shown in the accompanying diagram. The neck of the bulb is provided with two ledges or shoulders, shown at B and K. On these shoulders rest the disks C and H respectively, which were punched out of sheet mica. The upper disk, C, serves to support the cement plug, D, by which the bulb is closed, and the lower disk, H, acts as a heat reflector for the protection of the cement plug and also to steady the leading-in wires, E E. The metallic disks, L, L, L, L, are clamped to the wires for the purpose of preventing the wires from carrying up enough heat to soften the cement plug, and were called "radiators." They were suggested by the lamp superintendent, who got the idea from a "professor" under whom he had formerly studied. Nevertheless, the suggestion let him in as a joint inventor. A indicates the glass bulb of the lamp, F the filament, G G the cemented connection between the leading-in wires and the filament, M the brass cap of the lamp, J the plaster of paris by which the brass cap is secured to the bulb neck, I a porcelain insulating piece, and N N the contact pieces to which the leading-in wires are connected.

Now came the search for a suitable cement with which the bulb could be made absolutely air tight. After a few experiments and some hard thinking, I chose a mixture of

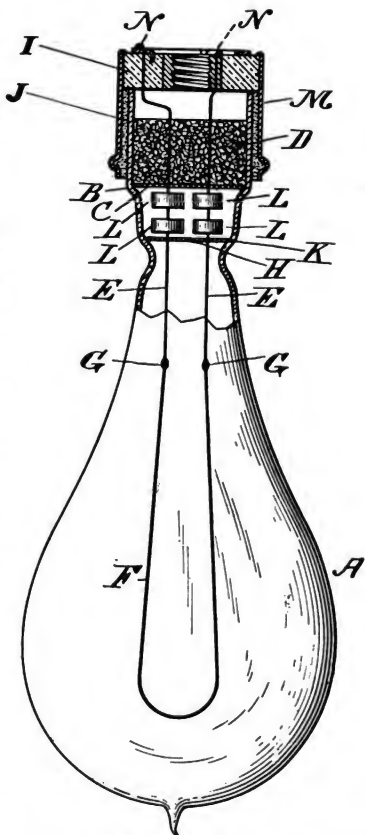


DIAGRAM OF NICKERSON PLUGGED LAMP



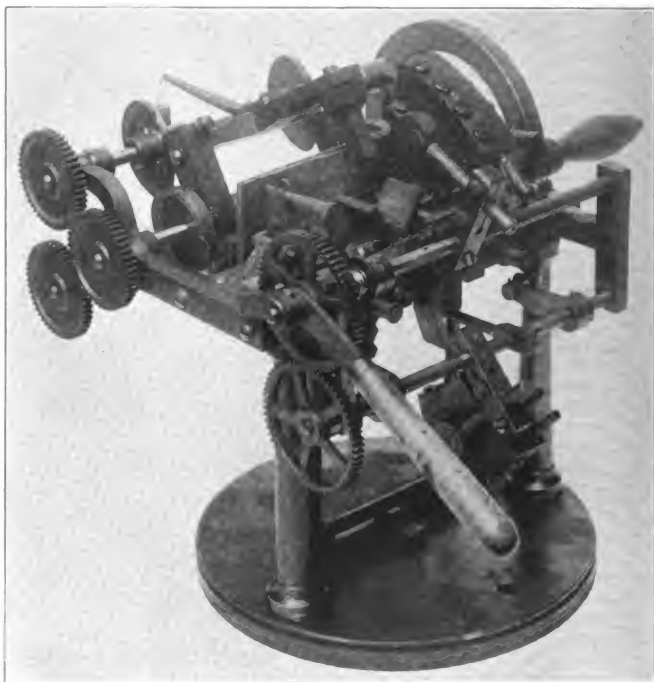
Egyptian asphaltum, a peculiar petroleum wax which I found on the market, and partially oxidized linseed oil. These substances had to be treated to quite a high temperature for many hours in a huge vacuum apparatus which I designed and built for the purpose in order that all volatile matters might be removed. This cement was mixed with pulverized glass before being introduced into the neck of the bulb, which was done in the melted state.

It was only a few weeks after the Edison people had obtained the injunction against us when we were ready to put our new lamp on the market. The lamps sold well, and in most instances gave very good service, holding the vacuum remarkably well. One other manufacturer of lamps who had been closed up by the Edison patent undertook to make a plugged lamp, and their variety appeared on the market about the same time as ours. This concern was the great Westinghouse Company, and their method consisted in mounting the wires in a glass stopper which was ground into the neck of the lamp and then inserted into the neck with some kind of cement. While this form would seem at first sight to be more rational than mine, it did not, as a matter of fact, succeed nearly so well, and proved to be a very poor article. We were told at the time that it cost the Westinghouse Company a quarter of a million dollars to get ready to make it, and doubtless it did, and very likely much more. It only cost a few hundred to get ready to make my lamp, and it beat out the Westinghouse sample anyway. They were both substitute lamps and were naturally inferior in many ways to the standard all-glass type. Nevertheless, we did business on ours for a

year and a half and made and sold hundreds of thousands of them.

During the time we were making the plugged lamp I was a very busy man. In fact, I never worked harder in my life, and that was going some. There were all sorts of contrivances that had to be thought out and made in order to make the new type of lamp, and continual experiments on the cement always in the hope that a better mixture might be found or the treatment of the ingredients improved. It kept me thinking continuously, and my hands and feet were keeping time with my thoughts with what came pretty near being perpetual motion.

During my strenuous efforts to improve the lamp, it became desirable to tie the leading-in wires of the lamp together by means of a glass bar into which the wires were fused. Our expert glass blowers said it would not be practicable. In the first place, a good glass blower could only make a score or two in a day, with no two alike, and furthermore, most of the bars would crack off the wires in spite of all they could do. Nothing daunted, I made up my mind I would solve the problem, and designed a machine for putting on the bars. The glass blowers had the laugh on me at the first attempt to use the machine, for sure enough, just as they said, the bars all cracked off the wires. I changed the form of the bar, and then some of the bars held. I changed it again and none cracked off, and I turned the laugh on the glass blowers. One girl with the machine could put on eight hundred good, solid, uniform bars in a day against a couple of dozen by a skilled glass blower, half of which would crack off. I mention this incident to show how the thorough-go-



MACHINE FOR MOULDING GLASS BARS ON WIRES

ing inventor has occasionally to do things that those skilled in the art believe cannot be done. I saved one of these little machines, and the cut is from a photograph recently taken.

There were two conditions under which my cement plug lamp would not do well. One of these conditions was that of very severe cold, zero or below. When the lamps were exposed to this low temperature the cement would separate from the glass, allowing air to leak in and so destroy

the lamp. The other was that of excessive heat, causing the cement to melt and run into the lamp. Whenever this happened our competitors sarcastically referred to our goods as "Molasses" lamps. Under the circumstances we did very well and kept the ball rolling up to the time that the Edison patent expired, in 1895, I believe. The cut shows my perfected plugged lamp. It will be noted that the leading-in wires are held together by the glass bar which shows



NICKERSON PLUGGED LAMP, FULLY DEVELOPED

just below the brass cap, and also takes the place of the brass "radiators" shown in the lamp diagram.

We all expected to go back to the standard all-glass bulb on the expiration of the Edison patent, and up to the last minute everything looked quite rosy. Disaster, however, was lying in wait for us in a form we had not dreamed, for the very day the Edison patent expired the Edison Company reduced the price of lamps from about thirty cents to fourteen cents, which was less than what it cost us to make them. Furthermore, they would give them away to anyone who was using their current. This was an unexpected blow, and one which was fatal to our prosperity. I owned stock in the company

which was supposed to be worth sixty thousand dollars, but when I heard of what the Edison Company had done I well knew it was not worth one cent, and began immediately to cast about for a new job.

A friend of mine had been experimenting on a machine for automatic weighing, and I had become somewhat interested in the problem. I now began to construct one in accordance with my own ideas. When it was completed it performed so well that I began to think seriously of going into the business. A little later, when it became evident that the lamp business was doomed, I made arrangements with my weighing machine friend, Mr. Phillips, and was before long out of the lamp business and making a start in the automatic weighing machine business, of which I shall tell you later.

While I was in the incandescent lamp business I made a number of acquaintances which have proved both lasting and pleasant. Among them is Mr. Henry Sachs, now of Colorado Springs, Col., who was manager of the lamp company, and afterward instrumental in organizing the Gillette Company, of which he is still a large stockholder. Another is Mr. Frank M. Brown, of our Experimental Department. Mr. Brown was my right-hand man in the lamp company. He came to us at that time from the White Electric Lamp Company, and was well posted in many of the methods of lamp making. It was Mr. Brown who built the machine for putting the glass bars on the wires, shown in this article. He also built my first weighing machine. He was with me most of the time that I was in the automatic weighing machine business, and was



the third man to work for me when I took up the Gillette Razor scheme, Mr. W. H. Parry, of the Construction Department, being the first, and the late Harrie G. Richardson the second.

My readers can now see how little I got for all my desperately hard work in the vacuum pump and lamp

business. It is true it got me out of debt from my elevator misfortunes and for a while put me in the way of prosperity, but only at last to lead me to a disappointing collapse as trying as any I had before. Still, I was training for the Gillette job. How my weighing machine affairs went I shall tell you next month.

To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for November

Across the Atlantic on a Troop Transport

THOMAS W. PELHAM, *Sales Manager*

PART III.—IN THE WAR ZONE

IT was my good fortune to obtain from the French military authorities at Paris a pass permitting me to travel in certain cities in the military zone.

Leaving Paris at seven o'clock in the morning, I had in the same compartment as traveling companion First Lieutenant C— of the U. S. Army. The Lieutenant was a Harvard graduate and his company was among the first troops reaching France. He was attached to a Trench Mortar Battery, and his battery had been at various sectors at the front. He was with the English during the retreat towards Amiens and with the French in another sector when they were driving the Germans back.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

Lieutenant C— was full of praise of the courage of the American soldiers, and particularly of the men in his own company. He spoke of the splendid spirit of the troops under most trying circumstances. He told me of two of his men who were from the slums of one of our large cities.

While holding back the German drive in March, a German shell exploded and frightfully injured one of the men and very seriously injured the other. The Sergeant ran up to aid the man who was so frightfully injured, but was waived aside and the man said, "Go along; don't bother about me; I am done for. Look after my chum." Ten minutes later the man was dead. Lieutenant C— found in the pocket of his coat a letter he had just written to his mother, in which he said, "Do not worry about me. It is just a picnic over here. We are having a good time and are in no danger."

Many other stories were told by Lieutenant C—, who had been on the firing line for more than eight months. The Lieutenant, by the way, wore a cotton khaki suit. He carried his gas mask, revolver and a small pack, and said it was the last he had left of his \$600.00 officer's outfit.

I passed through Chaumont and on to Langres and saw many American troops. I left the train at Langres with Lieutenant C—, and a U. S. truck carried me from the railroad station to the business part of the city. American soldiers were



everywhere, all eager to get word from "Good old U. S. A."

THE LARGEST GILLETTE CUSTOMER IN FRANCE

While in Langres I met one of our largest customers in France. He is a man of about seventy years of age. His three sons had been in the war since August, 1914. Two were still at the front, and had been wounded several times. One was a prisoner in Germany. This old French gentleman said to me, "Mr. Pelham, you do not know how kindly we feel towards America and how much the American soldiers are doing for us. I can't say enough in their praise. They are wonderful soldiers, but, above all, they are so good to our children, to our sisters, daughters, and mothers." And so it was everywhere. All praise for the American soldier, not only as a fighting man, but as a moral man. Some of the soldiers with whom I talked said that they intended to remain in France after the war was over.

ANOTHER AIR RAID AND "BIG BERTHA"

Returning to Paris about midnight, I was just in time for a German air raid, which lasted about an hour, but did no considerable damage.

HE SAW THE POINT

A young man, employed in one of our largest woolen mills, became greatly discouraged because he did not appear to "get ahead." He was ambitious but lacked initiative.

He would say, "Oh, what's the use? I am no account and never will be in this place. No one pays any attention to me, and I'd never be missed if I left. Why, I occupy the most humble place here."

One day he approached his "superior officer" in the department with the thought of "throwing up the job." The kindly disposed department head had noticed the

I left Paris the last of May, and just as my train pulled out of the station bound for Havre, "Big Bertha," the long-range German gun, resumed its bombardment.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' CONVOY

I remained in England a week or ten days, then proceeded to a seaport, but unfortunately the steamer upon which I embarked was unable to sail with its convoy, and was tied up in the harbor for five days. During these five days I saw a large number of transports come in with American troops, and among other big ships was the *Mauretania*.

On the return trip there were about fifty civilian passengers, a number of American, English and French officers and some soldiers. Two torpedo boat destroyers convoyed our ship for twenty-four hours and after that we proceeded alone to New York. There was some little excitement on the return trip owing to rumors of the destruction by U-boats that were then infesting the Atlantic coast, but aside from these rumors the trip was without incident.

The Statue of Liberty looked pretty good on the 23rd of June, when I entered New York harbor.

young man, as he did all who came under his supervision.

After talking the matter over and learning where the trouble lay, the older man led the youth to one of the greatest and best machines in the mill.

"Which wheel in all this wonderful machine is the most important, think you?"

After careful consideration, the young man replied: "Why each one is important; one is just as necessary as the other, the largest wheel could not get along without the smallest."

The boy returned to his work with "much food for thought," and in time became foreman of a large department.



The Gillette Blade



CHARLES M. SCHWAB
111 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Philadelphia, Penna.,
August 12th, 1918.

Mr. King C. Gillette, President,
Gillette Safety Razor Company,
41 W. First Street,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Gillette:-

You may imagine my surprise today upon receiving your letter and the exceedingly handsome razor set which you so kindly and evidently had specially made for me.

I feel as much honored in knowing you as you can feel honored in knowing me. I have always regarded you as a great and ingenious inventor and a man who justly deserves all the credit he has received from a clever invention, and one which has brought much comfort and economy to mankind.

It afforded me great pleasure to meet you a short time ago in Chicago to renew our old acquaintance and, as I stated to you that day, I am very much pleased to know you have been successful.

It is difficult to dictate what one ought to say on such an occasion as this, but please be assured that I accept the set with much pleasure and retain it as a kindness of a great inventor and a successful man.

Sincerely yours,

Chas Schwab



A Memo of Mr. and Mrs. King C. Gillette's Visit to Montreal, Three Rivers, Shawinigan and Quebec City

ON Saturday night, July 20th, Montreal was honored by a visitor "Known the World Over,"—Mr. King C. Gillette, President of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, who was accompanied by Mrs. Gillette.

They were met by Mr. A. A. Bittles, Managing Director; Mr. G. P. Shortrede, Traffic Department, and Mr. John A. Aird, Purchasing Agent.

The party proceeded to the Ritz Carlton Hotel where reservations had been made for our visitors.

Sunday, July 21st, being an ideal summer day, was spent in touring the city by automobile. Many places of interest were visited, including the world-famed Notre Dame Church, renowned for its old architecture, and considered the most magnificent ecclesiastical structure in America. The ancient Notre Dame de Bonsecours Church built in the seventeenth century was next visited; the Art Gallery, a magnificent building of Italian marble; the Montreal Harbor, which covers an area of eighteen miles on each side of the river from above Victoria Bridge to Bout de l'Île; the Royal Victoria Hospital; Mount Royal Park—Montreal's beautiful park—where, released from work the people may breathe the pure air of heaven without let or hindrance, and where visitors from all over the world enjoy a panorama more wonderful than any other city on the continent can offer. Many of the historical statues and monuments for which Montreal is famous were noted; the Vickers-Maxim Dry Docks

and Ship-Building plant—the Canadian Branch of the famous English company—was also inspected. This plant covers a large territory of land and is working night and day building ships and submarines that are helping to destroy Germany's underseas activities.

After touring the city, an automobile trip was taken to St. John's by way of Chambly. While in St. John's Mrs. P. D. Gordon was called upon and an invitation extended her to accompany Mrs. and Mr. Gillette on their proposed visit to Quebec City. The invitation was accepted and Mrs. Gordon returned with the party to Montreal.

Monday, the Canadian plant was visited by Mr. and Mrs. Gillette and Sir Herbert S. Holt (President of the Royal Bank of Canada, and a director of the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada). The visitors were escorted through all the departments and were greatly interested in the various machines and their operations. Sir Herbert S. Holt was greatly interested in the various blade operations. He afterwards remarked that it was one of the most interesting plants he had ever seen.

Mr. Gillette expressed himself as greatly pleased with the arrangement of the different departments, their economic relation to each other and the order and system that prevailed and, in particular, the apparent cleanliness of the plant as a whole.

Although the Canadian Plant is one of the best fireproof buildings in



the city, every care is taken to protect the lives of the employees in case of fire. To illustrate this a fire alarm was sounded. In one minute and forty-five seconds three hundred and twenty-eight employees walked out from the factory and office in orderly manner. Our visitors highly commented upon this performance.

Monday afternoon was spent by our esteemed President with Mr. Bittues discussing business matters. During the afternoon many members of the staff were given the opportunity of personally meeting Mr. Gillette, who welcomed each with a hearty handshake and a kind word. All were pleased with Mr. Gillette's informal manner, for he made everyone feel at ease while talking to him.

Monday night an informal dinner was held in the blue room of the Windsor Hotel in honor of Mr. Gillette. The tables were tastefully decorated with flowers and flags of the United States and Great Britain, and the tables were of novel design, being a facsimile of our trademark, the Gillette Diamond.

The following guests were present:
King C. Gillette
A. A. Bittues



NOTRE DAME DE BONSECOURS CHURCH,
MONTREAL



PHOTO TAKEN ON DUFFERIN TERRACE
Reading from left to right: MR. D. P. COTTER, MRS. P. D. GORDON, MR. A. A. BITTUES, MR. KING C. GILLETTE, MRS. KING C. GILLETTE, MR. G. D. SHORTREDE

John G. Watson, Shoe Manufacturer
Justice Marechal, Judge of the Supreme Court
Howard Murray, Vice-President Shawinigan Water & Power Company
Thomas H. Flett, Manager R. G. Dun & Company
J. W. Thomas, of Williams-Thomas, Limited
Dr. L. de L. Harwood, Dean Laval University and Notre Dame Hospital
S. M. Lowrie, *The Montreal Gazette*
P. D. Gordon, Mason & Gordon, Lumber Merchants
Chief Tremblay, Director of Public Safety
Deputy Chief Mann, Assistant Director of Public Safety
J. Hamilton Ferns, Chairman of the Board of Assessors
Lawrence Macfarlane, Lafleur, MacDougall, Macfarlane & Barclay
W. H. A. Eckhardt, Assistant Postmaster
C. M. Gardiner, Manager, The Crescent Machine Company
W. B. Somerset, President, A. McKim, Limited
H. W. Stephenson, Secretary, A. McKim, Limited
J. W. Service, A. McKim, Limited
Julian C. Smith, Vice-President and Chief Engineer, Shawinigan Water & Power Company
C. Graham Drinkwater, Vice-President, Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.
George C. Davis, Frothingham & Workman, Limited
Malcolm D. Barclay, Government Land Surveyor
George W. Pacaud, Insurance Broker
Paul Mellinger, Manager, The National Acme Mfg. Co.



Arthur B. Wood, Actuary, Sun Life Assurance Company
C. W. Wiggin, Manager, Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.
W. G. M. Shepherd, Manager, Colgate & Company
Col. Starke, President, Starke-Seybold, Limited
H. B. Seybold, Manager, Starke-Seybold, Limited
J. W. Gill, *Montreal Daily Star*
W. S. Weldon, Collector of Customs
W. J. Sadler, Sadler & Haworth
H. J. Elliott, Elliott, David & Mailhot
George Ham, Publicity Department, Canadian Pacific Railway
Arthur Lyman, Lymans, Limited
J. W. Dowling, Manager, Caverhill, Learmont & Company
J. D. G. Klippen, Manager, Merchants Bank of Canada
F. T. Walker, The Royal Bank of Canada
H. R. Carlton, General Advertising Agent, Grand Trunk Railway
C. W. Tinling, National Drug & Chemical Company, Limited
N. P. Petersen
P. T. Flanagan
G. P. Shortrede

Before introducing our guest of honor, Mr. Bittues proposed a combined toast to King George and President Woodrow Wilson, this probably being the first time that a toast coupling the names of the King of England and the President of the United States was ever suggested. The response was spontaneous, every member of the party immediately rising and singing, "They are Jolly Good Fellows." Following this toast Mr. Bittues introduced our president, Mr. King C. Gillette, outlining briefly Mr. Gillette's rise, from the time of his invention of the Gillette Safety Razor to his present position as president of the most popular and best known safety razor company in the world.

Mr. Gillette, on being called upon, was somewhat reluctant to make a speech, but expressed his delight at being present and meeting the gentlemen who had accepted our invitation, and also of the pleasure it

afforded him to be once more in Canada where he had spent many years of his industrial life. He then resumed his seat, but not for long, as upon Mr. Bittues reviewing Mr. Gillette's part in connection with the invention and perfection of the Gillette Safety Razor, the president asked to be allowed to state a few facts in his own way.

Mr. Gillette's story as to how he happened to think of the now world-famous razor and of the many obstacles he had to overcome before he could convince anyone of the possibilities of his invention was very interesting indeed and, being expressed in his own inimitable way could not help but be thoroughly understood by everyone, and was listened to most intently by all. At the end of his story he was given a unanimous hearty vote of thanks and resumed his seat to the vocal strains of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Strange to say there were many guests of the evening who, before Mr. Gillette was introduced, had thought him a myth; that there was in reality no such person.

Mr. Bittues next introduced in a tactful manner, Director Tremblay, our new Director of Public Safety, and gave those present a brief outline of the exceedingly difficult task that had been placed in the hands of Director Tremblay, and the assurance of everybody of his ability to accomplish the work allotted to him. Mr. Bittues coupled with this introduction the name of the Director's assistant, Mr. Arthur Mann, who had given Director Tremblay such able assistance as late assistant chief of the fire department.

Director Tremblay, in replying to Mr. Bittues, stated he realized the



difficulty of the task before him, and of the many difficulties that he would have to overcome before he would be able to get the affairs of the city in proper shape; but he felt quite confident that with the assistance of his many business friends who had been the means of putting him into office he would, in due course, be able to give the citizens of Montreal a much more efficient police force and a cleaner city in every way than they had had in the past.

Mr. Arthur Mann, on being called upon for a few words, endorsed the remarks of his chief, and concluded a short speech with the remark that he would stick to his chief through thick and thin; and while not possessing many qualities he had two that he was proud of, namely, "he could not be frightened," and, "he could not be bought."



AT THE FOOT OF CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT,
QUEBEC CITY



ON DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC CITY

A few well chosen remarks from several of the other guests followed, but on account of it being a particularly warm evening the very successful informal dinner was brought to a close a little earlier than planned and was concluded with the singing of the National Anthem. On departing everyone remarked that it was one of the most enjoyable dinners they had ever attended.

On Tuesday, July 23rd—a glorious summer day—Mr. and Mrs. Gillette, accompanied by Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Bittues and Mr. Shortrede, left by automobile for Three Rivers, Shawinigan Falls and Quebec City.

The route along the King Edward Highway is one of the loveliest parts of the Province and lies through a rich farming region where is raised a large portion of the fruit, vegetables and farm products that go to the feeding of Montreal's large population.

Seven miles from Montreal the village of Boucherville was passed, whose church register contains the name of an Indian infant baptized by Marquette in 1668—probably the first baptism celebrated in Canada.

Vercherres, the next point of interest through which the party passed, was easily distinguished by its old French windmill. Sorrel, a large growing manufacturing city, was seen on



CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC CITY

the other side of the St. Lawrence River.

Three Rivers was reached at 1.30 P. M. This prosperous little city was founded in 1634, and played an important part in the early history of Canada.

As the drive had given all a bracing appetite, a halt was called, and the party adjourned to the Sanitarium Hotel for luncheon.

Following luncheon, Mr. W. B. Baptist, representing the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, met the party and invited them to inspect their wonderful plant, of

which Mr. Aldred, chairman of our board of directors, is president.

Mr. C. S. Saunders, the resident engineer, met the party at Shawinigan Falls and pointed out and ably explained the many interesting features of one of the most wonderful power plants in the world, which has cost upwards of twenty million dollars; is delivering more than one hundred and fifty thousand horse power and serving a population of more than a million people for all the purposes for which light and power are used.

A trip to the falls and an inspection of a pulp mill concluded the visit. The party returned to Cascades Inn for supper and afterwards motored back to Three Rivers.

Wednesday morning the party left Three Rivers, and, after a most interesting and enjoyable trip Quebec itself came into view—Quebec, the cradle of New France; the mother of all Canadian cities.

Here one sees the grim fortress, the gray stone ramparts, the yawning moats, the beautiful Dufferin Terrace, with its stately Chateau Frontenac; the architectural splendor of the houses of Parliament; the towering citadel that commands its utmost heights, the atmosphere of medievalism that clings to it in spite of centuries of progress.

The party proceeded to the Chateau Frontenac hotel (a magnificent building constructed on the site of old Fort St. Louis), where they were met by Mr. Cotter, who had made reservations for the party at the Chateau. The suite engaged for Mr. and Mrs. Gillette commanded a beautiful view of the St. Lawrence River, on which ocean-liners were proceeding



either up to Montreal, or down on their way to the Gulf.

In Quebec one lives in the past. Every turn in the road is a footprint to yesterday; every street a hallowed memory.

Mr. D. P. Cotter, to whom Quebec is home, made sure that the most interesting and historical places were visited, some of which were the Basilica, a beautiful example of old world architecture, consecrated by Mgr. Laval de Montmorency, first bishop of Quebec, whose See embraced all the then known Canada; the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, erected to celebrate the failure of the two British naval expeditions under Phipps and Walker respectively; the church of the Franciscans, consecrated to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—its white-robed nuns ever before the altar; the Hotel Dieu, most ancient of Canada's hospitals, founded in 1639; Laval University, established in 1668 as the Quebec Seminary and granted a royal charter in 1852; the Citadel, erected in 1823 at a cost of \$50,000,000; the Little House on St. Louis Street, said to be the oldest building in Quebec, where Montcalm had his last headquarters, and where were drawn up the articles of capitulation; the Plains of Abraham (now known as Battlesfield Park), where, on that memorable day in 1759 General Wolfe gave battle to General Montcalm's forces. Here the battle waged fiercely, the British finally wresting the city from the French and gaining final possession of the country. A few yards away both Wolfe and Montcalm fell mortally wounded, cheering their men onward with their dying breath—the one victor, the other vanquished. The Duf-



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC CITY

ferin Terrace, where Champlain laid the foundation of the city and of New France, situated at the base of the Frontenac Hotel, is a board walk about half a mile long and fifty yards wide. It is the most popular promenade in Quebec and commands one of the most interesting views of the St. Lawrence River.

The business section of Quebec lies immediately beneath Dufferin Terrace; and it is rather amusing to have the feeling of walking on a board walk above the house tops of the business section of the city.

The Grand Battery, situated mid-



Photo by E. M. Finn, Official Photographer, St. Lawrence Bridge Co.

QUEBEC BRIDGE

way between the water front and the Citadel, with its frowning guns, predominates the St. Lawrence Channel between Quebec and Levis.

In contrast to all that was old and beautiful, imbedded in its years of history and story, stands out the visit to Quebec Bridge, for which permission was obtained through the military authorities by Mr. Cotter, enabling our visitors to walk on the bridge to its central span. This marvelous structure of steel will stand out for all time as one of the great engineering achievements of the world; for the designers had to accomplish the seemingly impossible, and build across a wide, swift, deep river, a single arch of steel of greater span than had ever before been built,

and to carry that arch up to such a height that the biggest ocean liner could pass beneath it at high tide. Two disasters overtook its building; but in September 1917, it was completed and the great necessary link between the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence became an accomplished fact. Victory was theirs. Seen from the river it is a majestic spectacle, while from a distance it looks like a spider's web tied to opposite shores. The length of the Quebec bridge is 3939 feet, and the cost, when all its approaches are finished, will approximate \$18,000,000. This bridge impressed Mr. Gillette, as it does every one else, with its wonderful strength and its efficiency in meeting the need of overcoming Na-



ture's separation of the Provinces north and south, east and west.

Thursday the party left Quebec on their return journey to Montreal and arrived at the Ritz Carlton Hotel after a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

The thing that most delighted our visitors about Quebec Province was its difference; not only the difference in its beautiful forests and lakes, streams and fertile valleys; the paralleling of the great ocean highway for the greater part of the trip from Montreal to Quebec which runs through the heart of the Province; but in the character and customs of the people themselves. It was like being transported into another part of the world. The architecture, from the noble churches to the humble farmhouse, is distinctive. The language is different. Here is where one can practice his French—as Mr. Gillette tried when speaking to a French habitant's wife and kiddie—for the larger portion of the population, and especially in the country districts, speaks French; though English will take one anywhere.

On Friday, July 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Gillette, with many expressions of appreciation at the pleasure their Canadian visit had afforded them,



Photo by E. M. Finn, Official Photographer, St. Lawrence Bridge Co.

ONE OF THE MASSIVE SUPPORTS OF QUEBEC BRIDGE

and regret upon the part of Mr. Bittues and the members of the Gillette Razor Company that they could not longer remain, but expressing the hope that they would soon see them again—left for Chicago on their way to California.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Gillette to Montreal will be remembered with much pleasure by all who met them.

Do Your Bit

FRANCES HAYES, *Hardening Department*

Do you even think of it
As you plod along each day,
That you'll have to do your bit,
Whatever comes your way?

In the workshop, at the bench
Or while running a machine,
If you're wishing for success
Your best effort must be seen.

Be saving in your wages,
In food and raiment, too,
And help the boys that are fighting
In a foreign land for you.

You may not wear a rifle,
Or even see the foe
But you can give the Kaiser
A fatal knockout blow.

Oh, do not be a slacker—
From your duty do not run—
A dollar for the soldiers
Is a bullet for the Hun.

So, when the war is over
And the tyrant's on his knees,
The world will be an Eden
And the people be at ease.



WHEN COME
RIZE'S TUGS PUT ON YOUR
RAIN COAT

Paradise Alley near Bohemia

Dear Mick

I received two letters from you on the last mail. One son-of-a-gun had taken a couple of weeks leave in Blighty, but the other must a got scared of the subs or something for he came over to Joe in 15 days - pretty quick eh? They aint no use talking Mick, the Navy's there - but they got one awful job - ketchin' them tin fish. What gets me is the Huns say - "they want to fight" and then they go dodgin' around the Ocean - like a lot of scared ducks. Bek - a-bro - I see you, stuff, just like the rats you remember when we used to burn them out how they beat it for the old Canal and ducked out of sight. The sailors don't get no show with them subs, but some day Trip is going to get careless with his cold-footed fleet and show 'em.

game still goes on, several times lately the Boche has tried to put the wind up us with heavy bombardment but we smashed up his attacks like a bunch of drunken Irishmen busting up a picnic. They aint nothin to it Mick he's a has-been when it comes to puttin a dint in the Western front.

Say I saw that Jane of yours - "Maryjelle" - the one that runs the Catamnet near Beach House Crossin - for that used to sell us those eggs laid before the war and wire the wooden damper pumps. She says "Where's Mickey" and I says "He's back in Canada livin on the fat of the land." He never writes to me," she says "That's no mystery," says I, "he only writes to people that owes him money" and by the way that's me Mickey I never did send you the fine for that Gillette Service let did it? Well old top you know if I had the coin you'd got it for that shavin set is worth a heap of dough to me in convenience. I don't get bawled out for bring half shaved any more and the whole case slips in my tunic pocket so I aint never without it. She's some dandy little case and just like a real old chum to me now. I'll get even with you for it & don't forget. If I get the R.S.P. you can cash in on the insurance. for five, Well, old dear something, smells like stew and I hear Smitty yellin "Supper up." so I'm in with the mess tin, Oh Kevor and keep your money in the bank, as ever.

Joe



Getting Ahead

EDWARD V. HICKEY

THERE is a little book of about fifty or seventy-five pages written by Arnold Bennett, which has more common-sense ideas about our every-day work to the square inch of paper than most of our present-day literature has to the square mile. It is called "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," and is based on the theory that most of us are squandering lavishly, if not actually throwing away one of the few assets which we have when we start out to make ourselves successes in either industrial or private life.

In one of the chapters, entitled "The Cause of the Trouble," he makes a statement which, from the point of view of dollars and cents, is worthy of a great deal of careful consideration by you and by me, a point which should be applied by every one of us to his own particular case. He says: "The great and profound mistake which the typical person makes in regard to his day is a mistake of general attitude, a mistake which vitiates and weakens two-thirds of his energies and interests. In the majority of instances he does not precisely feel a passion for his work; at best he does not dislike it. He begins his business functions with reluctance as late as he can, and he ends them with joy as early as he can, and his engines while he is engaged in his business are seldom at their full horse-power. (I know that I shall be accused by angry readers of traducing the city worker; but I am pretty thoroughly acquainted with the city and I stick to what I say.) Yet in spite of all this he per-

sists in looking upon those hours from eight to six as *The Day*, to which the eight hours preceding them and the six hours following them are nothing but an epilogue and a prologue. Such an attitude, unconscious though it may be, of course kills his interest in the odd fourteen hours, with the result that, even if he does not waste them, he does not count them; he regards them simply as margin."

And right there in exposing our attitude towards our day and our vocation Bennett is putting his finger on one cause of a great many failures. It is high time that we realized,—those of us who are ambitious and who look forward to amounting to something in the future,—that only the increased development of our own powers and abilities, not the mere passage of months or years, can lift us out of our present plane into a higher one. And this increased development cannot come from automatic, lackadaisical, blind performance of the job we are holding. In each one of us the Creator has deposited a little gray substance directly beneath the top of the skull. Our entire future depends absolutely, solely, and irrefutably on the way we develop this all-important deposit. If we ignore it, if we let it grow stale through lack of constant attention, we are traveling straight as an arrow along the road to economic failure, typified by the unthinking human cog in the great industrial machine who usually procures release from the dreary monotony of his under-productive days only upon the visit of the embalmer. We all



know hundreds of good consistent, steady, hard-working men and girls who end up not far from where they began. Why? Because no one ever took enough interest in them to impress upon them—and they themselves never stopped to realize—that without brain-development they would not amount to a hill of beans either in the industrial world or in private life. We all know what the Gillette Company has done, and we all have highest hopes for what it is destined to do in the future. But this organization, like every other highly successful organization, from its very birth was scrutinized and analyzed from every angle, carefully developed, stimulated, and strengthened in its weak points,—built up by every method that strong executive ability, unceasing, painstaking study of ever-changing conditions, and marvelous inventive genius could devise. In what condition would the Company be today if it had been allowed to develop under a hit-or-miss policy, if its builders had stopped thinking of it at six o'clock and trusted to time to bring success? Where under the sun will we land if we stop our own semi-development at six o'clock and trust to time to bring success? The same answer is applicable to both questions.

"Well," you are probably saying, "suppose you are right. I'd like to ask you just two questions. First, where am I going to get the time to develop my brain when every day I put in nine hours or more here in the factory; and second, what form would you have this brain-development take? Am I supposed to go to night school or enroll in the International Correspondence Schools course?" Well, let me take the first

question. Let us assume that everyone in the factory works on an average fifty-four hours a week. (I think this is a little high, but let us accept it anyway.) That means, in a fifty-week year 2700 working hours. In the actual calendar year there are 8760 hours, so that, if Gillette takes 2700 hours of your year there remain to you for your own use over 6000 hours in which to sleep, eat, play, and develop. If you are really in earnest about developing yourself, don't you think that you could get along nicely with 95 per cent of that outside time for sleeping, eating, and the other things, and invest the remaining 5 per cent in the development of yourself? I will guarantee it to be the best investment you ever made,—not even excepting Gillette stock. All right then, suppose you do admit that you can squeeze six hours a week out of your own time, would I have you put it in at some school? No, not at all,—though you might do worse.

There are three distinct lines of development which can be followed in any plan looking towards increasing your mental efficiency, your productive power, your earning capacity, and you are free to choose any one or two or, if you will, all three. The first embraces the development of your own personality, and calls for carefully-planned stimulation of the positive qualities you already possess as well as the acquisition of new ones, and for the elimination of your negative qualities. (Positive qualities are those which re-act to your benefit, i.e.: industry, observation, initiative; negatives re-act to your detriment, e.g.: carelessness, laziness, inaccuracy.) The second line includes such outside develop-



ment as will allow you to do your specific daily work better; a stenographer, for instance, may work up speed, an office clerk may make a study of filing systems, a man in the plating department may begin with an elementary book on chemistry, and so on. The third line concentrates on the development of your mentality in general. A very eminent philosopher once said, "A man who will devote even only half an hour a day to reading, in ten years will become an intellectual giant." It is probably unnecessary to say that by reading he did not mean the perusal of the sporting page of the daily newspaper, nor of the gutter-literature found in the lurid monthlies of the present period.

The Solvent of Success is Service, and service to be efficient must be intelligent. Other things being equal, the man with the better-developed brain is the better workman, receives

the higher wage, and wins the more rapid promotion. Do not be deterred by the thought that you can make only a small showing. This will hold true only at the start. Redouble your efforts and you will be amazed at your rapid development and its return. Small initial attempts very often are productive of great results; you know that if you should put away only one cent on the first day of this month, and on every succeeding day put away double the amount of the day previous (two cents on October 2nd, four on the 3rd, eight on the 4th, sixteen on the 5th, and so on), you would have nothing to be ashamed of on the last day of the month; the total would aggregate well over \$20,000,000.00.

Your success, and plenty of it is waiting for you, depends entirely upon your own development of yourself. No one else will develop you. Your future is in YOUR hands.

"THE MAN WHO LOST HIS TRAIN"

In the excitement of attending to Gillette business from year to year, a great many humorous incidents transpire which are somewhat overlooked.

We are wondering how many are familiar with the varied routes some of our people take in making the trip from Boston to Montreal and return.

This little experience will perhaps be interesting to some. After an intensive auditing campaign of the Canadian Company's accounts, our representative decided to return to Boston and looked forward to enjoying the return trip. He boarded the train in the evening and settled down for the journey. In the morning he awoke, inquired of the porter where they were. Porter replied, "Passing through Troy, bound for NEW YORK." The trip to Boston was made via the Shore Line.

Of course, the man's name is not divulged, but the Auditing Department, by careful checking could establish his identity.

Our employees will be glad to know that he enjoyed the Hudson River scenery on his circuitous trip. (*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*)

CONGRATULATIONS

Our Vice-President and Treasurer, Mr. Frank J. Fahey, and Mrs. Fahey are receiving felicitations upon the arrival of a son, October 4th.

The Gillette organization welcomes to its ranks this new exponent of the Gillette Razor, and extend their heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Fahey.

THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS

By ANDREW CARNEGIE

If a young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business, but the fault of the young man.

Business is not all dollars. These are but the shell—the kernel lies within and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature.

"The opportunity of a lifetime lasts only during the lifetime of the opportunity."

Faith has been defined by a little girl as "believing things that don't seem true."



For Liberty

DEDICATED TO JOHN T. HENDERSON

Killed in Action

MICHAEL A. O'DONNELL, *Handle Press Dept.*

Across the Atlantic, landed in France

To fight for Liberty's cause;

In the thick of the battle, awaiting his chance

To help end the greatest of wars.

Somewhere in France he is lying

Close to the shot and shell,

Over his grave, the Stars and Stripes flying

Yes, over a hero who fell.

He went from among us to answer the call

Of One who is high up above,

He's one of the many, may God bless them all

And is worthy of our truest love.

Here in our factory a service flag's flying

Adorned by a golden star;

It's simply a symbol of one who died trying

To help us at home and afar.

Save Fruit Stones for Gas Masks

Barrels have been placed throughout the factory for the collection of fruit stones and pits and everyone is urged to assist in filling the barrels.

A gas mask may mean the difference between life and death for a Gillette boy.

The Gas Defense Division of the United States Army announces that

the following stones are all useful for this purpose;

Peach stones

Apricot pits

Prune pits

Plum pits

Olive pits

Date seeds

Cherry pits



Painted Boards one hundred feet by twelve feet are dotting the landscape carrying the message of Gillette. Between Boston and New York on the New Haven Line there are twelve of these "Jumbo" signs. On the Pennsylvania, between New York and Chicago, are twelve more, and on the New York Central between the same points there are twelve. These boards have attracted considerable attention and have been spoken of as the kind a man will "turn around to look at."



Back Row, left to right: JOHN D. STEM, ANNE CRONIN, ANNE KANALY, MARGUERITE PURDY, JANE PENNEY, BLANCHE ROBERTS, ETHEL JENKINS, J. J. DONOVAN. Front Row: ANNE LYONS, HELEN MCCASHIN, INEZ BOUDREAU, OLIVE EATON. Insert: ANNE SHARPE

Second Service Campaign

JOHN J. DONOVAN, *Sales Department*

THE second Gillette Service Campaign was started in Boston and Springfield, Mass., on September 3rd. This campaign will be in force for a period of sixteen consecutive weeks, or until December 21, 1918.

The results achieved and the enthusiasm created amongst Gillette users during the first campaign prompted the company to continue this excellent service. The purpose of the second campaign, like that of the first campaign, is to teach Gillette users how to attain greater efficiency in the use of their Gillette razor, and to adjust handles, which have been damaged by the users by dropping their razors.

Eleven trained experts, in charge of Mr. John D. Stem, represent the company on this campaign.

During the first campaign the experts were stationed in 286 of the leading hardware, drug, sporting goods, and department stores of the

69 cities where our campaign took place. The experts examined 8,475 razors and supplied 6,469 new parts. They also taught thousands the correct way of the Gillette shave.

In reply to our follow-up system to the Gillette user whose razor was adjusted, over 1,500 letters were returned expressing complete satisfaction from results received.

On the present campaign our experts are assigned to the cities below, on the dates specified:

Boston, Mass., Springfield, Mass. Two weeks, beginning Sept. 2nd to the 14th.

New York, N. Y., Newark, N. J., Trenton, N. J. Three weeks, beginning Sept. 16th to Oct. 5th.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Philadelphia, Pa. Two weeks, beginning Oct. 7th to the 19th.

Chicago, Ill., Milwaukee, Wis. Three weeks, beginning Oct. 21st to Nov. 9th.

St. Paul, Minn., Minneapolis, Minn., Toledo, O. Two weeks, beginning Nov. 11th to the 23rd.

Detroit, Mich., Cleveland, O. Two weeks, beginning Nov. 25th to Dec. 7th.

Buffalo, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y. Two weeks, beginning Dec. 9th to the 21st.



Ballad of the Experts

MISS OLIVE EATON, *Service Expert*

(With apologies to Robert W. Service and The Cremation of Sam McGee.)

1. There are strange things said, by a man
—so I've read,
When he gashes his face as he shaves.
Then his trouble grows, if he shrieks his woes
To the bath-room walls,—and raves;
The city lights have seen queer sights
But the queerest of all, I ween,
Is a girl teaching men, the why and the when
And *how* to make blades cut clean.
2. On a heatless day,—back o' Boston Bay
Big chiefs sat at council grave
When the pipe had passed from first to last,
There arose one stalwart brave—
"Brother F. A. R.—we have come from far;
Let us hear what you're advising,
We'll go over the top—with never a stop,
In a campaign of advertising."
3. Said the chief, "Let's go!" The command rang low;
Into action leaped every brave,
As they donned war-paint, not a heart was faint,
For the men must be taught to shave.
"We will work out a plan to bring to each man,
The Service that he has been needing;
For early each day, he is scraping away;
Many rules of the game all unheeding."
4. Soon from Kalamazoo e'en to Timbuctoo,
On the billboards bright were seen,
A maid and a man,—and the wording ran,—
"Buy him a Gillette!"—in green.
The newspapers, too, flamed a greeting new
"Announcing Gillette Service Week!"
Thus the caption read—wise men smiled and said:
"This Service I surely will seek!"
5. Twelve men were drawn—full of brain and brawn,
To explain what Gillette Service meant;
But ere they could start, Allies cried,
"Have a heart!"
So across the pond they were sent,
For our Uncle Sam had said to each man,
"I need you for parts to play—
Some—for Leads to do—others—'bits'
—'tis true"—
We cheered when they marched away.
6. Then the chief thought a bit—and said—
"Now! I have it!
Girls—this situation will save!
We will bring them in here,—all problems make clear,
And teach them the knack of the shave.
Service experts we'll call them,—no task will appall them,
These blazers of pioneer trail;
They must be over twenty, and have tact a-plenty;
Our Service Campaign must not fail."
7. Thus we started out, to put to the rout,
The demon—I can't get a shave;
Men stood in a row, all anxious to know
The way to make razors behave.
There were small Anne Sharpe—that cute little Harp—
Anne Kanaly and Marguerite Purdy;
There was Helen, too—eyes of black—and you
Knew they'd snap in an argument wordy.
8. Blanche Roberts you knew, and Henne-man too;
Anne Lyons and Caroline B;
Miss Collins was near, with words of good cheer,
And Miss Jenkins who liked San Louee.
For luck to the measure, they tossed in with pleasure
A Penny—who cannot be beaten—
Eleven good workers, and none of them shirkers,
The twelfth was a girl they called Eaton.
9. By the last of May, we were mushing our way
Along on the Texas trail;
To describe the brand of that Lone Star land,
Mere word of mine doth fail.
If your eyes you'd close, then a buzz arose,
Like the hum of an aero raid;
No need for alarm—'twas only a swarm
Of mosquitoes upon parade.



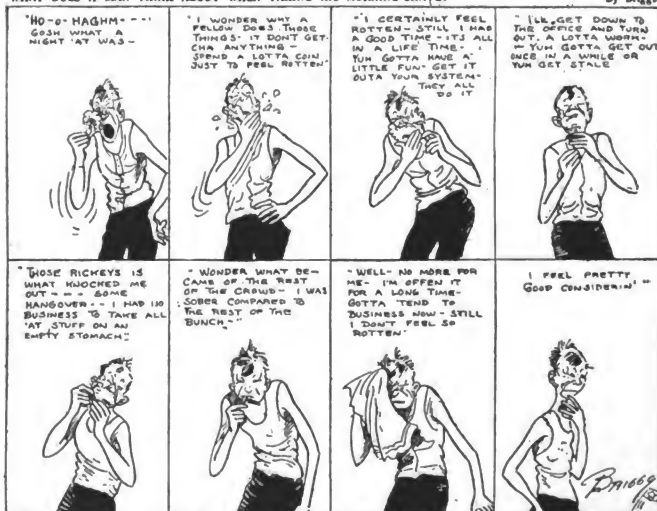
The Gillette Blade



10. In that Long Horn state,—by the hand
of fate,
Dan Cupid had joined our ranks;
But his aim was bad,—which made him
sad,
He had nearly ceased his pranks.
Then a soldier true, said, "It's up to
you,
Dan, boy,—now shoot your dart!"
Dan did his best—you know the rest—
C. N. Boyer lost her heart.
11. And every day my chest of gray
It seemed heavy and heavier grew,
As on we went—for the baggage gent
To get even with McAdoo.
Unless memory fails,—just glanced at
the scales,
And then—I declare to you,
He guessed at the weight, and guessed
at the rate,
And likewise the war tax, too.
12. The sands are run for Campaign one,
We surely have done our best,
Thousands of men have dipped a pen
Gillette Service to attest.
Moons may wane ere we again
Return from Campaign two.
We are out to win, with the Blade so
thin,
Here's to Service! And here's to you!
13. There are strange things said by a man—
so I've read,
When he gashes his face as he shaves,
Then his trouble grows, if he shrieks his
woes
To the bathroom walls, and raves.
The city lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest of all, I ween,
Is a girl teaching men, the why and the
when,
And how to make blades cut clean.

WHAT DOES A MAN THINK ABOUT WHEN TAKING HIS MORNING SHAVE?

By Briggs



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Valuable Gillette Advertising

The following article was clipped from the September 22nd edition of the *Atlanta Constitution*. This is the kind of publicity every salesman should endeavor to obtain. Accompanying the article was a splendid photograph of Mr. Berry.

"SAFETY FIRST," SAYS

THIS GILLETTE MAN

A. P. Berry to Make Atlanta Headquarters for Sales for Nine Southern States.

Although a resident of Atlanta for only a short time, A. P. Berry, Southern sales representative for the Gillette Safety Razor Company, has become one of the city's best boosters and has imbibed the Atlanta Spirit just like many of our oldest-timers. Mr. Berry's original home was in Massachusetts, though he has been traveling Southern territory for the razor company for the past year or more. Being a young man of splendid business attainments, a good salesman and a cordial good fellow, he has lately won a deserved promotion, and has been placed in charge of sales for the Gillette Company for nine Southern states.

Mr. Berry was allowed to select his own city to make headquarters for his work, and knowing of Atlanta's advantages, and desiring to locate in a real live city, naturally Atlanta was selected. It will be the permanent headquarters for the sales of the South, handled through the office of Mr. Berry here, and is the first time such headquarters have been established in the South.

This was made necessary, declares Mr. Berry, by war conditions and by the great demand for the Gillette razor and blades. The growth of this convenient article has been most remarkable for the past year or more. It is one of the most widely advertised razors in the world, and up to the war in this country was enjoying a large demand. But war conditions, with thousands of men going into camp and wanting a handy razor has made an unusually large demand. As evidence of this growth it need only be mentioned that the sale of razors for the first three months in 1917 was 190,216, while the first three months for 1918 showed 515,535 razors sold. Blades for the same three months in each year were, 1917, 1,995,595 dozen; 1918, 2,912,013 dozen. Speaking of a shortage in blades just at this time, Mr. Berry said:

"Our present blade shortage is only temporary, and I know that during this shortage we are receiving the most hearty co-operation from our users, as they realize how necessary it is for the boys who are so bravely defending us in this great struggle for democracy to be supplied with shaving conveniences."

No Need to Hoard Gillette Blades

Propaganda instigated by A. M. Williams, salesman in the Ohio territory, and being run as news matter in many papers throughout the country.

RAZOR BLADE SHORTAGE IS TEMPORARY

Representative of Manufacturer Says Consumers Can Help by Refraining from Hoarding Blades—Urges Buying Only as Needed.

Shortage of safety razor blades, while it exists, is but temporary, according to a representative of one of the largest manufacturers of these articles who talked with a reporter of The Times-Union, this morning.

While the Government is placing large orders with a number of the razor manufacturers it has not commandeered the output of any of them and the enlarging of the plants made necessary by the government

orders has really placed them in a better position to attend to the public trade. The government, however, is placing large orders which must be filled on certain dates and this fact slightly hampers the manufacturers in filling dealers' orders at the present time.

Both manufacturers and dealers urge consumers not to hoard blades, but to buy as they need them. It is said that the recent rumors of blade shortage has resulted in a run on the dealers, some customers buying two and three dozen blades at a time. This practice, it is represented, is unfair to other consumers and is wholly unnecessary as the manufacturers will be in a position to supply every one long before the hoarders have used up their supplies.

"The Times-Union," Rochester, N. Y.



GILLETTE CO-WORKERS THEATRE PARTY AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE, AUGUST 26, VIEWING THE STIRRING MOTION PICTURE
"AMERICA'S ANSWER"



More Hun Dishonesty

Following is an extract from an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* of September 28th, entitled "Merchandise as Propaganda," by Isaac F. Marcossou. It is obvious that Mr. Marcossou refers to Gillette blades.

"The cleverest piece of substitution, however, that came to my knowledge in Holland relates to the blades of one of the best-known American safety razors, which has enjoyed an immense sale on the Continent. Its name is almost as familiar in Holland as it is in Illinois. With the clamping down of the blockade the supply of genuine blades was cut off for some neutral countries, especially Holland. Thousands of Dutchmen had these razors, but they ran out of blades. Again the German found a way to meet their requirements, this time in a fashion that reveals imitation at its best—or I should say at its worst.

As I write I have before me the original blade, the German substitute and their respective wrappers. At first glance you cannot tell the blades apart. In size, identification marks, edge—in fact in every detail they seem to be identical. On close examination you find that the German imitation is made of inferior metal, that it is not cut so true as the American, and that the numbering and lettering are slightly different. Both have the words U. S. A. Patent. The German, however, has a different patent number. It also bears the letters D. R. P.—which stand for *Deutsche Reich Patent*, Royal German Patent—and a spurious patent number that looks like the real American number. Likewise it is stamped *Ble France*—patented in France.

Even more ingenious is the wrapper, both on the blade and the little box, which holds the usual lot of a dozen blades. On the original wrapper and box is the picture of a man's head. The German imitation is an exact facsimile—picture and all—of the American and Canadian package, except that it gives the countenance a distinct German cast. He does not appear to like the advertising he is getting, because he scowls in the lithograph. The one concession that the German fakirs have made to decency is that they have omitted the words "Made in U. S. A." from the wrapper and box.

I took the precaution to show the blades and wrappers to the London agent of the razor company, and he at once pronounced them clever imitations. In fact no genuine blades have been shipped into Holland for more than two years.

The Germans did not put their imitations on the market with their usual *flair* of saving the trade day. Knowing the penalties they were incurring, they planted them at first. They advertised in a few newspapers that some of the blades were available. I found upon investigation that the articles were manufactured at Solingen, which is the German Sheffield, and distributed from Oldenzaal, a small town on the Dutch-German frontier. This explained the whole business. No further inquiry was necessary."

Gillette War Work

The Gillette Red Cross Unit No. 112, organized the latter part of June, consists of one hundred girls—fifty meeting on Tuesday evenings and fifty on Thursday evenings.

These girls have all taken the "Oath of Allegiance" and are very proud of the little Red Cross that now adorns the front of their white uniforms.

The Gillette War Committee reports that since the organization of said committee in November, 1917, 234 pairs of socks have been knitted by the Gillette employees, also 50

sweaters, 2 helmets and 73 face cloths. There is still on hand in the Treasury \$338.83.

They have completed and returned to The American Red Cross Headquarters, the following:

- 6,800—4" x 4" Compresses
- 316—11" x 12" Pads
- 256—Wicks
- 200—Wipes
- 60—12" x 24" Pads

We are very proud of the spirit of all our Gillette girls and the work which they are accomplishing for the boys in France.



Salesmen's Department

Mr. C. A. Carlson, our Scandinavian representative, has been made Vice-Consul of Sweden.

Mr. Carlson will, however, attend to looking after the Gillette interests in Scandinavia.

Messrs. Rebuck, Rock and Smith went over town Monday, September 23rd, had their lunches and returned to the office in thirty-three minutes.

This includes, of course, the time spent by Mr. Rock in the purchase of his twenty cents' worth of candy.

FROM A HOTEL BED-ROOM

MR. W. L. HAYNES, *Sales Department*

Many minutes each day he would spend in a shop,
Simply waiting to be shorn of his hirsute crop;

The delays became irksome as the years sped their way,

Till at last in despair to himself he did say:
"No longer I'll linger, and fume and fret,
I'll be up to the minute, and buy a Gillette."

This is the handle with guard attached,
For durability and neatness unmatched;
Which the blade, double-edged and true,
Which gives many shaves, at slight cost to you;

While here is the cap, bright and trim,
With two small studs and centre pin;
Completing the handiest sort of a set
And "known the world over" as the Gillette.

A PERFECT DAY

Contributed by A. M. WILLIAMS,
Sales Department

The soldier's dream of a perfect day

Is a day when the guns grow hot
As the valiant doughboys blaze away

In the joy that the day has brought;
When the barrage lifts in blank dismay

The vanquished foeman runs,
With the steel, at the end of a perfect day,
In the hearts of a thousand Huns!

The sailor's dream of a perfect day

Is the day of the U-boat's doom,
When children, no longer the pirates' prey,
Are safe from a wat'ry tomb;

When the ships of the allies put to flight
The German navy's drones,

To rest, at the end of a perfect fight,
In the locker of Davy Jones!

The free man's dream of a perfect day

Is the day when the foeman yields,
When the Belgian orphans romp and play
In the peaceful Belgian fields;

When the Zeppelin raids forever stop,

As the Huns give up all hope,
And the Kaiser takes a six foot drop
At the end of a perfect rope!

—JAMES W. M'GEE, in *N. Y. Herald*.

EXPERIENCES IN THE SOUTH

C. I. PROUTY, *Sales Department*

During the past seven years travelling in the South, I have had some very pleasant and very unpleasant experiences. I will not go into detail on the pleasant ones, but I will relate a few of the unpleasant.

About six months after I came to Texas, I was stopping in a small town one night. About 2 a. m. was awakened by a mob outside—also noticed a very strong odor. I immediately dressed, and upon getting outside the hotel found a beautiful bonfire with a live negro hanging above same. He was not needed in Texas.

A few months later one afternoon while in a small Oklahoma town, I was in the depot purchasing a ticket when someone outside yelled to me to Drop. Having been in Texas long enough then to know what that meant, I sure did Drop—just in time to hear the sing of a bullet over my head. It was just a little family row and a man had killed his wife. He was soon strung up, and as my train was leaving I left to avoid being detained as a witness.

Then came the Galveston Flood. Three days and nights without anything to eat or drink except rain water, and it was during said flood that I lost a SAMPLE CASE.

I have witnessed four lynching incidents, one burning incident and have been through one flood.

One night while sleeping on a Pullman, the porter woke me up and told me I would have to get up and get out of said car. Upon inquiring as to why, he stated that the man opposite me had just died of spinal meningitis. I got out.

Travelling the smaller towns of South Texas is great. It's one place where you ride combinations. That is, one chair car, ten freight cars, and sometimes you can go as fast as six miles in one hour. Fine for a sixty mile jump.

If I was in a reminiscent mood, I could fill the BLADE with my experiences, but am simply writing a few in hopes that other salesmen will follow with theirs. Know all would be interesting.

The one feature lacking in the BLADE up to now is the lack of articles from our Sales Force. KICK IN, FELLOWS.



With the Gillette Boys



GREAT WEATHER—GREAT SPORT
READS GILLETTE BLADE
SIX TIMES

*Somewhere in France,
August 11, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I thought I would write you letting you know how I am getting along.

The weather is fine over here and we are having good times. We have boxing matches and baseball games every week. We go down to the river twice a week either for a swim or to wash our clothes. Talk about fun washing—I know one thing, I'll never make a wash woman but I will learn how to wash clothes before very long.

Cigarettes and tobacco are scarce in this town but a few of the boys went into the next town yesterday afternoon and bought us some. We get cigarettes 5c a package and tobacco 5c a plug—where at home we would pay 14c to 16c.

I'm still in the town of Lacella Bruere Cher, France, Post Office number A. P. O. 773. This is a fine town. The only trouble is that I don't understand French, wee wee. They are all good people over here but the only way I can talk to most of them is by signs.

I got the GILLETTE BLADE with me yet, the June number. I have read it over about six times. We get one newspaper here called The New York Herald containing two pages, so you see we don't get much news to read. This paper comes out every night about seven P. M.

If there is any way in which you can send me the July number of the GILLETTE BLADE I would be glad to get it.

How is Mr. Fairweather, also all the other boys? Tell them I was asking for them.

I think I will close for now and hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Yours very truly,

Private THOMAS F. LINEHAN,

Co. L, 301st Inf., A. E. F.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BOMBED
BY BOCHE AERO-
PLANES

*Somewhere in France,
Sunday, August 11, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Received your most welcome letter and was more than glad to hear from you.

I hope you are in the best of health, and as for me, why I am fine. I am enjoying the traveling our hospital has been doing trying to catch up with our troops, who have been pushing the Huns back so fast, that we have not had time to breathe. We are away back yet, but are on the ground where the Germans ran so fast that they fell into the river and drowned by the thousands.

You said in your last letter that my letter to you was very interesting,—well I am going to try to make this more interesting. It was only a few days after I wrote to you that we were bombed. We call it a nice little bombardment by Fritz.

We had all our supplies packed, all our tents down and were already to move in a minute's notice. We expected to move that night, but somehow or other we did not. So with all our tents down, we pitched our shelter half (or pup tents as we call them), two men to a tent. We did not turn in to go to sleep until about eleven o'clock. Just as I was beginning to snooze we heard the Boche's machine—he was right over us before we knew what happened and began dropping bombs. The only thing we could do was to lay flat and we did that thing. He circled around our little camp four times and let us have them.

I laid on my back with my helmet (tin derby) over my face. One bomb dropped about fifty feet from our camp and did not explode—lucky for us. Well if it had exploded, why I would not be writing this letter to you, that's all. I laid in my tent until he came round the third time, then I said—nothing doing—so I ran as fast as I could to a cave that was only a half mile away and by that time most of the Com-



panty was there. You see I was not the only one who was afraid. One fellow asked me if I was cool under fire from a German Air Raid, I said, "Yes, I was so cool my teeth were chattering."

Where we are now we expect to be bombed every night, so I sleep in a barn, in the hay loft, and right across the courtyard is a dugout. Safety First for me after this.

I will say this much to you Mr. Thompson, no matter how brave a man might be, he will be terror stricken when he is under a Boche machine that's dropping bombs as big as a flour barrel and that's no lie.

I might be in the Medical Corps, but we are doing our bit and some times we are doing more than our bit. When you are working fifty or seventy-two hours steady carrying litters, taking care of the wounded or moving from one place to another inside of a week—why I say it's doing your bit.

You don't know how glad I am to know that there is a new building being added to the others. It makes me feel proud to tell my comrades that I worked for the Gillette Safety Razor Company—the best razor that was ever made—one that you will find, no matter what part of the world you go to. When I come back—and I hope to inside of another year, I hope to continue my service with the Company. I remain,

Your sincere friend,

Private WALTER KENNEY,

Evacuation Hospital No. 5, A. E. F.

P. S.—Received the BLADE and found it very interesting. It brings me back home again when I read it through. I hope I may receive it every month and I thank you for it.

I was sorry to read in the BLADE of the death of William Boyle's mother. He has my heartfelt sympathy.

AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO PLACE
WITHIN MY RECOLLECTION
WHICH TOPS GILLETTE

Boston, September 8, 1918.

DEAR FRIEND JOE:—

I trust you will excuse me for not writing you before as I have been very busy of late and could not correspond with very many of my friends. I have been on the move most of the time from Kingston, Rhode Island, to New Jersey and down to Georgia and am now back in dear old Boston with a transfer to Fort Warren in the harbor as an artilleryman. I have been in three branches of service and think that I am permanently placed at present.



EDWARD T. FITZGERALD

Well, Joe, I suppose you are as busy as a bee, as you generally were when I was at the plant. There has been many a thought pass through my mind about the factory and the crowd as they were dandy people to work with.

John Bernan has left me. We got split up during the transfer period and I have not heard from him as yet but am trusting and looking forward for a letter from him. He certainly was some boy and many a good time we had together. Every morning when we shaved he would look at our razors and say, "Fritz, how would you like to be back to Southie lifting brass this mornin'?"

I am sending you my picture as you have spoken to me before about it.

I have been in some dead towns and am glad to reach Boston until ready to ship across. Will try and run in to see you some day if it is possible.

With best regards to all the Gillette Organization, I remain as ever,

EDWARD T. FITZGERALD,

C. A. C., Fort Warren, Boston, Mass.

FIGHTING IN FRANCE FURNISHES
MORE EXCITEMENT THAN
THE MEXICAN BORDER

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MOTIER:—

I am writing today hoping to find you in the best of health and also everyone else. I am in good health and feeling fine. I am glad to hear that you go to the movies as



EVERY GILLETTE CO-WORKER
SHOULD READ THIS LETTER
FROM MAJOR McCARTHY

France, August 7, 1918.

MY DEAR MR. FAHEY:—

Just received your letters of July 7th and also find that I have a letter from you dated June 18th that was received by me just prior to the big (that is for us) push of July 18th and on account of which I was unable to answer sooner.

The last two weeks I have enjoyed white sheets and real food in a very pleasant hospital. I am now feeling somewhat like myself—minus some of the old-time pep.

After six days of the movement forward I decided to allow the litter bearers to trundle me back to the ambulance. I then travelled via ambulance and hospital train to my present residence.

That I have recovered quickly is assured by the fact that I expect a sick leave of absence in a few days to visit southern France. If this leave is received, I intend to go via Paris and see Barry and young Pelham.

I would like to write you about the sector we were in before the 18th and from which we started on the morning of that day. I expect the little towns and the larger one also will be quite famous in the future histories of France and the U. S. when the story of the German second attempt to reach Paris is written. The shindig itself was sure the "darb" as the men say and while stating that it was enjoyed by all, may hardly be truthful, all those still on their feet are pleased to say they were present.

Our men are wonderful (think I've stated this before). Just to give you an idea of the way they take things, just imagine a town right in the front line where the Germans were held up. The people have left hurriedly without taking much of their belongings. Our men are in the town and the boche is continually dropping in shells with the result that houses, roads, etc., are being badly torn up. The medical officers are busy and a burial detail is at work; two civilians to our surprise are making their way down what was once the main "stem." The man in black frock and tall hat (you know the French style), on his arm is a wonderful lady daintily holding up her skirt and carrying a sunshade—they must have lost their minds to come back here and especially act the way they do with all the shelling going on. When they come nearer we discover that they are a few of our



HERBERT F. RYAN (on right)

often as you do to see the war pictures; it gives you an idea of what we boys are up against and the life we are living and what to expect.

I suppose you know by this time that this is not a Mexican Border trip. There is a lot to do and it will take a lot of us to do it.

I am up where the big fighting is now though our Regiment has been pretty lucky up to date. Al Page was in the Hospital for a week or so but he is back with us just as good as ever. I was in the Hospital for a few days with the trench fever but I am feeling all right now.

I know you were surprised to receive that book with my picture and no letter, but I had a letter all written and forgot to put it in with the book. I did not know it until the book had gone and I found the letter in my pocket and I sent it along right after it and I hope you received it. That fellow in the picture with me is in the 104th Infantry and his name is Clark; he happened to be with me when I had it taken.

How does Pa like the day off in three? I suppose he has a lot of time to himself now. I wrote him a letter a short time ago and expect a letter soon.

In case anything happens to me I think the Government will let you know about the insurance as you know it is taken out of my pay each month.

Well, Ma, no more paper, so I will close, hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your loving son,

HERBERT F. RYAN,
Co. B, 101st Infantry, A. E. F.



own men who have been looking over the town and even in the presence of death can still enjoy a little pleasure.

This town where the above incident happened must have had for inhabitants, people who were quite musical. Almost every house we looked over had some instrument. You can imagine the fun our men had. I even found one man with a bass violin as large as himself. He thought it wouldn't be such a hard job to get it back to the States.

Back of this town in a small wood, I had two companies. We dug small shelter proofs—just imagine these mud holes with ceiling, sides and floor covered with lace curtains, expensive linens, bed puffs, etc., silverware, copper pots and cut glass, were the order of the day. This loot of course came from the surrounding towns.

Your Gillette production is wonderful. Here at the hospital I have become the "Prof" on shaving and have talked with hundreds of officers regarding the razors. When a line officer arrives here at the hospital, he usually has no toilet articles for the reason that he is picked up on the field and hurried away. The first thing he needs is a razor.

I trust all my friends are enjoying the best of health and wish you would remember me to them. With best wishes,

Yours very truly,

Major WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY,
101st Infantry, A. E. F.

THIS LETTER MAKES YOU FEEL
AS IF YOU WERE IN
FRANCE

We are having a little rest, but it is just a little rest. The aeroplanes come here every night and cause a little excitement. Yesterday, several officers and men were injured.

I had occasion to go to the front August 30th, and saw some of our boys in action. The gas shells, high explosive and machine guns were very much in evidence. Streams of wounded were being carried back and the roads were filled with wounded walking back to the aid station. Troops, horses, cannon, trucks, etc., were going towards the front. About a half mile from the actual front lines, we ran into gas shells. Of course we had to wear our gas masks.

All the towns in this sector have been pretty well shattered. Many of the homes remain partially intact, but in every case, everything of value has been looted by Germans, paintings, furniture, silverware, etc.

I went into house after house and in

every case, empty wine bottles were in every corner of the rooms; everything was most unsanitary, and showing evidence of German habitation.

All the men here have a very high respect for German Artillery, but our boys are certainly far superior as Infantry. Don't jump to conclusions as to the possible duration of War. We have no idea here. Estimates vary from three months to two years. All of us are anxious to get back to the dear old U. S. A.

Very little that is French appeals to me. I admire some of their ideals, and the wonderful fight they have put up, but they are so painfully slow about some things and inefficient.

This is Uncle Sam's War from this day on, and it is up to him to finish it. Everyone else has about given all they have except the "dregs."

There are no civilians here, but they will probably return soon.

Tell Dad to discontinue sending cigarettes. I can buy them here for less than they cost him. By the way, I have saved quite a tidy little sum. I am going to invest it in some bonds. No letter from you in two weeks.

You probably know that our Division has stood the brunt of the fight here with one other division in France. We have had more fighting than any other division in France, even including those here a year or more. The men need a rest and only hope that the stress of the moment will not force them back again. You see my work is hard and all that, but the infantry men have it much harder. Some losses have been very very great. Losses in the train have only been a few to a Company, and no officers. I am still in command of three companies whenever they are detached.

Thousands of U. S. Troops pour into this sector every week, everyone of them expecting to lick the Boche in a couple of weeks. Those coming here are not disheartened, but the experience has tempered judgment. Many a time I have heard them say, "The Boches are good fighters but not as good as we are; it will take a long time to lick them though." I have been all through the sector captured recently, right up to the front. All roads were piacarded with German signs, crosses along the road bore French, American and German names, marking graves. Some horses and soldiers had not yet been buried. Thousands and thousands of German shells of all sizes were seen everywhere. Apparently they did not expect the advance. In the church near — were found considerable loot, and all kinds of Brass & Copper utensils taken to be sent back to Germany, but in their hurry it had been left behind.

THOMAS W. PELHAM, JR.



New Embossing Presses



A NEW addition to the Handle Press Department has been made in Building B, First Floor, in the quarters formerly occupied by the blacksmith.

In this room has been installed two (2) Bliss embossing presses which will be used to emboss the design on our P. E. Cases. These cases consist of the well known U. S. Service Set, the floral, shell, basket, empire, and Canadian service.

To bring out these designs properly it requires a pressure of from 150 to 600 tons, according to the thickness of the metal and the amount of stock to be raised.

These presses are known as the Bliss knuckle joint embossing press and are a No. 24 and No. 25. The size of the presses are about twice the size of any press now being used by the company. An idea of the size can be seen by glancing over the following dimensions.

No. 24 press weighs about 18,500 lbs., stands 9 ft. 3 ins. high and has a pressure of 400 tons.

No. 25 press weighs about 33,000 lbs., and is 10 ft. 6 ins. high and has a pressure of 600 tons. Both these machines are the last word in modern machinery as can be seen by the illustration.



Factory Notes



Reporters for THE GILLETTE BLADE September, October and November

| <i>Name</i> | <i>Department</i> |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| HELEN CROWLEY, | <i>Grinding Room</i> |
| ALICE BURKE, | <i>Blade Printing and Polishing</i> |
| ALVINA OSTER, | <i>Honing 3-A, 4-B</i> |
| MARY HENIGAN, | <i>Stropping 4-A</i> |
| MARY HALL, | <i>Burnishing 4-D</i> |
| EDWARD CREIGHTON, | <i>Printing 5-A</i> |
| KATHRYN J. TRAVERSE, | <i>Office</i> |
| MARGARET MILLS, | <i>Blade Packing</i> |
| T. P. KELLEY, | <i>Machine Dept.</i> |
| LEO F. CALDWELL, | <i>Shipping Dept.</i> |
| EDWARD F. FERRY, | <i>Buffing Dept.</i> |

| <i>Name</i> | <i>Department</i> |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| GRACE E. LOGAN, | <i>Inspecting Dept. 4-A</i> |
| ALICE BRUSARD, | <i>Leather Goods Dept.</i> |
| BESSIE MAJOR, | <i>Paper Box Dept.</i> |
| CAROLINE JONES, | <i>Set Packing Room</i> |
| GLADYS STEVENS, | <i>Set Packing Room</i> |
| AGNES DONAHUE, | <i>Hardening Dept.</i> |
| JOSEPH SULLIVAN, | <i>Store Room A</i> |
| B. J. O'DONNELL, | <i>Plating Dept.</i> |
| JOHN F. McAVOY, | <i>Elec. Dept.</i> |
| MICHAEL A. O'DONNELL, | <i>Handle Press</i> |

George Baxter is undergoing an operation.

If you happen to find your feelings all worked up, order a fresh supply.

Marriage intentions have been filed by (Our bird) Pigeon—Oh! you Nelson.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lemon on the birth of a son.

Arthur Lemon has been proclaimed Champion Clam Digger of Hough's Neck.

The many friends of Reim Crepo will be glad to hear he is convalescing after several months' illness.

There's a service flag flying from "Al's" chest since "Billie" Garland joined Uncle Sam.

I wonder why Miss Mae Mahoney of the Set Packing Room favors doing errands on the 2nd floor?

Friends of William McNaughton, night foreman of the Hardening Room, will be glad to hear he is on the way to recovery and will soon be able to resume his duties.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Morris Manofsky, night foreman of the Blade Pressers, who died September 19th.

Josephine Mullen is recuperating at her home after an attack of typhoid fever. She is an employee of the Hardening Department.

The sympathy of all the Department is extended to James Campbell in the loss of his young daughter, and to John Norton in the loss of his wife.

Miss Helen O'Leary has the sympathy of her friends in the Blade Packing Department at the death of her brother, Charles O'Leary, who passed away September 24th.

Talking about millinery, we hear and read of the great work done in hat trimming, but we cannot overlook the fact that in the Handle Press Department 2-D, there is a sextet of cap trimmers that can't be beat, and 30,000 trimmed caps is a mere trifle any old day.

Miss Bertha Baker of the Blade Packing Department was bridesmaid at the wedding of her sister, Marion Baker, to Benjamin Thibeault, August 26th.



The sympathy of the girls of the Blade Packing Department was extended to Miss Ellen Murphy at the death of her father, Jeremiah Murphy, September 16th.

The recent twelve per cent raise received by all employees came in very handy to Dick Mahoney of the Hardening Department, who purchased a wonderful diamond ring. Its glitter would blind the Kaiser.

Miss Alice Morse of the Leather Goods Department has the sympathy of all in the death of her sister, Lucy M. Morse, who also was a former employee of the Leather Goods Department.

On September 15th the stork paid a visit to the home of Mrs. Murphy, formerly Miss Margaret Cronin of the Paper Box Department, and left a little son. Mother and son are doing well.

Things are beginning to look serious, for every Saturday morning finds Fred Kelley of the Hardening Department spending the greater part of his overtime change in candy. Fred should worry about Hooverizing as long as he has a girl.

Marion Briggs of the Blade Packing Department is wearing a smile these days and also a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand. Marion makes delicious pies—there is a method in "Jimney" Brown's madness.

We all sympathize with Miss Josephine Birmingham of the Blade Packing Department in the loss of her brother, William Birmingham, who died September 16th.

Among the victims of Influenza was Edward Kehoe, brother of Margaret Kehoe of the Blade Packing Department, who passed away September 23rd. Miss Kehoe has the sympathy of all her friends.

Reading of our gallant boys going "Over the Top" at the Huns, has nothing on some of our folks rushing to the sinks at night. They would put a *Longboat* or a *Brickley* in the shade.

If some of the same whirlwinds were to shake their legs in the same way mornings, in getting in on time, we could get the whole department on the 100% bonus list.

Ever since the members of the Rose-Mere Club of the Blade Packing Department spent their vacation at their cottage at None-Such-Pond, Wellesley, the subject of conversation has been "Jim." How about it, Marie?

For speed and accuracy it would pay one to stop and look over the blanking and forming of the caps and guards which is done in the Handle Press Department 3-C.

These machines have operators who can produce 60,000 guards and caps every day.

It looks as if Cupid has issued a declaration of war on the Handle Press Department, and proceeded to make a quick victory.

During the week of August 18th, he captured three employees of this department. Those whom he captured were Miss Agnes Cavanaugh, an inspector of caps, who became Mrs. George Quarews. Miss Pheobe, who was inspector on guards was married to Mr. John Jaeger, and Miss Agnes McCollom was married to Mr. Richard Beatty who is in the service of Uncle Sam.

Agnes Kennedy, a patriotic little hustler of the Hardening Department, took up a collection among its employees to purchase stamps for the wounded soldiers now in the Boston City Hospital, and realized the tidy sum of \$13.30, which she turned over to the Boston American Stamp Fund. Miss Kennedy has a brother serving with the 7th Supply Company in South Carolina.

In January, 1917, the Handle Press Department occupied one-half of the floor space in building D, 2nd floor, and they were producing about 5000 handles daily with about 60 employees.

Today the same department occupies the entire floor of building D, and two-thirds of the floor space of building C, this floor being given over to machinery for the manufacture of the handles. One-half of the 6th floor building C was given over to benches for the inspection of Guards and caps and the part of building B, 2nd floor, formerly occupied by the blacksmith shop in which two embossing presses for the metal cases are now being installed. The machines which are the largest in the factory, have a combined weight of 55,000 lbs., and are capable of giving a pressure of 400 tons and 600 tons. Where formerly about 60 employees were kept, now there are nearly 300, and the machinery in this department has doubled.

Frank O'Brien, Stock Department "D" refused a nomination for a seat in the Massachusetts Legislature. Good Boy Frankie!

Another useful mechanic has been added to the Machine Department that of Martin F. Gaygin, formerly connected with the Automatic Screw Machine Department.

It looks as if Alice Foley of the Handle Press Department, 2 D, is about to resign her position to enter a new line of business. We don't know whether it is a model or a saleslady, but we think that she would make good in both. She recently showed her abilities as a demonstrator and saleslady, carrying a full line of aprons.



"Mickey" Monahan is having the time of his life looking after his eight girls. The girls we refer to are not his sweethearts—but the girls he has operating the milling machines. "Mickey" admits that he is too old to have a sweetheart now.

The sympathy of all is extended to Mr. Miller, operator of the elevator in Building D, upon the death of his wife, which occurred September 29th.

—LOST—

Somewhere between Coney Island, New York, and the Gillette Factory, South Boston, Miss Margaret Griffin, Assistant Forelady of the Handle Press Department on 2 D, 3 C and 6 C. She left the factory on August 28th and was due to return on September 12th, but she has not made her appearance as yet. When last seen she was carrying a knitting bag containing some useful wearing apparel for the boys at the front.

P. S.—Miss Griffin is now back on the job, but minus her knitting bag. We wonder if she traded the bag for the diamond bar pin she now wears.

The record for forming Guards or Caps in a nine hour day was smashed to pieces on September 5th, when Charlie Clancy, working on a No. 20 Bliss Press, formed 46,000 P. E. Guards. The former record was held by R. Muller who formed 43,000 caps in nine hours.

Another piece of record breaking work was done on the milling machines on September 16th, when "Mickey" Monahan and his girl operators milled 24,000 caps in nine hours, with one machine stalled all day. On the same day the six girls who operate the cap trimming presses, trimmed 32,000 caps. This only goes to show the spirit the employees of the Handle Press Department work with.

Another one of the boys in the Handle Press Department has left to join the colors, Rob. Mullen of the night shift. In appreciation of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow employees, he was presented with a purse of money, contributed entirely by the night employees.

The boys all wish him the best of luck and hope when he comes back he will bring the Kaiser.

Would suggest that all employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company taking out one or more 4th Liberty Loan bonds be extended the privilege of keeping all their Government Bonds in the "Strong Box" of the Company and the cost of a Safe Deposit Box thus saved will buy a W. S. S.

Somebody asked for a suggestion in the last issue that would help everybody and as everybody owns Bonds and undoubtedly will purchase more its a poor place to keep them in an "Old Coffee Canister" and then by mistake throw it out in the ash pile like one fellow I know.

Team work will "Win the War."

Exit—Patrick Joseph McSweeney—Teamster, Class A 1.

Enter—"Gasoline Joe" McSweeney—the dare-devil chauffeur—Class Z 13.

At present the new truck does not respond very promptly to "Whoa" and "Gid-dap" but "Gasoline Joe" is putting it thru some very intensive training and expects strict obedience in the near future.

A. Vanloan Sullivan of the Shipping Department has recovered from the grip and is now telling thrilling stories about his escape from the Spaniard that flew in the window.

Will someone on the fifth floor "C" explain why a certain young man looks out the Second street window of the shipping room each afternoon at five-fifteen and Saturdays at twelve-thirty.

Pat—"This is the foist time enny of these corporations hev done innnything to binneft the workingman."

Mike—"How is that, Pat?"

Pat—"It is this siven-cint fare. I hev bin walkin' to and from me work and savin tin cints, and now I kin save 14 cints."—Boston Transcript.

A year ago a manufacturer engaged a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the work he was doing. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want my pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Ten shillings a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Fifteen shillings."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yessir, and I've been thinkin' so for three weeks, but I've been blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it!" The boy got the raise.—*Uplift Magazine*.

Contributed by Margaret Mills, *Blade Packing Department*.



"TO THE SLACKERS"

Do you shudder from the country's call
To fight the Huns, one and all?
And doesn't your heart like an American,
ever boil
To be in this, our battle royal?

Are you sick with fear at the thought of
the fray?
And do you try from your friend to hide
it away?

It's the best in you that you must tame,
And it's up to you to play the game.

Trample the beast that is in your heart,
Take up a gun and do your part,
For we are trying to make men free,
In this our bloodiest battle of history.

Sent in by PEGGY LE GERE.

J. A. Cote of the Machine Shop was feeling flush the other morning. The cause of it all must have been those real honest-to-goodness "Canadian Ten's" he had that his wife didn't know about.

"A GREAT EYE FOR LINES"

A machinist who had worked with T. P. Kelley a few years ago came here in search of a job. Seeing Kelley he approached him with extended hand and greeted him most effusively, saying: "Gee, I didn't think you would remember me." "Well, I didn't at first, old man," answered Kelley, "but I recognized the shirt."

Knowledge is Power. But it requires knowledge to discover knowledge and give impetus to the power.

Machine Shop.

"THE LIFE STORY OF THE AVERAGE PERSON"

When he was born they handed him the wrong Christian name; and later gave him the wrong training and sent him to the wrong school. When he grew up he entered the wrong business, on the wrong street, in the wrong town, and married the wrong woman. He always managed to say the wrong thing at the wrong time. Most of the things he did got him in wrong. Now he wonders if, when he dies, he will go to the wrong place.

Machine Shop.

Mossy Leonard of the Machine Shop has come to the conclusion that he doesn't believe in marrying until they get the "Kaiser." Nevertheless, it will not be necessary for the girls to lose any beauty sleep over that, for Frank Thorne hasn't been caught yet.

WORK OR LABOR

MR. FRENCH, *Machine Shop*

If we want to get the best out of life
Let's go to our work with joy,
Forgetting that we are growing old,
Try to feel as if we were still a boy.

The more we dread or put off a job,
The longer it makes the day.
Don't let work pile up; keep it moving along
And the time will pass quickly away.

Don't put too much time on a job
That has for a finish no call.
Make it right—and know when to stop—
Don't make it cost too high—that is all.

Every hour that is wasted on work
Comes back to the laboring men;
It helps put the price of things that we use
So high they will not drop again.

The passing of booze as it looks today
One of the greatest blessings of men,
May it go so high that no one can buy—
I believe we will be better off then.

No, it is not Mutt and Jeff—it is Enos and Morrill. Why doesn't the cartoonist get busy, for these two fellows are good-natured if they get a Commission.

Talk about your war brides when this big
fight is o'er;
Keep your eyes wide open and direct them
on this floor.

Margaret Greene is broken-hearted since
her John went to camp;
I'll bet we cannot hold her when he arrives
in France.

C. Cady's John wrote home and said he'd
soon be in the trench;
But that's more appropriate now than sitting
on a bench.

Alvina said when her sweetheart gets Kaiser
Bill alone

He'll fill him full of dynamite and send his
body home.

Margaret Winter's other half has been in
the fight;

He'll keep right on because he said: "Gee,
this is the life."

Helen Gilda's sailor boy will soon be over
there

For he knows Uncle Sam will not collect
the fare.

Ella Cronin's beau is always on the run,
And he says he'll never stop until he gets
a Hun.

While Mae Huban's John is sailing across
the foam,

J. Fein's Billy is on duty here at home.

Honing A



Sharp Edges

Think hard and you won't have to work so hard.

The knocker never wins and the winner never knocks.

Don't try to get to the front on the other fellow's push.

It is better to be partly right in practice than to be perfectly right in theory.

It is possible to have more money than brains and then not be very wealthy.

"Genius is two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration."—*Edison.*

Abraham Lincoln said: "I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come."

"A man with whiskers has to do something darned unusual to be interesting."
—*George Ade.*

"He who will, not he who wont, will go ahead and reach the front."—*Lincoln.*

When you find a house that insists on a good price for its goods, you are generally safe in assuming that it furnishes a good article.—*The Spartan.*

One authority wrote concerning an army: "Every one must remain within the boundaries of his duties, otherwise everything will be confusion."

Never be content with yourself or your work. No successful man is ever satisfied. He could not have been successful if he had been.

"Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest we must sow the seed."—*Bailey.*

"My son, deal with men who advertise, you will never lose by it."
—*Benjamin Franklin.*

"Men give me credit for some genius. All the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly; day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort

which I have made is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.

—*Alexander Hamilton.*

Formula for efficiency:—

Pick a good man. Give him a definite job and then leave him alone.

Economy is the watchword of victory. Are you saving your share of food and other vital necessities of life?

The grand secret of success is that successful men take one hundred times the trouble that men usually do.—*Parton.*

"A good resolution is half the battle"—but a resolution is not good until it is carried out.

There's economy in quality.

There are only two classes of employees: the efficient and the inefficient.

"That is a good book which is opened with expectation, and closed with profit."
—*Alcott.*

A man was finding fault with his secretary for having done something in a routine way; i.e., without thinking.

"But that's the way it's always done," pleaded the secretary.

"I know that," he replied, "but it's a stupid way and you would have found a better way if you had thought for two seconds."

Some things are so easy that it requires a real man's backbone and determination to carry them through.

The sentence for inspiration is: "All and the best of me into this task, for so comes the magnetic will."

"Get your principles right," said Napoleon, "and the rest is a matter of detail." Napoleon had his battles fought out in his mind before armies assembled on the field.

"He is a rich man who can avail himself of other men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men."

"Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

CASUAL

He—"Did you notice that woman that just passed?"

She—"The one with the gray hat, the white teatner, the red velvet roses, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, the mink furs and the lavender spats?"

He—"Yes."

She—"No, not particularly."

GOOD START

Doctor—"Madam, your husband must have absolute rest."

Mrs. Chatt—"Well, doctor, he won't listen to me."

Doctor—"A very good beginning, madam; a very good beginning."

OPTIMIST

Philosopher's Wife—"Why, professor! Did you fall down those steps?"

Philosopher—"Yes, Mirandy, but it's all right. I was going down, anyway."

NOT ENCOURAGING

"Do you think your father would object to my seeking your hand?"

"Don't know, I'm sure; if he's anything like me he would."

TRAMP JOKE

Facetious Old Lady (to tramp)—"You remind me of a piece of flannel."

Tramp—"I do, eh? And why so, missus?"

Facetious Old Lady—"You shrink from washing."

THIN

Customer—"I look here, waiter, is that the stuff you've got the cheek to call oxtail soup?"

"Waiter—That's it, sir."

Customer—"Well, you'd better take it out and let the ox dip his tail in two or three times more."

CAUTIOUS

Mr. Willis—"But why don't you take your bankbook in to have it balanced?"

Mrs. Willis—"I don't want that snoopy-looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there!"

HIS NEW BROTHER

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nuther,

But he's here;

They just went ahead and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him,
Wasn't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,

'Cause, you see,

I s'posed I could go and get him,
And then Mamma, 'course, would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,

"Why!" I says, "My sakes, is that him?"

Just that mite?"

They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"

And I thought they must be funnin'—

He's a sight!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',

He's so red.

And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!

All he does is cry and holler

More and more;

Won't sit up and can't arrange him—

I don't see why Pa don't change him
At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him

Mor'n a frog;

Why'd they buy a baby brother

When they know I'd good deal ruther

Have a dog?

THOUGHTFUL

A man was walking along the street, and he saw a house on fire. He rushed across the way and rang the bell. After some time a lady, who proved to be slightly deaf, appeared at the door.

"Madam, your house is on fire."

"What did you say?"

The man began dancing up and down. He pointed above. "I said your house is afire! Flames bursting out! No time to lose!"

"What did you say?"

"House afire! Quick!"

The lady smiled. "Is that all?" she said sweetly.

"Well," replied the man hopelessly, "that's all I can think of just now."



If the spring puts forth no blossoms in summer there will be no beauty, and autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible and old age miserable.

Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, once received a call from a frier, who inquired how the work on a certain statue was progressing. The artist showed him a number of seemingly small changes and improvements which he had made. "But these are trifles," said the friend. "Ah," said the sculptor, "Attention to trifles produces perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

There is no trick in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their
mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody
spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful
jades
Sink in their trial.

—Shakespeare

WORTH THINKING ABOUT

NOTE.—Most of my readers know who Daniel Webster was; know that he represented Massachusetts in the U. S. Senate for many years; was called the great expounder of the Constitution, and by his eminent services as lawyer, statesman and publicist, placed the state and the nation under an eternal debt of gratitude, and this in spite of the fact that the temptation of the Presidency caused him to swerve a little at one time from his convictions and thereby bring down upon his head the angry maledictions of some contemporary reformers. The following is from one of his speeches, delivered before the U. S. Senate in the year 1833. It has a special application to the present days, and I trust my readers will grasp its import.—W. E. N..

"There are persons who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation and pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all means by which small capitalists become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke the fountain of industry and dry all streams. In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more evenly divided than anywhere else, they rend the air, shouting agrarian doctrines. In a country where wages of labor are high beyond parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave."

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine Providence to bring round everything at last for the best.

—Ruskin.

TRUTHS AND SEMI-TRUTHS

Every day is a dull day to a dull person. Friendship, like a farm, requires constant cultivation.

Some people are like lamps: they stand in their own light.

If you stretch the truth it is liable to fly back and hurt you.

Some of our so-called necessary evils are not so necessary as they are convenient.

It is all right to drink your friends' health, but don't drink away your own.

The office that seeks the man isn't nearly so persistent as the creditor on the same mission.

Nearly everyone is looking for encouragement, but the most successful men have found it necessary to encourage themselves.

HEALTH AND EXERCISE

The reproach of selfishness is sometimes ignorantly brought against persons who are very careful of their health. But, in reality, no man is so thoroughly selfish as he who, in the ardent pursuit of pleasure or profit, heedlessly neglects those habits and conditions of life, without proper attention to which, health cannot be preserved. The burden of such a man's support may, through his own fault, be thrown on society or on his friends; and he may, too late, regret his inattention to a few simple rules, by the observance of which he might have maintained his constitution unimpaired.

In proportion as we give to the matter the consideration it deserves, we shall become anxious rather to take care of health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then exert ourselves to recover it. Says an old writer: "You that have health, and know not how to prize it, I'll tell you what it is. Health is that which makes your meat and drink both savory and pleasant. Health is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; which revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day."

NORR.—Horatio was Hamlet's most trusted and best loved friend. Success had never puffed him up nor misfortune embittered or discouraged him. Neither his love nor his loyalty had been purchasable, and he had fully justified the confidence reposed in him. Hamlet desired to impress upon Horatio the depth of his affection for him and the admiration he felt for his fine qualities. He addressed him in the words of the following selection. It was a splendid tribute and most beautifully expressed. He who possesses such a friend as Horatio, should "Grapple him to his heart with hoops of steel," and be thankful for the privilege.

W. E. N.

HAMLET.

ACT III.

SCENE II.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

*Let Every Gillette Co-Worker Pledge Him-
self or Herself to*

WIN THE WAR!

A good day's work well done goes far to beat the Hun, while for every day we loaf the Kaiser thanks us.

It ain't the guns nor armaments,
nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation,
that makes them win the day;

It ain't the individual,
nor the Army as a whole,
But the ever-lasting teamwork
of every bloomin' soul.—*Kipling*

Our former fellow-workers are now fighting our battle for LIBERTY.

Let None of Them Ever Say That We Have Failed Him.

Let us all, in addition to subscribing to Liberty Loans, Red Cross, War Savings Stamps, and every other patriotic movement to assist the Government, *save food and fuel* and—

FIGHT WASTE WHEREVER SHOWN

Let us make a solemn pledge that we will back up our fellow-workers who have gone to the colors to the utmost of our ability by working hard and steadily, cheerfully and eagerly, to get out GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES needed by our Government—by our boys over there.

The Gillette Blade

NOVEMBER 1918



TRADE MARK **Gillette** PATENTED
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

GIL

United War Work Campaign

November 11 to 18, Inclusive

BEGINNING November 11, a combined drive for a War Fund of \$170,500,000 is being made in behalf of the war activities of the following organizations, and for the amounts set opposite each name, which have already been allocated:

| | |
|--|---------------|
| National War Work Council Y. M. C. A. | \$100,000,000 |
| War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A. | 15,000,000 |
| National Catholic War Council (K. of C.) | 30,000,000 |
| Jewish Welfare Board | 3,500,000 |
| War Camp Community Service | 15,000,000 |
| American Library Association | 3,500,000 |
| Salvation Army | 3,500,000 |

All are expected to contribute as generously as possible to this fund. This is not philanthropy. It is not charity. It is duty,—a duty to our country, to our brave and gallant fighting men, yes, a duty to ourselves and families.

The admirable work which all of these organizations have been doing from the beginning needs no words of commendation from us to impress upon the people of our Commonwealth how necessary it is that all should subscribe most liberally in order that the work of these organizations may be not only continued, but, in addition, extended. Much as they have been able to do for our brave boys, more can and will be done as we may contribute the necessary cash with which to do it. There is no

danger of too large a fund; for large as the amount in figures asked for may look, a much larger amount could with benefit to us all be expended most wisely by these organizations. Let us all remember that what we may appear to be doing for our boys, in reality we are doing as well for ourselves and for our own protection,—the protection of our families and our homes; in that as our gallant lads' welfare is looked after, just so much the better are they fitted to fight our fight.

Then let us all contribute most handsomely and quickly, remembering all the while that the bigger the fund we give these organizations the bigger the work they can do—for us, and for our Country.

The Gillette Blade

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston

The Making of a Soldier

LIEUT. E. FRANK WARD

WHEN I was Private Ward last Fall and commenced duty at Camp Devens I felt that I had left the best of employers and friends to become part of something that was, at best, uncertain and entirely foreign to my general line.

My first few weeks in camp I would rather forget.

Since I was sworn in I have kept a daily diary and I cannot help but read back sometimes, and many a good laugh I enjoy. Of course, I was the greenest of rookies.

The personnel of good old Company "D" of the 301st Regiment, "Boston's Own," was nearly complete when I arrived, but, luckily for me, I became part of it.

You may remember that when I was talking over with you my probable induction I was undecided as to whether I would enjoy life as a private, having all my thinking done for me like any good horse, or

whether I would work hard and endeavor to secure one of the plums that were bound to grow out of such a new organization as the National Army. True to your prophecy, after two weeks I was among the hard workers.

As I never spent much time at a summer camp, or worked on railroad construction, or, in fact, any place where a large crowd of men lived together under the same roof, my feelings during the first

of my stay in camp were a mixture of interest and disgust. Though the barracks were afterwards steam heated, when I arrived there was absolutely no artificial heat, and that alone was enough to break a rookie dough-boy.

My first night in the barracks I shall never forget. In the evening I was given an iron cot, a poncho, two blankets and a bed sack that I was instructed to fill out at the hay stack. Naturally, I knew a great

Dear Mr. Thompson:—

I am going to do as you suggested some time ago and write a few reminiscences of my service in the army during the past year.

If the Editor of the "Blade" thinks them, or any part of them, interesting reading for the Gillette employees, I shall be glad to repay a little for the enjoyment and good reading I have found in the pages of the "Blade" since its maiden copy was published.

As I often remarked to you, it is only when one gets outside of the organization, after being part of it for so long, that one fully appreciates the wonderful institution the Gillette has become in the few short years of its existence.

E. Frank Ward.



many of the boys and they were glad to help me get acclimated. They told me how to fold the blankets double in order to get the greatest amount of warmth, and gave me many helpful hints.

It goes without saying that I did not eat the first meal and at bed time I was chilled for the want of nourishment. My bunk was near the orderly room and I just listened to the click of typewriters and hub-bub of voices until about midnight. There were stacks of clerical work at that time,—qualification cards, insurance, allotments and the physical examination records of 250 men,—all to be taken care of by the “one-grade above the rookies.” Incidentally, I never did get warm that night and could not sleep as it seemed that there was more crammed into my head that day than any other I could remember. I had listened attentively to talk of reveille, fatigue, battalion drill, special details, the manual of arms, K. P., mess, recall, retreat,—and Oh! so many things that it seemed I was in a foreign country. When the orderly-room noise ceased, it seemed lonely, even though there were an occasional snore. My toes were encased in a heavy pair of socks, but even though I doubled them under me and wrapped the blanket around them I could not relieve the numbness. I’ll say that Ayer was well named. My life’s history was rehearsed that night if never before, and if I were asked to compare the feeling, I might say, “Listen to a sentenced man tell of his last night in the death chamber.”

The morning did come at last with several shrieks of a whistle from the First Sergeant and the switching on of the lights, the commands of the

Corporals to their squads to hurry and get a move on so that their reports at Reville would be “all present.” Ninety per cent of the men rolled out of bed with a cigarette in their lips and this alone was only one of the habits of soldiering that I was to acquire.

Everyone nowadays knows what the awkward squad is, so I will not explain it. Into this squad I was placed and I tried to imitate my bunkies as well as I could. Even at that time there was a difference in the men as to quickness in adapting themselves to the new life, so the Company was divided into “Regulars” and “Rookies.” I did not join the “Regulars” but was taken by a newly-made Sergeant, who, a few weeks before, had fired on the Boston & Maine road. He taught the school of the soldier and squad. Believe me, I respected him as he knew his job, and he was quite a formidable looking chap anyway.

When I had finished with my inoculations and vaccination my poor disgusted stomach became more settled, and as the drill work was pretty strenuous I soon picked up my appetite again and ate heartily at every meal.

Naturally, at the start a great many unpleasant tasks were thrust upon me. I say unpleasant, because that was what I thought them then, but now, after a year, I see them in a different light and know that there is always something harder to do.

One of my first fatigues was on the “Honey Wagon,” or garbage cart. Though it was not like working in a candy factory, it really was not so bad, and was a job much sought after by all buck privates. Reason: laziness,—for with fast work it only



took two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon to collect the garbage. The remainder of the day was spent at "Bunk fatigue." The toughest detail I ever had was pulling the pits in the boiler plant. That is a nigger's job if there ever was one, and incidentally shortly after I had my first crack at it, the commanding officer decided that prisoners would thereafter do the pulling. Six others and I were supplied with a long hoe, a shovel and a wheelbarrow. All day long we just pulled, shoveled and unloaded, about ten feet from the plant. Yes, I did have a lame back and every other muscle in my body ached.

Our old First Sergeant, a Southerner whom I afterwards relieved on account of his being court-martialed for a slight offence, would say "This place got to be made to look like someone lived here."

To be continued in THE GILLETTE BLADE for December

No doubt you know the ground at Camp Devens is not suitable for farming as the soil is a hard clay with an abundance of rock and small stones and more roots than I ever knew could exist in the soil. The pick and I soon became good friends but undoubtedly I will get harder work before the Hun is licked, so why explain my experience in handling that old American anchor. Scrub-boy at the Officer's mess, assistant to the stable Sergeant, "wash woman" in the barracks, dish washer, unloading coal from freight cars and many more minor duties comprised my first training, but the experience and physical development I gained could not be purchased from me now.

Needless to say, my military training was continuing with my fatigue labors so that in a short time I was among the "Regulars."

Two Letters Received at the London Office

*One of the Old Bills,
Somewhere in France,
Friday, October 4, 1918.*

SIR:

I am taking the liberty of writing and asking if you have a Buckshee Safety Razor you could send an old Bill, as someone souvenired mine whilst up the line, after having it for four years. They knew a good old Gillette was the goods.

Have to borrow my pal's, as I don't want to spoil my face by using the Army Issue, as we use it for cutting wood for the old Brazien.

Hope you can favor me with same. Am betting the boys in our tent 2 to 1 I get it.

Thanking you,

395659 PTE. S. SMITH,

M. T., A. S. C., 103rd Auxiliary Petrol Coy.,
B. E. F., France.

*The Victoria Station Hotel,
Nottingham,*

4th October, 1918.

DEAR OLD GILLETTE:

Don't be so d— silly. I love your holder, but I miss your blades.

For two days I've canvassed every likely shop here, and devil a blade can I get. My better half is scouring Surrey with a like purpose.

The *promise* of a wonderful blade "to beat the Gillette," made by divers shopkeepers does not interest me a scrap. I want my *Gillette* like one wants a six-shooter occasionally, i. e., "Devilish bad and devilish quick!"

Your admirer,

G. H. READ.



The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART II CONTINUED — IN TRAINING FOR THE MECHANICAL PROBLEMS

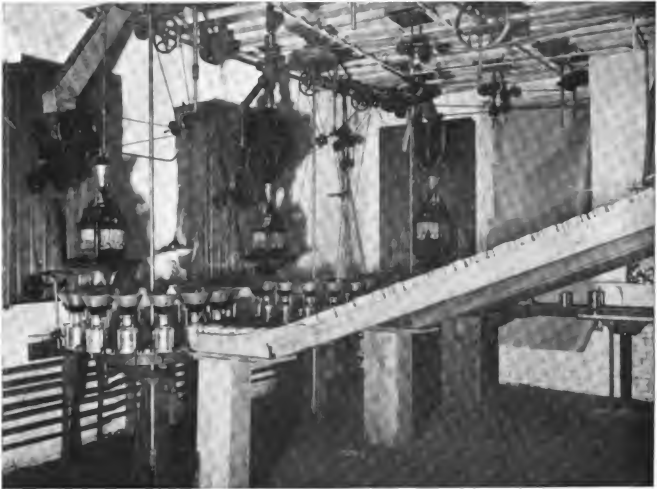
MY weighing machine affairs progressed rapidly. With a few associates I organized a company which was incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine and in which I held a controlling interest; at least for a while. By the latter part of 1895 a coffee weighing plant had been developed and installed in Boston in the well-known establishment of Chase & Sanborn, and had been reduced to practical operating shape. This plant comprised much more than the weighing machines themselves, for automatic loading tables, can chutes and conveyors were also provided to reduce the labor of handling as much as possible. So far the enterprise was an unqualified success from the mechanical side. Unfortunately for me, however, there were other sides to the business whose outcome was not so favorable to me personally.

The cut shows one view of a part of the Chase & Sanborn coffee weighing plant. It will be noted that empty cans are coming down chutes from the floor above. At the ends of the chutes they enter arms on automatic tables. The tables present the cans to the weighing machines, and as each can is filled the table turns and presents the following can, finally delivering the filled cans to a belt conveyor which takes them to the labeling tables, not shown in the cut. There are three sets of weighing apparatus; one for ground coffee and two for whole coffee in two sizes. This installation highly pleased the

purchasers, as will be evident from their letter, of which a reduced facsimile is shown herewith. They shortly afterward purchased outfits for their branch houses in Chicago and other cities. So far as I know, these installations for automatic weighing were about the only ones of such magnitude in use, with the possible exception of privately owned apparatus used by Arbuckle Bros., in New York.

So far, so good. The machinery was all right, but these were newly designed machines, and were necessarily rather elaborate. It took considerable money to get patterns, castings and other material, to pay wages and rents, and for a thousand and one other things. To have started such an enterprise comfortably there should have been ten, or, better, twenty times as much money in the company's bank account as I had, for, to tell the truth, I was at this time furnishing either out of pocket or by my personal credit about all the financial backing the company was getting. As a matter of course, the first installation at Chase & Sanborn's cost more than we got for it, and further, I did not have the courage to ask of them the price they should have paid, as I felt the machines must go in there at any price.

I have found by more than one experience that it is very unsatisfactory to occupy a position where you must do business regardless of price. Whenever the reader finds



COFFEE WEIGHING PLANT AT CHASE & SANBORN'S, 1896

himself in this position he may make up his mind that he is headed for trouble; that is unless he is a much shrewder trader than I am. But I was so absorbed in planning and building the weighing apparatus and in thinking what great possibilities, or rather probabilities, it had before it, that I hardly paused to consider where my current ratio of expenses and profits was leading. It was like trying to catch a large shark on a hook. I had the shark hooked but did not have the strength to pull him in without help. If I asked help the helper would demand the liver before he would pull an ounce and the liver is the only valuable part of the shark, the rest being only fit for fertilizer.

What I mean by the above illustration is that I wanted to keep a

controlling interest in the stock of the company. If I did, however, it would become bankrupt. On the

Chase & Sanborn
 Importers & Jobbers
 Sole Distributors of Standard Java
 85 & 87 Broad St. 6 & 8 Hamilton St.
 Boston, Feb. 1, 1896.

TEAS
CHAS. B. TEAS
 100 N. BOSTON ST.
 BOSTON, MASS.

COFFEES
CHAS. B. TEAS
 100 N. BOSTON ST.
 BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your inquiry as to how we are pleased with the operation of the three sets of the New England Weighing Machine Co's apparatus which we are using in our Boston manufactory, and as to what we shall say of our Chicago and Montreal establishments, with relation to the use of our weighing apparatus, we are highly pleased, and desire to do all our weighing, whenever possible, with these machines.

We consider the accuracy of their work very remarkable, and that there is a substantial saving both in labor and material. We have used many weighing machines in the last ten years, in fact about all that have been presented to us, but have never before found any to be at all satisfactory, for we are very particular about the accuracy of our weights.

We feel fully justified in recommending them to the attention of all manufacturers who weigh out large numbers of packages.

Yours very truly,
Chase & Sanborn

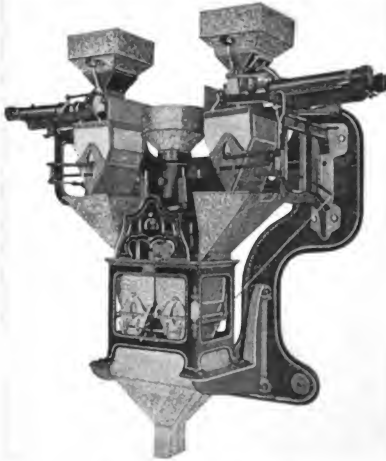


ORIGINAL COMPOUND WEIGHING MACHINE

other hand if I parted with it I knew I should soon be set aside as a controlling factor and my destiny be at the disposal of others who naturally would be quite alive to their own interests, so I was in some respects like the tipsy man holding on to a lamp post. If he let go of the post he could not stand up and if he held on to it he would never get home. I was soon obliged to let go of the post and dispose of a considerable part of my stock holdings in order to put some money in the treasury of the company. Of course the other interested parties also contributed stock to the common purpose, but the fact remained that my control was broken and I was thereafter the servant of the company instead of its master and received a servant's compensation when the company became more prosperous.

Shortly before I had parted with my stock control my principal partner, who was also an intimate friend, had found a purchaser for the bulk of his stock interest and had sold out for a fairly good price. This money, however, naturally went to his private account and in no way relieved my embarrassment but rather added to it. At the time I wanted him to let me have the use of some of it, but he said he could not afford to do it and there was for a while a cool feeling between us. I afterward admitted to myself that he was right and our cordial feelings were wholly restored.

Now came forward a man who after looking into our business somewhat carefully came to the conclusion that it was a good thing and desired to become interested. He thought money could be made in it and he wished to assume the business management. He was a trader and had a firm conviction that the only proper policy was to buy at the lowest possible price and to ask for all you could possibly get. He offered a moderate sum (I think about twenty-five hundred dollars) for a fairly large block of stock and for several other concessions. The stock was to be contributed by the stockholders pro rata. When it came to actually carrying out the deal, he insisted that the existing obligations of the company, some seven or eight hundred dollars, should be liquidated before he came in. The burden of this fell upon me personally and I arranged the matter. Then he hesitated again and presented a paper for me to sign which pledged me to personally buy back his stock at the price he had paid if at any time he made the demand upon me. I read



SUGAR WEIGHING MACHINE

over the paper and noticed that he had fixed no date for the time for which the obligation should hold good. I felt sure that such an obligation was legally invalid and incapable of enforcement. I was in a tight place now for he had kept me on the anxious seat for some time and I signed the paper. I was never asked to buy back.

When my friend before mentioned sold his stock it passed to a wealthy New York woman who had a penchant for buying interests in inventions. She was a connection of the famous Vanderbilt family and had a superstition that she was destined to amass greater wealth through "wheels and keels" in imitation of the original and illustrious Commodore Vanderbilt who was so successful with railroads and steamboats. She was an elderly lady and has long

since passed to her reward. She was eccentric in many ways but was very kind hearted and generous. I became very well acquainted with her during the course of the business and on several occasions she extended a helping hand to pull me out of my embarrassments. I have always felt deeply grateful for her kindness to me personally and she was one of the very few people I have ever met who were willing to help me in my business struggles in a substantial way.

Having now disposed of about one half of my stock interest in the New England Weighing Machine Co., for such was the name I had given it, its general management passed into other hands. Possibly that was well for the company and certainly it relieved me of a part of the load which I had to carry. Nevertheless I had



plenty of work to do, for nearly every new customer we secured required something different in the matter of the weighing machine itself or in the accessory apparatus. Special outfits had to be devised for rolled oats, for baking powder, for sugar, for flour, for spice, for salt, for lard and so on without end. Fate had never been kind enough to allow me to invent something that I could complete and then stand back and watch it go. All my ventures had voracious appetites for more contrivances and then more. Automatic weighing to meet market demands proved a difficult problem and one full of vexations. Often when an installed plant was doing well the users would want to change the style of the package or would make some change in the mechanical character of the material and then changes would have to be made in the apparatus. So between getting up new things and re-adapting old ones there was no rest for the weary. The business got on my nerves at times. On one occasion while I was having a tough time in Minneapolis with some flour weighing and bagging machinery the manager of our company wrote me complaining that I did not write him often enough nor with enough fullness for him to know how the work was progressing. I answered him as follows and was more or less justified in so doing.

Minneapolis, Sept. 9th, 1897.

Mr. X.—

Sir:—

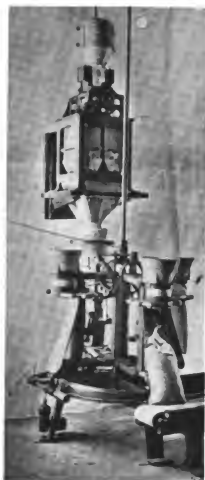
Yours of the 7th calling me to account for not writing you every day, is at hand. I have written you twice at least and I think three times to C— since I have been here. Is it not enough that I have had to work every day in a flour mill with the thermometer at 90° and over, and to con-

tend with the perplexities met in weighing flour and in dealing with mill men, while you are at the sea shore, without having to sit up all night to satisfy your curiosity by daily accounts which would accomplish nothing. What have you been doing for the company while I have been here? Anything great? Do you think I am responsible to you? Do you think I don't know enough to attend to my part of the business? I did not give you 300 shares of stock to have you nagging me and I won't stand it. If I can't be allowed to work in peace I won't work at all and will let the whole business go to the dogs, where it will go if I drop it. You need not keep this letter a secret. The machine made a good run this afternoon. I expect to leave tomorrow evening unless something new turns up.

(Signed) W. E. N.

This letter plainly indicates that my life in those days was no long sweet dream. However I managed to live through it all and came out not so very much the worse for the wear.

The development and installations of machines and apparatus went on



FLOUR WEIGHING MACHINE



uninterruptedly until the year 1900. Installations were made at the following plants: Quaker Oats, Akron, O.; Royal Baking Powder, Brooklyn and Chicago; American Sugar, Brooklyn and Boston; Lion Coffee, Brooklyn; the Pillsbury and the Washburn Crosby Mills, Minneapolis, and very many others. This kept me travelling about the country setting up machines and straightening out troubles when I was not at home designing new machines. The strain was heavy and the cut of myself, a home-made snap shot taken in 1899, shows a very marked aging over the last one shown, which was taken in 1891.

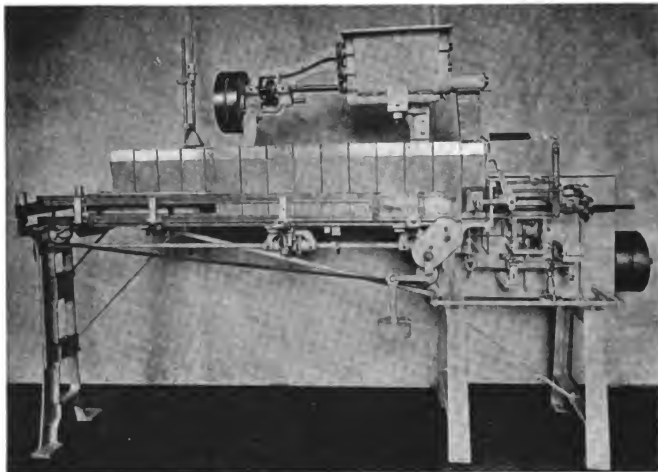
In 1897 and 1898 the Pratt and Whitney Co., of Hartford, Conn., who had a department for the manufacture and sale of weighing machines of a heavy type for bulk grain weighing and registering, were at law with us on account of a patent, which I had written myself, on a new type of compound weighing machine. Although they had very able lawyers they were unable to shake my vital claims. It was during this suit that I first became acquainted with Mr. E. D. Chadwick, the patent attorney of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. Mr. Chadwick has done all of my patent work since that day and you may take my word for it that he has no superior either here or elsewhere.

In 1900 our company absorbed the weighing machine interests of the Pratt and Whitney Co., and reorganized, a half dozen prominent New York and Boston business men coming into the game. Not long after this it was decided to move the business over to Jersey City as the new president and vice-president of the

company were New York men. By this time I had become a pretty small toad in our puddle. I would not move to New York, that was flat. The new managers thought there might be something more to be got out of me and so we made an arrangement. They were to pay me \$2500 per year and I was to spend every Thursday at their Jersey City plant. This arrangement continued until the summer of 1904 when they proposed that I be paid some fixed amount any time they might need me. As the Gillette Safety Razor Company was then getting on its feet, I said goodbye to the weighing machine company forever and shed no tears about it. But I had put a vast amount of thought and hard work into this same weighing machine company and given them their entire mechanical foundation. What they have added to their outfit in the



BAKING POWDER MACHINE



ELECTRIC WEIGHING MACHINE

fourteen years since I left them, or they fired me, as the case may be, I do not know. They are still doing business but I believe pay no dividends. I know some reasons why they have not paid dividends but I do not need to state them here, except to say that the fact that I am not with them is not one of the reasons. After the removal to Jersey City they changed the name of the company, eliminating the "New England" and called themselves the "Automatic Weighing Machine Co."

One of the inventions in which I took especial pride was a machine which weighed tare weight; that is, balanced the receptacle on the scale first and then put the net weight of the material in it. I believe this had never been done before in any form. I have shown cuts of a number of the more important machines which I

designed for the weighing machine company but these show by no means all, or even one-half, of the work that was done. To have done that would require all the pages in the GILLETTE BLADE. During the last few years of the weighing machine company's stay in Boston our shop was at 275 Congress Street. At the time the company moved to Jersey City, Oscar Sorensen of the Gillette Screw Machine Department was elevator boy in the building in which our shop was located. The Gillette Company was no sooner in need of general help in 1903 than Oscar applied for a job and has been with us practically ever since.

On the final reorganization of the company the amount of stock which fell to me was not very large, as the various shifts and divisions which had taken place had kept on paring



WILLIAM F. NICKERSON, 1899

my holdings down toward the vanishing point. When the removal to Jersey City occurred I disposed, in a way, of what I had left for \$2,000, which was about all I ever got back from the business except the meagre salary I had drawn, and was very much less than I had planted in it at the beginning. I cannot charge anyone with having frozen me out of the weighing machine company, or of having wished to do so, but the result was the same, nevertheless. Had I been deliberately squeezed out it would have been an unintentional favor to me, for the business offered me hard work and vexation and little else and it was well for me that I did not stay in it. There was better and

more profitable work in the world that I could do, as subsequent events proved. None of the various enterprises into which I had thrown my energy up to 1901, had possessed very great possibilities, but they were the ones that came to hand and I did my best in them. I can only think that the principal value of my work thus far lay in the fact that I was accumulating knowledge and experience to make the solution of the Gillette problem possible. After the problem was solved it did not look so difficult but at the start it was quite otherwise.

I have now covered my life in these articles up to the time of taking up the Gillette problem. I have by no means covered it thoroughly but have touched a few of the high spots, so to speak. I think my readers will agree that my business career has had some variety, some trials and disappointments and perhaps a few successes and satisfactions. I think they will also agree that if I had a little success that I have in some measure earned it. Doubtless some of my readers have found my articles wearisome and have wished I would hurry up and get to the razor part. In fact, one of my readers told me as much the other day. But I forgave him on the spot because he is a good friend of mine. But it is all over now, I have had my say and next month I shall tell you something about the start of the razor business.

(To be continued in the GILLETTE BLADE for December)

As we go to press the Kaiser is speedily on his way to other parts accompanied by the Clown Quince.



September 27, 1918



October 4, 1918



October 20, 1918

PROGRESS OF NEW FACTORY BUILDING



The Gillette Hospital

A. M. FINNERTY, R. N.

THE Standard Dictionary gives hospital as an institution for the reception, cure and medical treatment of the sick and wounded.

The Gillette hospital goes a step farther in its ministrations than the definition implies. Here advice is given as to how to keep healthy while well, which is as essential as bringing the sick back to health. Such advice is necessarily along preventive rather than curative lines.

Here all the ills to which human flesh is heir are given attention, cuts and burns and bruises, aches of all kinds are cured, each different ache having its own beneficial treatment. Here, too, have requests been made for "something to make me stop laughing" to "something for a cold." It matters not what one's ailment is, a cure is to be found on the well stocked shelves of the hospital's drug store.

The hospital originated early in the history of the Gillette Safety Razor Company—1905. Its particular sphere of work at that time was very limited, and was supervised by Dr. Thomas E. Chandler who made three visits weekly and who responded promptly to "emergency" calls at any time. As time wore on, and as the manufacturing and other problems presented themselves, so the hospital advanced step by step.

In 1906, it was decided there should be some capable person in daily attendance. Such person need have tact, patience and a knowledge of bandaging, etc. Miss Annie McFarland was chosen as the first Gillette hospital attendant, and remained until 1908.

Miss Edith Cousins, the first graduate nurse in charge of our hospital, succeeded Miss McFarland, remaining for three years.

In 1911 "the welfare worker," as Mrs. Johnson is known by the Boston City Hospital, was selected to look after the hospital. The excellent work done by Mrs. Johnson speaks for itself and needs no comment. It was with the appointment of Mrs. Johnson that statistics became available. There were, at that time, about five hundred employees in the Factory. There were accidents then

probably more in proportion to the number of employees, than today.

With the advent of safety devices and the attaching of same to every machine about which there was the slightest doubt as to its catching the fingers or the clothing of an employee, and the words of caution given by the management, accidents decreased considerably.

This is the more appreciated when I say that 98% of the treatments of the fifty odd daily visitors to the hospital at this time are of a minor character. And the loss of time going to the hospital for treatment and return to station is almost negligible, so well does everyone co-operate. By maintaining the hospital and two full-

time nurses the employee has stayed "on the job" and production has not been diminished.

In July of the present year the writer came and found a hospital that was replete with all the necessary equipment to take care of any minor accident or illness that might befall our workers.

The customary Gillette foresight has considered your safety, and in our new building it is planned to have a new hospital, more commodious than the present, with new and additional equipment, and its functions will probably be along broader lines. The new hospital, while it is to be larger, is not to convey the idea that accidents will be more numerous, hence the need for more space, but that the hospital shall be prepared for the handling of emergencies when they arise, in a better, more efficient manner if that is possible, than before.

Sing a song of Thrift Stamps,
A pocket full of dough;
Lend it to your country
And make the war fund grow.

When five years are over
The U. S. Government
Will give you back your capital
Enriched by four per cent!

Contributed by ANNA MULHON,
Leather Goods Dept.



MRS. G. A. JOHNSON, MISS A. M. FINNERTY



Somewhere where the sun ain't set yet

Dear Mick

Things is warming up and your going to miss the time of your young life pretty soon. Back from Russia comes a lot more Huns full of funny ideas. Them ginks Mick has made themselves believe, and have crust enough to think they can, bust our line and ramble around just where they feel like going. Watch em, but! Oh baby! There's a lot of guys around here that's got a notion the fighting process is going to be filled with good shooting and Hun Casualties. You know what the French done to that gang at Verdun that won't be a circumstance to the strafing we got ready to hand them. Our artillery is sore, they got so many shells they want double barrelled cannon now shootin one at a time don't please that bunch of first class murderers a bit - and the bird men are immense gee Mick when they want some fun they got to mix it with Fritz's infantry for his planes is like our rum - impossible to find in quantity.

Maybe this trip I'll get that Blight,
that's due me. I suppose I couldn't loiter
around a hospital, drink tea and shoot the bull,
just as well as you did? - not that you ain't
good at it, but I'm some goer
myself and the "jungle of Monro" is
a picnic to what I've seen after a
few shots of Vin Ordinaire



IN A LITTLE ARGUMENT I BEAT HIM 10 TO 0

few and of Sam Swinnard
 Say all the money in the world
 must be in Canada and the U.S.A.
 Every time I try for 10 extra francs
 the paymaster calls me out with
 "Don't you know there's a war on"
 I come back at him last time
 and says "that's true but that don't
 get me safety razor blades." "show
 me your razor." Says he and I
 yanked that little old Gillette
 Service flat out of my tunic pocket
 Bingo! right off the bat he takes
 one look and says "Will you sell it?" but private
 he wasnt having any at any price. "Twenty five francs
 for it," says he. I weakened but when I thought how well
 I was off for comfort in the shaving line, I says "No." "Well,"
 I says he "lose it some day and tell me where it dropped." "Not
 while I'm conscious," says I and we quit arguing - but
 I got the 10 for blades. Well old scout here we finish one
 more. Behave and vote for larger back yards yours
 Joe

COURTESY OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



GILLETTE BLADE REPORTERS, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER

Back row, left to right: — Caroline Jones, Gladys Stevens, Mary Henigan, Margaret Mills, Edward F. Ferry, John F. McAvoy, Leo F. Caldwell, Thomas P. Kelley, Edward T. Creighton, Kathryn J. Travers, Agnes Donahue, Alice Brusard, Mary Hall.

Front Row: — Grace E. Logan, Bessie Major, Alvina Oster, Alice E. Burke, Helen Crowley.

Missing: — Joseph Sullivan, B. J. O'Donnell, Michael A. O'Donnell.

The reporters for THE BLADE for September, October and November carried out their duties so well that the Factory Notes Department has become an exceptionally interesting department.

They have set a mark for future reporters—one which it will not be easy to overcome. This is an incentive for the December, January and February reporters whose names will appear in the December issue.



GILLETTE POLICE FORCE

Left to right: — Henry M. Nash, Edward Boushell, Jeremiah McCarthy, Frank O. Ripley, John H. Horrigan, Frederic B. Montgomery



The First Annual Picnic of the Canadian "Gillette Social Club"

G. P. SHORTEDE

Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

THE Gillette Social Club (affiliated with The Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited) held their first annual picnic and games at Lavaltrie, Que., on September 7th, and a most enjoyable day's outing was spent by the members, fellow-employees and invited guests.

The Steamer "Three Rivers" was chartered by the Club for the day and we left Victoria Pier, Montreal, at 9 a. m. After a most enjoyable three-hours' sail down the beautiful St. Lawrence River, we arrived at Lavaltrie at 12 m.

Owing to the Canadian Government Food Conservation restrictions most of the party brought their own lunches, so upon arrival of the boat we all adjourned to the Pine Grove where ample provision had been made by the committee in charge for our convenience and reception.

After luncheon the Sports Committee commenced their program of athletic sports which consisted of foot races for children and adults of all ages. Also novelty races such as sack race, human wheelbarrow race, egg and spoon race, thread the needle race, and cigarette and carry race. The latter caused much amusement as the gentleman after having had his cigarette lighted by a lady, who

had to sprint 50 yards to reach him, was obliged to take the lady up in his arms and carry her back to the starting point (50 yards). This race was won by our Purchasing Agent,

Mr. J. A. Aird, who had for his partner Miss R. D. Clark of the general office staff.

The tug of war between teams representing the Handle Department, Steam Fitters, etc., vs. the Rest was strenuously contested and resulted in the "Rest" finally winning out by a very slight margin.

Possibly the most popular event on the program was the Departmental relay race for a very handsome silver cup presented by the Executive and Staff of the General Office. Teams for this event were made up of two ladies and two gentlemen running in relays of a quarter of a mile each. On the first lap the office team had an ad-

vantage until Mrs. Emerson slipped and fell about 200 yards out. The other competitors were pretty evenly bunched, but owing to good individual work by each runner Mr. C. Morrison's team consisting of Mr. H. Moore, Miss P. Young, Mr. V. Mulhearn and Miss V. Smith (all of the Honing Department) were the winners.

On the return trip home Mr. N. P. Petersen (General Superintend-



**Gillette
Social Club**

**ANNUAL
PIC-NIC**

TO

Lavaltrie

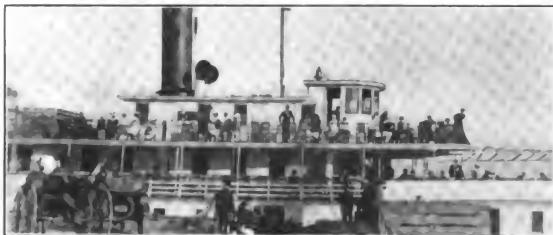
BY

S.S. Three Rivers

ON

Sat. Sept. 7th, 1918

MEMBER



EMBARKING
AT VICTORIA
PIER

WINNERS
GILLETTE
PERPETUAL
TROPHY



ent) assisted by the President of the Social Club and other members of the Executive distributed the prizes to the successful competitors, after which the dancing competition took place for which Mr. Shea and Miss M. E. Cunningham kindly officiated as judges.

The contests were exceptionally close and the judges had to have several competitor's dance a second time before the final decision could be given.

A very interesting competition was to guess how many razor blades there were in a large sealed glass bottle. This was won by Mr. Poole (Chemist) whose guess of 4,750 was the closest to the actual count of 4,746. Several other very interesting raffles, etc., took place during the trip, and before the steamer re-docked at the Victoria Pier the orchestra rendered the following respective Na-

tional Anthems: "God Save the King," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Marseillaise," and others.

The boat docked on schedule time at 9 p.m. and all agreed that the first annual picnic and games of the "Gillette Social Club" had been a great success and very much enjoyed by everybody.

Owing to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bittues were out of town (in Boston) on important business we were deprived of the honor of their company, but our ever-thoughtful "Commander-in-Chief" wired us his and Mrs. Bittues' regrets at not being able to be present and sent their best wishes for the success of our picnic.

Many prizes were kindly donated by some of the local wholesale houses with whom our company do business, which plainly shows the esteem in which the firm is held and the good-



FINISH OF
LADIES'
75 YARD
RACE

TRAINING
FOR THE
CONTESTS



will and fellowship towards us of those we come in contact with commercially. Unfortunately space does not permit of our publishing their names and donations.

Many additional prizes were purchased by the committee (out of the cash donations) amongst which were electric lamp for living room, ladies' sterling silver vanity case, dolls, boxes of candy, silver mounted briar pipes, watches, work baskets, sewing sets, etc. A very handsome gold mounted umbrella was raffled for the benefit of the Club funds and was won by Mr. Stanley Mavor (foreman Stropping Department). These prizes were sorted out by the committee and allotted for the most suitable events.

Program of athletic events:

50 yards, boys under 7 years, handicap, employees' children—1st, Master S. Delaney; 2nd, A. Hogg.

50 yards, girls under 7 years, handicap, employees' children—1st, Miss G. Bellec; 2nd, Miss E. May Walker.

100 yards, boys 15 years and under, hand-

icap, employees' children—1st, Master David Lamb; 2nd, Master Arthur Aird.

100 yards, girls, 16 years and under, handicap, employees' children—1st, Miss E. Jackson; 2nd, Miss G. Major.

75 yards, boys, 12 years and under, handicap, open—1st, Master A. Aird; 2nd, Master Chas. Bellec.

75 yards, girls, 12 years and under, handicap, open—1st, Miss R. Walker, 2nd, Miss Q. Bray.

100 yards, single men's, handicap, employees—1st, M. Paquette; 2nd, W. G. Marks.

75 yards, single ladies, employees—1st, Miss R. Bennie; 2nd, Miss L. Forsythe.

75 yards, ladies, open—1st, Miss E. Carmady; 2nd, Miss R. Stewart.

50 yards, married ladies, open—1st, Mrs. A. E. O'Hara; 2nd, Mrs. H. Giles.

220 yards, men's (scratch) open—1st, M. Paquette; 2nd, W. F. Shaver.

75 yards dash, married men's, employees—1st, H. Moore; 2nd, Jas. Bolton.

Three-legged race (men's) 75 yards, employees—1st, Messrs. E. Lacaille and J. Vincent; 2nd, Messrs. S. Mavor and P. Lacaille.

Ladies' thread-the-needle race, 50 yards (scratch), employees—1st, Miss M. McMahon; 2nd, Ruth Murray.

Cigarette and carry, novelty race, 50 yards, open—1st, Miss Clark and Mr. Aird; 2nd, Miss Campbell and Mr. A. E. O'Hara.

Tug of War, 1st Floor vs. Rest—C. J. Morrison (captain). Individual prizes to



winning team.—M. Ciktor, J. Victor, J. H. Webb, W. J. Goslin, E. Lacaille, S. Paquette.

Fat Men's Race (over 170 lbs.) 75 yards, employees.—Cancelled.

Egg and Spoon Race for ladies, (open) —1st, Miss R. Stewart; 2nd, Miss D. Levesque.

Human Wheelbarrow (Men).—Open.—1st, Master D. Lamb and J. A. Aird; 2nd, Messrs. C. Wight and J. Bolton.

Foreladies' Race, 50 yards—1st, Miss O'Donnell; 2nd, Miss F. Hone.

Foremen's Race, 75 yards—1st, P. Lacaille; 2nd, S. Mavor.

Sack Race (Employees)—1st, P. Lacaille; 2nd, E. J. Smith.

440 yards (open)—1st, W. Lawrence; 2nd, H. Moore.

Departmental Relay Race (Teams 4 persons each). Prize, Perpetual Cup, donated by the Executive Staff of the Gillette S. R. Co. of Canada, Ltd.—Mr. H. Moore, Miss P. Young, Mr. V. Mulhearn, Miss V. Smith.

75 yards dash—Ladies Office Staff—1st, Mrs. Emerson; 2nd, Miss Murray.

75 yards dash—Gents Office Staff—1st, W. F. Shaver; 2nd, W. G. Marks.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Dancing

One Step Competition (Open)—1st, Miss A. Rennie and Miss Grangel; 2nd, Mr. J. Bolton and Miss Campbell.

Waltz Competition (Open)—1st, Mr. Delahanty and Mrs. A. E. O'Hara; 2nd, Mr. Bolton and Miss Rennie.

Fox Trot Competition (Open)—1st, Mr. Bolton and Miss G. Cheney; 2nd, Mr. A. Rennie and Miss A. Durkin.

Blade Guessing Competition (Open)—Mr. Poole, 4,746 blades.

Orchestra—"God Save the King," "The Marseillaise," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Auld Lang Syne," "Good Night, Ladies."

REMARKS AND NOTES

The sail down the beautiful St. Lawrence River gave all an opportunity to view a section of the farming country of this Province from an unusual position—and the habitants were seen at their daily duties of attending to their crops, cattle, etc., in their usual peaceful manner.

Many beautiful summer residences are built on the river banks somewhat similar to those between New York and Albany on the Hudson River.

The distance from Montreal city to Lavaltrie is 30 miles.

Mrs. M. R. Bittues acted as chaperone to a number of the young ladies who came



THE GILLETTE CHALLENGE CUP

unaccompanied and her loving and motherly disposition was always in evidence.

At the Pine Grove, Lavaltrie, where the party luncheoned, the habitants had erected large "gypsy pots" out of which they supplied the visitors with boiling water for five cents per gallon.

The farmers also delivered fresh milk to the picnickers for a nominal sum.

A few members of the party engaged one of the country conveyances to drive them from the boat to the picnic grounds, a distance of a few hundred yards, and experienced quite a little fun with the "cocher" and "cheval" respectively—the cheval having not been given his usual noon-day ration of hay refused to draw the load until a guarantee had been given that his meal would be forthcoming at the end of the drive. After the promise had been accepted "Mon cheval" with the assistance of the occupants (who had to get out and push) reached his destination quite safely and got his meal—and probably a good licking later from Pere Narcisse for his bad behavior before strangers.

Judging by the picnic baskets there was no "food shortage" at Lavaltrie on September 7th.

The habitant village was "en fête" for the day and we had quite a large crowd of spectators at our "sports," etc.



The Gillette Blade



Nothing in the commissariat line had been overlooked—even the bottle of milk for Mr. W. G. Marks' mid-day meal was supplied!

The sale of the badges and programs, the raffle of the umbrella and the blade-guessing competition were all bright ideas and brought in nearly one hundred dollars to the club's funds.

Dancing to the beautiful music supplied by Mr. Shea's orchestra was much enjoyed by all.

Amongst our guests were many blue-blooded Americans whom we were careful to make feel at home, and judging by their remarks they "had a good time."

The little girl (three years old) who picked out the winning ticket for the umbrella raffle was presented with a beautiful doll which delighted her beyond description and she joyfully kissed Mr. Shortrede as a token of her delight.

A professional photographer had been engaged for the day but was unable to come. We are therefore very much indebted to Mr. Poole (our chemist) for the snapshots used in connection with this article.

The unsolicited cash donations amounted to over one hundred dollars.

The result of the human wheelbarrow race was a great surprise. Mr. Aird and "David" (one of our office boys) teamed up splendidly and were easily "the best of the field."

Mrs. O'Hara showed good "foot work" both on the grass track and on the dancing platform. Congratulations, Mrs. O'Hara.

Paul Lacaille showed himself to be quite a good all round athlete by winning several events against "classy" fields.

Eddie Smith was carefully "marked" by his fellow competitors. Very good, Eddie!

Didn't we all feel sorry for the "wee tots" when they fell in their races and let up a bawl; but some of them showed remarkable knowledge and speed for their age.

Messrs. P. T. Flanagan and T. E. Charlebois were of great assistance to the committee and kindly took charge of the cash receipts on the trip.

A New York American promised us, if we held our picnic on the 4th of July next year, he would fill the boat.

Will the gentlemen who took Mr. Eddie Young's "life preserver" in mistake (?) kindly return it to 73 St. Alexander Street?



WE donbt if ever a more timely and appealing poster has graced the boards than our Christmas "Santa Claus" poster. To the vast army of people interested in our soldiers—and that means every person in the country—this poster will be of keen interest. It has human appeal in the highest degree—couples up Gillette with the soldiers in a masterful way—and will go far to cement the good will of the buying public.



With the Gillette Boys



"SUNNY" FRANCE A MISNOMER— PASSING AROUND THE GILLETTE BLADE

*Somewhere in France,
August 7, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

I will now try and write you a few lines as it was some time ago since I wrote before.

Everything is pretty fair, considering what we just went through. You may see for yourself just what happened by the daily papers and about the little happenings that have befallen any of the boys from the shop. If they received any injuries they were only minor ones and not serious enough to cause alarm.

I suppose by now that Frank Ward is somewhere over here or is he still stationed down at the Southern Depot.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I want to say a word about THE BLADE. I used to be a constant reader of THE BLADE, but up to the present time I have not received the June or July issues. If they were sent to me I never received them and probably they got lost enroute. I found THE BLADE very interesting and when I get through reading it I always pass it to the next man. When he finishes with it he also passes it on, so in that way every man in the Company has a chance to read the Gillette news. One fellow here has a sister working in the plant and he also takes great interest in reading it.

I am writing this chiefly to let you know how I miss THE BLADE and also to let you know that I have not been receiving it in case you have been forwarding each issue to me. With patience I will await your answer as to the above.

Now for a word about France. I, like a great many more of the boys, do not know where they got the name of "Sunny France." All we are having for the past two weeks is rain, rain, rain and it does make it very hard sledding. Back home we wouldn't see this much rain all sum-

mer. It constantly rains from morn until night.

I suppose by now that the new building is already occupied and there is a great rush of business around there.

I suppose you are watching the papers for the outcome which may take place here day by day. I see where the Gillette people over-subscribed in a little fund that they were raising.

Is Fred Curran still around or has he joined some branch of the service? Please remember me to him.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I must bring this letter to a close as I have quite a few more letters to write yet while I have the chance. Hoping to hear from you in the near future and that this letter finds you in good health, I remain,

Yours truly,

Private JAMES H. WALLACE,
Company D, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

NAVY LIFE IS GREAT—A COS- MOPOLITAN CROWD BUT EVERY ONE A MAN

August 17, 1918.

DEAR UNCLE:—

At last I am in the Navy where I wanted to be; last time I failed but not this time, and believe me it is great. I like this life immensely. We get up at 5.30 A. M. and go to bed at 9.30. We sleep in tents out in the open air. I never felt better in all my life. The food is good and wholesome, nothing fancy you know.

We drill an hour in the A. M. and an hour in the P. M. We get instructions for an hour each P. M., drill thirty minutes before breakfast and smoke cigars (when we have them or the price of them) and cigarettes the rest of the day.

In my tent there are two other fellows; one a Jew, the other a Swede, but we get along nicely.

I see quite a few Gillette books in the Y. M. C. A. about the Army and Navy and



they are very interesting. Three cheers for K. C. Gillette.

Well, Uncle, I hope everything is well with you and I will write again later. I will not be home for three weeks yet.

Your Nephew,

ARTHUR H. GRENIER,
Sec. E, 25 U. S. N. S., Hingham, Mass.

JOHNNIE HURLEY OF THE 26TH DIVISION PUTS HUNS TO ROUT

*Somewhere in France,
August 28th, 1918.*

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Received your most welcome letter and was sure glad to hear from you. I am in the best of health and so are all the boys. We are now resting after the big drive and all are enjoying themselves. The weather is good and warm, so every day we go in swimming and play ball, football and other sports.

I suppose the papers are full of news about the 26th Division work in the big drive. All the boys worked hard and drove the Hun back quite a distance. The Huns do not know what to make of the boys from the U. S., as they fight different from the other Allied troops. The boys took some prisoners, but most of the Germans they saw as they passed were either dead or wounded, as the rest of them beat it away. By the way the Allies are driving them at the present time I think they will quit soon, as we have quite a few divisions over here now and all are ready to do "their bit."

I had a letter from Frank Ward and was glad to hear he has been made a lieutenant and I hope to see him when he gets over here. When I received your letter I also got one from Arthur Olsen and he says the factory is very busy, working night and day. I am glad to hear that and hope it keeps up. Almost every soldier over here is now shaving with the Gillette, so you see how popular it is getting to be. In my opinion when the war is over everyone will be using the Gillette, as it is giving satisfaction to all who use it.

I had a letter from George Anderson of the 103rd and he says he is in good health and having a good time. I only saw him once since we came to France but hope to see him soon again. All the boys were glad to hear of George Evans' promotion and hope he will go higher. Every day I see Al Page, Herbie Ryan, Owen McAteer, George McDonald and the rest of the boys



WILLIAM CROWLEY

are all O. K. At the present time Mattie Mullen is in the hospital, having been slightly wounded, but is almost well now, so we expect him back soon.

Well, Mr. Thompson, I would like to tell you some things about the big drive, but the censor is always on the job, so I will have to tell you some other time. I will close and will write soon again. Hoping this finds you and everybody in the best of health, I am

Yours truly,

JOHN J. HURLEY,
Co. B, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

WALTER KENNEY SAYS THE A. E. F. WILL BE IN GERMANY SOON

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. GALE:—

Received the poem entitled "There's a Reason" and I think it is the truth about the Huns worrying. They certainly have cause to worry. The prisoners that are now coming in are young boys and old men. They are licked and they know it.

I received the BLADE and will read it right through as soon as I get a chance.

I hope you are well and the same to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Goodsell. Give them all my regards.

We are awfully busy following up the drives and will be in Germany pretty soon.

Hoping to hear from Mr. Thompson and yourself soon, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Private WALTER KENNEY,
Evacuation Hospital No. 5, A. E. F.



HAGOP KOCHADORIAN

PRIV. ALLEN ON A TRUCK TRAIN
WHICH KEEPS HIM
VERY BUSY

*Somewhere in France,
September 2, 1918.*

DEAR SIR:—

I guess you all will think I have forgotten to write, but here goes.

I am on detached duty from my Company on a truck train, and on the road most of the time. I have very little time to write and receive letters only once in a while.

I have seen quite a lot of the country, but there is a lot more I have not seen. I hope I can get a chance to look around more after they have this thing all settled.

Give my regards to everyone, and hope

you are in good health. I am feeling fine all the time and certainly will be glad when I get back to the States.

Cannot think of any more so will close. With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

Private IRWYN F. ALLEN,

Co. C, U. S. Eng., A. E. F., A. P. O. 713.

*Paris, France,
October 5th, 1918.*

MR. LOUIS GALE,
Gillette War Committee,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

MY DEAR MR. GALE:—

I am in receipt of your letter of September 9th, with enclosure of 33 cards giving personal statistics of Gillette men now serving in various branches of our forces.

It will give me great pleasure to serve these men in any way possible and will advise you as they reach Paris.

Up to this writing I have entertained the following men:

Harold DeCourcy
George F. Evans
James L. Glasheen
Arthur H. Mahoney
William J. McCarthy
Albert W. Page
Samuel T. Wright

Thanking you for this opportunity of being of service, I am

Yours very truly,

W. H. BARRY.

Additions to Gillette Roll of Honor

Herman J. Schorle, Draughting Dept.
Frank Sykora, Store Room 2 "C"
Edward A. Welch, Handle Press Dept.
John Henry Daunt, Machine Shop
Charles Johnson, Purchasing Dept.
Henry Collins, Paint Shop
Edwin L. Shedd, Draughting Dept.
A. J. Wesnesky, Machine Shop

Leroy H. Crosby, Machine Shop

George Spiers, Grinding Dept.
John H. Murray, Store Room 2 "C"
Joseph Sullivan, Store Room 2 "C"
Patrick J. Gorham, Store Room 2 "C"
George R. Duggan, Buffing Dept.
John A. Fleming, Buffing Dept.
Samuel Gould, Buffing Dept.
Andrew J. Keefe, Buffing Dept.



\$140,000—Employees' Subscription to the Fighting Fourth Liberty Loan Company Subscribes \$600,000

GILLETTE co-workers have an inspiring record to look back upon, not only for their accomplishments during the war, but for every thing they have undertaken.



MR. THOMPSON

Our Superintendent, Mr. Thompson, refused to give us his picture for publication in "The Blade." To an editor a refusal means absolutely nothing, so we simply stole this photo.

The latest, and probably the greatest record, is the wonderful manner in which they have put across the Fourth Liberty Loan.

With approximately two thousand employees in our Boston factory, \$140,000.00 was subscribed. This is an average of \$70.00 for every Gillette co-worker!

There is no worth to false modesty. Every man and woman in this organization should be justly proud of this imposing record. The newspapers of Boston considered it a remarkable occurrence—and gave it wide publicity.

The Gillette spirit always wins.

The influenza epidemic, and the German peace proposals, considered by many as propaganda to discourage the Fourth Liberty Loan, at one time in the campaign caused a feeling that the success of the Loan would be seriously impaired.

This Company had subscribed \$300,000.00 during the first of the campaign, but when failure seemed imminent, immediately doubled their

subscription, making a grand total of \$600,000.00 subscribed to the Fighting Fourth Liberty Loan.

In addition, the Company used full page advertisements in several publications, donated space on illuminated signs, and used all other means at their disposal to make the loan successful.

Thousands of organizations are as patriotic as the Gillette Safety Razor Co., thousands of organizations do as much as this Company, but we pride ourselves that no other company is more patriotic or does more to back up our boys than the Gillette Safety Razor Co.



MR. ROCK

There are very few in the organization who are unacquainted with Mr. Rock, our Assistant Superintendent, but for those few, if any, the above reproduction. If it were not so undignified we would say something about the C---y K-d.

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE

Contributed by
C. E. Rock

Be big-hearted and open-handed in entertaining your soldier—he deserves anything you can do for him, BUT—! Don't let him suffer for your loving-kindness.

A. W. O. L. (absent-without-leave) means that a soldier has failed to report *on time*, and may prevent his rejoining his regiment bound for France.

Loving friends and kinfolks of a soldier, who through a mistaken sense of hospitality, urge him to overstay his pass are unwittingly hurting their soldier-man and helping the Kaiser.

Don't put temptation in a soldier's way. "Send him away with a Smile" before it's too late, to catch that last train to camp.



Factory Notes



MRS. MARGARET DALY

(Nee Miss Smith)

For the first thing in the Factory Notes Department, we can't think of anything better than a picture of Mrs. Daly. Mrs. Daly is the first person to greet a visitor to our organization and the last to see him go.

In the recent game of Bid Whist between the Grinding Room vs. Tool Breakers, the grinders won 191-112. Where did Benny Frank and Boudreau get the impression that they were card players?

Why shouldn't the Grinding Room win, with Eva Yagman coaching from the side lines and Clinton keeping score?

We are all very much pleased to know Mr. J. S. Kennedy received the assignment in Washington, D. C., and we are all wondering if the walls in Washington are any softer than the ones in Boston. We all know how well he likes to run his motor cycle into something solid.

Mr. Ripley, the Special Officer at Information, will have more time to practice on his harmonica when the new clock system is arranged on each floor.

Miss H. Daly, formerly of the Credit Department, is now stenographer in the Shipping Department.

The Handle Inspection Department 4 D, has already commenced to receive donations for the coming Red Cross Bazaar. "Pop Bateman" started the ball rolling by securing six donations from some friends in Somerville. He says he does not want to have all the honors to himself,—“Nuff Sed.”

Mr. R. E. Thompson, our General Superintendent, is getting to be a wonderful cook. When it comes to mashed potatoes and pop-overs, he is willing to compete with anybody. “How about it, Mr. Thompson?”

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Miss H. Daly, formerly of the Credit Department, is now stenographer in the Shipping Department.

A shipment consisting of sixty-six pairs of socks has been shipped to France. These were sent direct to Mr. William H. Barry, Manager of our Paris Office, who has kindly consented to distribute two pairs of these socks to each of the thirty-three Gillette boys now in France.

Don't forget the “Gillette Red Cross Bazaar.” We want everyone to do his or her bit towards making it a great success. Those who have never taken chances before in their life will have many opportunities of doing so here. We are planning on having a social time with dancing, refreshments, etc., as well as a business time, and we hope everyone will do their best for the “Red Cross” as it is to help “Our Boys” over here and across.

If Florence of the Fifth Floor “C” will come to the Shipping Department we will gladly show her one of the new “Navy Sets.” Royal may like one for Christmas.

Show no quarter to the enemy; invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.



MR. READ

Mr. Read didn't intend to stick his tongue out at the photographer. He was simply thinking that it was Luncheon Day at Young's and was anticipating the pleasure.

The Committee in charge of the Red Cross Bazaar in the Handle Press Department urgently requests all employees in the department to get together and bring the department “Over the Top” in the coming bazaar. The department has been going over quite often lately but we want to go over bigger than ever this time and have a lot of room to spare when we get over.

Come on now, wake up, boost the bazaar and put the Handle Press Department in the lead. We are up there, we belong there, and we are going to stay there.



Miss Della Flaherty of the Handle Press Department 2 "D" recently appeared in action attired in overalls. "Jimmy," as she is called in the department, is now looking after the riveting and threading machines. At present her principal tool consists of an oil can. She says as long as she can oil up the machines, she might as well look after the shafting.

A short time ago one of the belts looked a little shaky, and Della looking up at the belt remarked, "If that belt will stay on until I get my overalls, I'll get up and fix it." You got them now, Della, go to it. It has been rumored that she has purchased a step-ladder and is now practicing going up and down the ladder without falling off. Now we are all waiting to see her fix the shafting.

Miss Edith Kennison's familiar "How are you now" is known all over the 3rd Floor Building "C," but the name of Jack Curtis will soon be as popular.

A certain young lady who operates a Guard Saw on the Third Floor, Building "C," has been trying on about every ring she can find. We would suggest that about the easiest way to get the size of a ring is to take a piece

of string and bring it around the finger till the ends meet, then send it to him. It is a long distance from Colorado to Boston.



MR. GALE

Every Gillette boy in the Service, to say nothing of the rest of us, thinks a whole lot of Mr. Gale. As Secretary of the War Committee, he has put forth strenuous efforts to make things easier for Gillette boys.

John Gately of 3 "C" is seriously thinking of joining the Service as an expert on gas and chemicals. John is now engaged in tending the soda kettle and says that the steam would kill the whole German army.

Miss Margaret Lee, 2 "D," now spends her noon hour learning to do crocheting. We can guess the rest.

Miss Gertrude McCarthy, 2 "D," is beginning



MR. BLANK

Last month you read Mr. Chas. Schwab's letter to Mr. Gillette. The razor set Mr. Schwab acknowledged was engraved by Mr. Blank. It isn't necessary to add that "Gillette" engraving is on a par with Gillette razors.



MISS FLORENCE BRADY

Some of the good things you've read in "The Blade" were the inspirations of Miss Brady. A demure smile like that would get by any editor's desk.

to get thin. What's the matter, Gertie—have the jelly rolls gone up?

Records are short-lived in the Handle Press Department 3 "C." In the last issue of the *BLADE* it was stated that C. Clancy had made a new record for forming Guards or Caps, by forming 46,000 P. E. Guards in nine hours. This record has been put in the shade by Paul Broussard who formed 48,000 P. E. Guards.

His name is Paul, He may be kind of small; He is not very tall, But he makes the guards fall.

The Machine Shop Quartet, which will be organized in the near future, will comprise Joe Cotey, Martin Gaygin, Jelley and Quinn. For a director, George Hardwick will be unanimously elected.

Gertrude Murphy of 4 "D" went roller skating the other evening at the Arena. She must have made a clean sweep, judging by the bright looking floor the next morning. However, this is the *fall* season, Gertrude.

Get together, everybody, and bend every effort to assist the Gillette Red Cross Unit to make the coming Bazaar and Dance in Macallen Hall a success. Possibly on the success of this affair may depend the coming of an elaborate program that will bring all the employees to a closer social atmosphere.

So get together, everybody, and make this affair one grand round of pleasure for such a worthy cause as the Red Cross is, the grandest charitable institution in the world.

Matty Ryan of the Printing Department is just dying to get in the Army so his girl will send him cigarettes and candy.



MISS DRISCOLL

"The Blade" has been wanting for a long time to obtain a good picture of Miss Driscoll, of the Leather Goods Department. Every two or three days something good comes from Miss Driscoll for "The Blade"—and now we are trying to reciprocate.



Say to the world "Good morning,"
And don't be afraid to smile;
Face it and all it brings you
With faith in the afterwhile.
For the noon and the night shall follow
And both have tried you then,
To see if your heart is hollow
Or strong with the strength of men.
Say to the world "Good morning,"
And take your task with a thrill,
With a heart for the work before you,
And a dauntless will.

Submitted by ANNA M. FINERTY.

Captain Fred Montgomery of the "Gillette Police Force" has been taking "piano lessons" of Brother Rivers of the Loft.

John Horrigan, our popular police officer, has become an accomplished milliner and is going to join the November Class Millinery Club at the "Wells Memorial." Show a little "Pep," John.



The girls of the Blade Packing Department are "Hooverizing" on luncheons since they started working for the "Red Cross Bazaar."

Christine Neagle of the Stock Department was tendered a Surprise Party at her home Sunday, October 27th, 1918, and was presented with a very handsome wrist watch by her friends.

MISS ROYCROFT

When a man buys a Gillette he finds it encased in a cardboard carton. Miss Roycroft is Forewoman of the department that makes these cartons. Miss Roycroft is a "Blade" contributor.

A diamond on the left hand of Esther Molway of the Hardening Dept. reveals a little secret, which seems to tell us that Esther will soon be cooking lots of goodies; but we pity Sam's indigestion.

Officer Montgomery is carrying a new burden (?) these days on his upper lip. "Cheer up, Monty," the use of a Gillette Razor before retiring at night will bring instant relief.

"Gasolene Joe" made a trip to North Reading recently and got the body for the new truck.

Ask Isaac Raskin why he didn't keep the date with the girl to see the Follies? Reason—he was afraid of losing a bet of five dollars.



Mr. Leo F. Caldwell, formerly Assistant Foreman of the Shipping Department, has been promoted to Traffic Manager.

Mrs. Martha Ford, who for the past year worked in the Stropping Department, passed away at her home after suffering a few days with Spanish Influenza.

Tom Leonard and Lawrence McCarthy have organized a new club. There has been donated a baby grand piano and pool table. Tom has already started vocal lessons and Lawrence is getting to be quite a pool player. This club is for only talented young men,—a good place to spend your evenings during the winter.

A new addition to the Gillette forces. Arthur La Porte, who has just reached his 15th birthday, entered the employ of the Gillette Safety Razor Company October 9th in the Mailing Department.

Miss Vivienne Francis of the Gillette Pay Roll Department left October 19th to be married to Mr. Benjamin Phillips on October 24th. After an extended wedding trip through New York State Mr. and Mrs. Phillips will reside at 36 Lynfells Parkway, Melrose, Mass. Miss Francis was presented with a very beautiful dinner set by her office associates.

"Johnny Fitz" would have cause for envy if he heard Fred Pierce, our genial night watchman's rendition of "Sweet Adeline" assisted by "Phil" Kenyon and "Cockey" Velmore of Department 4 D. Fred says: "They can't pitch the key too high for him, the sky is the limit." They will gladly sing free at the Kaiser's funeral.

Frank Glassette says "that the girls of today fall for anything in pants." You're right, Frank. It was not so long ago that you marched up the aisle with slow music.

William F. Boushell has been transferred from Camp Upton, New York, to Fort Williams, Me.

Edward Sommerville from Roxbury and Raymond Detry from the South End have recently joined the Shipping force.



We are all glad to have Miss Inez Boudreau and Miss Jane Penney back with us again.

"Eddie Caron" wants to join the Aviation Corps. Eddie hopes to be an angel sometime and is anxious to learn how to fly while he is young.

I wonder why John "Pat" Blake of Dept. 4 "D," the Billiard Expert, has decided to launder his own shirts and collars? John says "there is 2-in-1 polish, 3-in-1 oil, and 4-in-1 cell out in Station 17."

The sympathy of all is extended to Miss Mary R. Sullivan of the Legal Department in the loss of her mother who passed away at her home Saturday, October 26th, 1918.

They say that oxygen beautifies the complexion. If this is so, then the air in 4 "D" must be overloaded with it judging by the pink and white complexions on some of the fair ones. Oh! Piffle—why rub it in.

Annie and Lily are buying a lot of peanuts these days. "The shells make good gas masks for our boys over there."

Since Uncle Sam has called W. Walsh to the colors, "F. G. Brady" has a lot of evenings to embroider for the Red Cross Bazaar.

Mary O'Neil of the Handle Inspection Department was bridesmaid for her sister, Katherine O'Neil, a former employee of the 2nd floor office, who was married to Mitchell Barber October 23rd, 1918. We are all admiring Mary's diamond pendant. Keep the good work up, Mary.

I wonder why Paul McCann of the Machine Shop always leaves the elevator at 4 D these days. There is a reason you *may* be sure. Incidentally Paul has become one of "Joe the Fruit Man's" best customers.

Lawrence Foubister of Stock Department D, soon will be sailing across the sea. He went to Camp Devens to learn to run, and soon he expects to be chasing the Hun.

Since the ban in the quarantine has been lifted at Camp Devens, H. O'N wears a smile every Monday morning. Tom is responsible for it.

Roy Pickering of the Electrical Department has been going down to Hingham every Saturday fishing for smelts—so anybody who wishes to buy some may give him their order and he will see that they are fresh when you get them. He claims he has been getting from ten to twelve pounds

every Saturday and Sunday, but we boys of the Electrical Dept. have not seen any as yet.

Louis Cody of 4 "D" says that Gillette employees should make successful farmers, because they make the best razors (raisers). Now we know Louis sits up late thinking. String beans and "spuds" are Louis' specialty.

Jack Goquen of the Electrical Dept. spent his vacation at his mother's home at Canobie Lake, N. H. While there he committed a crime of murder, by drowning a black cat which was sickly. A few days later he was shipwrecked while out in his motor boat "Tipsquintia" with a friend; he ran on a rock and sprang a leak in the boat along with the tipping over and got a ducking, so that is the luck the black cat brought him. Any of his friends who go up there next year will have the pleasure of riding in the motor boat as it has been repaired.

The Information Desk has opened a Lost and Found Department so persons finding or losing articles are requested to report same at the Information Desk.

Say, girls, have you noticed the pleased expression Jerry Miller has since Celia came back?

The following article appeared in the October BLADE: "Will someone on the Fifth Floor 'C' explain why a certain young man looks out the Second Street window of the Shipping Department each afternoon at five-fifteen and Saturdays at twelve-thirty?" This young man now has regular office hours and waits at the corner from five until five-fifteen.

In working for the Red Cross you are helping a good cause, so everybody "Do Your Bit" and make the Gillette Red Cross Bazaar a success.

Was it a high wind they had in Montreal the other day, or just Jack Kelly blowing into town and swinging jauntily down St. James Street, bag and all?

Soco Samourian of the Handle Inspection Department says that if he is taken in the draft he hopes Uncle Sam will let him take his "buzz wagon" to France to use as a tank. He has tried it on several fences and stone walls in Somerville with good results. If he can't take it he will sell it for the first good offer. Make a note of this you Junk Dealers.



Bing! Bang! Smash! Come early and bring your small change with you for there are going to be lots of real genuine bargains at our "Red Cross Bazaar," and Miss Hayes of the Hardening Dept. says at her booth, she is going to have such dainty gifts, that she'll have Vorenberg's skun a mile.

"Gosh! those darn Germans simply insist on giving us peace."—Sounds like Benny Frank again.

Sergeant "Bill" Daunt paid us a friendly visit a few days ago and we were glad to know that he recovered from the influenza. "Bill" formerly worked here as a toolmaker. His brother John Henry, a machinist, was also with us up to a few days ago when he left to join the Aviation.

Svea Gilbert's friends of the Leather Goods Dept. will be glad to hear she is recovering from an operation.

I think Inspector 3 should be warned to be careful about getting too near to beards, as they are germ carriers.

A SUGGESTION FOR STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPISTS

EDITH R. CURLEY, *Advertising Dept.*

It has been customary for the stenographers and typists of our company, when writing letters, to make an original copy on a Gillette letterhead and two carbon copies on yellow second sheets.

The first carbon copy pinned to the customer's letters, were placed in the files, and the second carbon copy was collected each morning and passed to the heads of the various departments for perusal.

The executives of this company, wishing to comply with the request of our Government to conserve paper as much as possible, immediately saw there could be a great saving of paper in our letter writing.

Accordingly, the stenographers and typists were instructed to discontinue making a second carbon copy of each letter. This meant a great saving of paper as there are several hundred letters sent out each day.

Wishing to conserve still further, our executives decided to have us make the one carbon copy of our letter on the back of the customer's letter. In that way we have both communications together, thereby saving not only paper, but file space as well.

Some of the girls, myself included, have made the remark that in doing this it is necessary to write down the name and address of the party to whom the letter is to be written, as the paper on which this ap-

pears is in the typewriter and is almost impossible to see without twisting the papers about.

I have a suggestion to offer which I believe will alleviate this difficulty.

When placing the carbon paper over the back of the customer's letter, turn the customer's letter upside down and have the Gillette letterhead in the correct position. In this way you will be able to read the name and address without difficulty.

OFFICE STAFF AND HEADS OF PRODUCTION DEPARTMENTS OF "THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED" ATTEND THEATRE AS GUESTS OF THEIR CHIEF

Owing to the splendid showing made by the Company for the month of September and efforts put forth by the Staff, our Managing Director (Mr. A. A. Bittues) extended invitations to the Executive Office Staff, the Heads of the respective Production and Shipping Departments, to be his guests at the "Allen Theatre" on Friday evening, October 4th, to witness Mr. D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, "Hearts of the World," with the well known screen artists, Lilian and Dorothy Gish playing the leading roles. Our party numbered about seventy (70) in all, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bittues, Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Petersen, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Flanagan, and other members of the Executive and Production Staffs.

During the intermission between acts 1 and 2, Mrs. A. A. Bittues was presented with a bouquet of American Beauty roses, "Walter" making the presentation in his usual polite manner.

FOOTLIGHTS

Between Acts 1 and 2 "Gillette" slides were thrown on the screen—so we got a little advertising on the s(l)ide.

This special invitation party must not be mistaken for a regular "Gillette Theatre Night." That will be arranged for later on, and be conducted on a larger scale altogether.

The young ladies who "raided" the Ice Cream Parlor at the corner of Green Avenue had another little party "all on their own."

Owing to the milk supply having run out, Mr. Marks had to be content with a "Banana Split."

Our Superintendent got delayed on the way home owing to the mechanism of his "Rolls Royce" (?) misbehaving itself.



The Gillette Blade



TO WILLIAM F. BOUSHELL.

By FRANK GLASSETT, 4 "D"

You'll be doing a real man's work Bill,
Go do it with all your might,
Help drive from the face of the earth Bill,
The rule that might makes right.

We know you'll be on the job Bill,
Be you fighting the Hun or Turk,
Like the millions of boys there now Bill,
You will never lay down or shirk.

So go with your Uncle Sam, Bill,
And with the help of Him, up there,
You'll come back to home and friend Bill,
Wearing the Croix de Guerre.

U. S. & CO.

Gillette's are all the go
Gillette's are in the draft,
Gillette's are in the front line
Also in the last.

Gillette's are the little shaver
That we do not have to strop,
And many thousands of them
Our Uncle Sam has bought.

He bought them for his soldiers
That they may be on the spot
To fight the pirates gas-filled shells
And keep the Huns on the trot.

Gillette's they are being made
From sunrise until sunset
And many busy hands are working
Hard, for Uncle Sam you bet.

But our workers do not murmur
And say it can't be done,
They know their Uncle needs them
And needs them every one.

But they work all the harder,
And know it to be true
That they can help him win the war
With a Thrift Stamp or two.

They come from all directions
In the morning's early light
To work in Gillette factories
And help U. S. win the fight.

And when their work is over
They all join in and say
That the country that says never
Is the dear old U. S. A.

Now will there ever be a spot
Where the Stars and Stripes can't fly?
Not while there are millions
For their flag they'd give their lives.

You can travel this world over
Yes, travel on forever
But you'll always find the Stars and Stripes
And the Gillette together.
Contributed by E. R. W.,
Handle Press Dept.

EVERYONE'S DUTY IN THE WAR

JOHN F. McAVOY, *Electrical Dept.*

When you look at our Service Flag, which you have doubtless done many times, do you realize what all those stars stand for, or do you simply get the impression that one hundred and twenty-three boys have put on Khaki or joined the Navy.

Just close your eyes and let your thoughts wander "Overseas" and you will see the word sacrifice written across that flag, with each of those stars shining through the letters like diamonds.

During some of the extremely hot days of the past summer when it would have been much more comfortable to have remained away from work, Gillette co-workers unselfishly stuck to their tasks that the necessary razors could be shipped across to our boys.

In an effort to alleviate the conditions, the Company purchased one hundred and fifty electric fans which were installed throughout the buildings.

They have also installed eight large Exhaust Fans on the top floor of "A" and "B" Buildings, and two large Exhaust Fans in the Buffing Room, which are driven by a 35 H. P. Motor, two small ones on the fifth floor Building "D," and four small ones on the fifth floor Building "B." These fans draw all the bad air out and keep the air freshly circulated in these rooms.



Mr. Garbarino is the proud father of a young son. Sunday, November 3rd. Charles Andrew.

One of our reporters—C. J.—is wearing a wrist watch. She had a birthday last week. How about it, "Mac"?

We hope that the Bazaar and Dance to be held for the Gillette Unit of the Red Cross will be a great success. The Buffing Department's booth will be one of the big features.

Why does Joe Boyle like to pass through the Set Packing Room? "Nuff sed, Joe." How about it, Elma?

Everyone was glad to see Lieut. E. F. Ward, who was here on a short stay from Pennsylvania.

Charles Brickley has nothing on Anna Donovan when it comes to making a mad rush for Government cases.

Everyone in the Stopping Department is busy for the Red Cross Bazaar to be held early in December. They seem very much interested, and, by all reports now, it is going to be a great success.

Don't forget the Red Cross Bazaar on December 7th, 1918. Remember that money given to that noble cause is money given to our own boys "over there," and "God loveth a cheerful giver." We all know that the American Red Cross is the greatest mother to our boys. So let us go over the top, as with them.

A GOOD REPUTATION

They're telling a good one on Thomas W. Pelham, general counsel and sales-manager for the Gillette razor people. It seems Mr. Pelham had gone in heavily on Liberty Bonds during the recent drive. He had subscribed several times in Hull, his summer residence, and likewise in Brookline, his winter home. He had "come in" to help bring his company up to the 100 per cent. mark, and last, but not least, had "come in" several times at gatherings of men where the slogan was, "I'll take so many bonds, if ten others will." Day after drive was over he sat down to breakfast in one of the uptown hotels. The waiter stood by him, while Mr. Pelham bent over the card in deep thought. Finally, waiter said, "Well, sir, what is it to be this morning?" As though wakening from a trance, Mr. Pelham replied rather absent-mindedly, "I'll take ham and eggs if ten others will."

—*Boston Traveler*, Oct. 30, 1918.

Mr. J. T. Ashbrooke, Advertising Manager, and Mr. J. Frank Rebeck, Assistant Sales Manager, have returned from a month's trip, during which time they met the entire force of Gillette salesmen and interviewed the jobbing trade east of the Rocky Mountains.

The members of the Grinding Department are looking forward with great interest to the coming Red Cross Bazaar. One and all they are co-operating and working with great zeal to make it a complete success. With such unity they will enable their friends to spend an enjoyable evening. At their booth will be found various useful articles from which anyone would be pleased to choose their Christmas gifts.

For the past week the girls of the Grinding Room have been wearing the new uniform adopted by the Gillette Safety Razor Company. Being of a very neat type, it has added marked improvement to the appearances of the room.

Save the crumb
And you save the loaf,
And you save the wheat.
Save the wheat
And you save the ships.
Save the ships
And you save the men.
Save the men
On land and sea, and then
You save your country.





Salesman's Department



MRS. TRAVELLING MAN,
Anywhere.

DEAR MADAM:—

The travelling man is in a peculiar position.

He has no home life, merely spending week ends, if fortunate enough, with his family.

His days are spent among strangers, the friends he has on the road being business friends only.

His home is a bag or a sult case. He sleeps in a different bed every night and eats at a different table every day.

He misses many things most men enjoy.

He is a stranger in his home town and often his children forget who he is.

His occupation demands that he keep in a good humor, that he be not worried. Yet that very occupation makes him susceptible to worry.

The salesman who visits a customer with a scowl on his face or with a fit of blues communicates his mood to the buyer and will leave without an order.

Now orders are what he is after. On the number of them and their size depends his salary. And on the size of the orders depends the company's ability to pay his salary.

The salary no doubt interests you. A prominent writer on business matters said in a recent article "that any travelling man's wife could make or break him." True of any man but especially travelling men.

Therefore, I make bold to offer some suggestions to the wives of our front "trench" men as to how they can help.

See that he goes to bed early the night before he has to catch the early morning train. He needs a wide-awake brain to secure the orders he is going after. He will

have to be up early—see that he has a hot breakfast before he goes.

Greek restaurants and station lunch rooms give a man indigestion. And diet is not good for him either. Bid him a cheerful good-bye and wish him good luck. You may not feel like it at that time in the morning, but take Hamlet's advice to his mother and "assume a virtue if you have it not."

Write to him frequently. When he comes down to breakfast in the morning facing the usual greasy, sloppy food of the average hotel and finds a cheerful, chatty, gossiping letter from home, he can begin the day better.

Tell him anything that is cheerful. That the baby has a new tooth or how you are going to fix that new dress, or anything you would have told when you were courting.

Do not write him about your troubles. If you need him at home wire him, but do not worry him about the little things. He has troubles of his own.

Encourage him to stay out until the trip is finished.

Rejoice with him when he is mopping up and sympathize with him when he has had a poor trip. He gets no sympathy on the road.

This is absolutely impersonal, merely some suggestions that will help.

Increased sales mean increased profits. They mean increased income for you. We are equally interested.

Respectfully submitted,
C. I. PROUTY.

PLUCKY
Contributed by

LESLIE J. FAHEY, Sales Department

Soldiers as a rule are plucky fellows when wounded. This story is told of one:

He came in on a stretcher—face all



MR. PROUTY

This picture of Mr. Prouty was taken on a cold day in Boston. He is blessed with a territory similar to Mr. Crawford's and can route himself according to the suit he happens to put on in the morning. Mr. Prouty is the star contributor to the Salesmen's Department of "The Blade."



MR. CRAWFORD

At three cents a mile, to say nothing of Pullman sleepers, it would take a whole week's salary to visit Mr. Crawford. Winter does not bother him at all. In cold weather he can travel down around the bathing girls' territory at Venice—and when it's hot he simply switches his route to the snow-clad peaks of Oregon.



MR. DRISCOLL

When Mr. Driscoll of New York meets his fellow salesmen at the convention he'll be able to tell a story about the installation of a cutlery department in one of New York's most exclusive stores, which resulted in a \$1,600 Gillette order.

sentence to a barber shop is right—a Gillette would be too good for Kaiser Bill:—

When peace has been declared it will not be complete unless Bill Hohenzollern has been sentenced to a barber shop and suffers the removal of those mustachios. Those upturned soup-strainers more than anything else typify the spirit of Prussianism. Remove those nasal wind-chimes and it will be as if a chip had been removed from his shoulder.

CHEER UP!

Contributed by
J. W. STEWART

You have two chances, one of being drafted and one of not;

And if you are drafted, you have two chances,

One of going to France, and one of not going to France;

And if you go to France, you have two chances,

One of being shot and one of not being shot.

And if you are shot you have two chances,

One of dying and one of not dying,

And if you die you still have two chances.



MR. WILLIAMS

They make more automobiles in Mr. Williams' territory than in any other section of the world. They are almost as numerous as the Gillette razors Mr. Williams has sold.

bruised and swollen, eyes protruding, all full of mud and bits of stone. There wasn't an inch of his body without its own bruise or cut.

He'd been standing in a muddy place and a big obus had plumped into the ground just in front of him, and then, from a couple of feet down, had gone off and up. As he opened his eyes the doctor said to him: "You must have had a pretty rough passage."

He replied: "Nothing in it, sir—nothing in it. I'll be all right after I've had a shave."

Detroit Free Press

CAN THE FOLIAGE

Mr. Stewart sends in the following item with the suggestion that a

SHAVINGS AND SAVINGS

In an effort to boom the sale of thrift stamps, the War Savings Society *Bulletin* of the Prudential Insurance Co., has this to say about the Gillette Razor:

"Just putting the finishing touches on a head-barber shave with our trusty Gillette this morning we got figuring up how much we had saved in the fifteen years since we first wielded a safety razor. At fifteen cents a trip, plus a ten-cent gratuity, 360 times a year (generally wake up too late the other five days per annum) the sum total is \$1,350.

"Don't ask us where it is; we couldn't show even the price of last week's tonsorial trimming. But, after this, watch us pay ourselves spot cash for the 'once over,' drop the quarter in the W. S. S. slot and eventually have enough big stamps to paper a small room. OH, WHY DIDN'T THEY INVENT W. S. S. SOONER?"

A PREFERRED INVESTMENT

Mr. William S. D'Arcy, 155 Cleveland Avenue, Trenton, N. J., a confirmed Gillette booster, considers a Gillette Razor a big investment. Mr. D'Arcy sends in the following figures to back up his claims:

Sept. 14th, 1907—Cost of Gillette Razor \$5.00—52 weeks in a year, shaving 3 times a week—156 shaves. Total of shaves in 11 years' use of the Gillette, 1,716 shaves, averaging 20 cents each, cost would be \$343.20.

Try this yourself and invest in W. S. S.

GOLF

Contributed by HARRY OKUN, 4 "D"

"Who's the stranger, mother dear?

Look, he knows us—ain't he queer?"

"Hush, my own, don't talk so wild;

He's your father, dearest child."

"He's my father? No such thing.

Father died away last spring."

"Father didn't die, you dub,

Father joined a golfing club.

But they've closed the club, so he

Has no place to go, you see—

No place left for him to roam—

That is why he's coming home.

Kiss him—he won't bite you, child;

All them golfing guys look wild."



MR. GREFFE

Over in little old New York, Mr. Greffe holds sway. Mr. Greffe hasn't written anything for the Salesmen's Department of "The Blade" as yet, but this picture is published against the time when he does.



Sharp Edges



The manager of any part of a big business is an important citizen, if he only knows it, and *only if he does not know it too well.*

The man who depends on "grand-stand" plays or "four-flushes" is bound to be "called" sooner or later.

Executive ability of the effective kind comes from actual experience, *plus* qualifications, and the lack of neither the qualifications nor the experience may be made up for by any sort of theorizing, nor by the study of rules and "systems."

One of the first rules by which to test an executive is to find out how much supervision he requires in his own work.

The manager who does not make much of his department is usually the one who "plumes and preens" himself whenever some small success is scored; but who, when he fails, is prone to look around for excuses, and, like every other failure, to put the blame anywhere except where it belongs—on himself.

Many men seem to think that the way to get rid of an undesirable place is to fill it so poorly that they will be transferred to something better. What poor logic. Fill your place so absolutely well that your employer will know that you would fill a bigger job equally as well.

I once recommended an exceptionally capable man to a large organization. The executive, impressed with the man's knowledge, ability and experience, indicated that an important position would be given him. Nothing, however, resulted. "We checked him up carefully," the executive later explained to me, "and found that he is a hard man to get along with. We can use only teamworkers here."

Business never meant more than it does today. It never needed more men of sterling character. There is room in it for the best brains, skill and moral worth of the country.

He who would take all and give none, he who cannot rise to the give-and-take level, can never hope to become a genuine teamworker.

The man who treats his trade as mere opportunity of making money, without taking into account the service of that trade to men or its relation to the totality of social activities, is as truly anti-social in his spirit and methods as an anarchist. Such a man breaks society into selfish fragments, and turns commerce into vulgar bartering.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

If you will always hunt for a man's merits you'll be surprised how few faults you find in him.

Pull may get an opportunity, but only Push can keep it.

Successful men make mistakes, but unsuccessful men repeat them.

You might as well strike out for yourself and have the satisfaction of knowing that you tried, than to have some pinch-hitter strike out for you.

The first step in the accomplishment of a task is the beginning thereof.

The woman who cannot go "over there" can send a good substitute out of her flour barrel.

A good husband is only a good son grown up.

No matter how long an account has been running, do not let it stand long.

No cold-cream cosmetic will keep away wrinkles so successfully as the milk of human kindness.

So conduct yourself that when the greater opportunity knocks you shall be alert and ready to respond, knowing that you shall have the good wishes and confidence of those who have known you as employee, fellow-worker or salesman.



SELECTIONS IN
PROSE and POETRY
for
GILLETTE READERS



EDITED BY A
FRIEND of all
GILLETTE WORKERS

DESIGNED BY F. C. BLANK

YOU CAN'T CHANGE A CENT

Sometimes a guilty man escapes because he is so small that he goes right through the net.

NO USE

"Why are you so bitter against Uncle Nebuchadnezzar?"

"He lost his money shortly after we named the baby for him."

UNKNOWN

She (with a languorous look): "Have you ever known what it is to love?"

He: "I have loved, but I have never known what it is."

DREADFUL

Her: "Great Heavens! My worst fears are realized!"

Him: "What on earth's the matter?"

Her: "I've got a telegram—"

Him: "Yes—yes! What does it say?"

Her: "I don't know. I haven't dared to open it yet!"

LAWYER'S TROUBLES

"Why are you trying to get a jury of blondes?"

"Hardly know myself. First case I ever tried before a jury of women. My client, as you see, is a yellow-haired dame, and she seems to think that brunettes have a grudge against blondes."

METHOD

"What makes you keep on asking me if the razor hurts?" asked the man who was being shaved. "I've said 'yes' three times and it hasn't made any difference."

"No," answered the barber, "I was merely trying my razors out to see which of 'em wants honing."

IGNORANT

Smith (at the club): "Yes, by Jove, there's very little you can teach me. I've been everywhere, done everything, seen everything!"

The Scotch Member: "Young man, did ye ever have the D. T.'s?"

Smith: "D. T.'s! Great Scot, no!"

The Scotch Member: "Then, ye've seen nowt."

HER FATE

Belle: "I wish the Lord had made me a man."

Nellie: "Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet."

BAD LUCK

Motionless Mike: "Arry, d'yer see that 'ere purse?"

Immovable Arry: "Yus."

Motionless Mike: "Ain't it just our luck ter 'ave our 'ands in our pockets?"

TOLD HER

"Daughter, do you think that young fellow is the man for you?"

"Oh, I know it, papa."

"How do you know it?"

"He told me so himself."

THE MAIDEN'S PURSE

She screamed in terror when her purse
Was snatched from out her jewelled hand,
And hurled a modest semi-curse
Toward the fleeing, bold brigand;
And when the Copper caught the thief
She seized the purse with anxious air,
And breathed a sigh of sweet relief
To find her treasures all were there.

A pencilled note
Her fellow wrote,
A sugar plum,
A hairpin (bent),
A copper cent,
A buttonhook
With a broken crook,
A safety pin,
A curling tin,
A powder rag,
A sachet bag.

These were the treasures which she bore
Around with her from store to store
While on a shopping tour, to see
The many pretty things which she
Would love to buy if she but had
The cash, and with a smile so glad
It almost made the Copper sneeze
She thanked him and with sprightly ease
Tripped on to seek another store
Or two where she could shop some more.



NOSE TOO

Wife: "Our new maid has sharp ears."

Hub: "I notice that the doors are all scratched up around the keyholes."

HE KNEW 'EM

Henderson: "Some men claim to understand women."

Henpeck: "They are mostly single fellows."

ADVANTAGE

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?"

"You bet! I bought the houses on either side of us at half their value."

WHAT HE WANTED

Clerk: "Do you want a narrow man's comb?"

Customer (gravely): "No; I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

AWFUL

"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night when you told me to lie down in bed, I lied down, but after you turned out the light, I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"

THEY MIGHT BE SNARKS

Old Man: "What are you fishing for, Sonny?"

Sonny: "Snigs."

Old Man: "What are snigs?"

Sonny: "I don't know, I ain't never caught any yet."

THE SECRET OF THE KEELY MOTOR

The *New York World* has had an interview with Keely, the mysterious motor man. The inventor very frankly told the reporter the whole modus operandi of his wonderful discovery. Here is the pith of the whole matter as divulged by Mr. Keely himself:

"There is a triple sympathetic order of vibration diverting the positive and negative currents to one general polarized centre; this rotary action is continuous when sympathetically associated with the polar stream."

One of the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Keely is his plain, blunt way of saying a thing, so that any gump can understand it. We see no reason why any man cannot make a motor that will mote as well as Keely's.

Note.—The above is twenty-five or more years old. History often repeats itself and it may be that Mr. Borglum's expenseless source of power might be accounted for in a similar manner.—W. E. N.

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury,
Refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not simply respectable;
And wealthy, not simply rich;
To study hard, think quietly,
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen with open heart to birds and stars,
To babes and sages;
To bear all cheerfully; do all bravely;
Await occasions, never hurry,—
In a word, to let the spiritual life
Grow up through and above the common,—
This is The Symphony of Life.

WORTHY OF A THOUGHT

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

TENNYSON

Note.—These lines contain a far-reaching truth. If we knew all about the plant, the nature of its life, its substances and its processes of growth, not only in themselves but in their relationships to all else, we should then hold the key to all knowledge. It is a beautiful and poetical expression of a deep thought.

—W. E. N.

SIGNIFICANT IN THESE TIMES

Note.—Although the letter of President Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby has appeared many times in public print, it is such a masterpiece of expression, so characteristic of the tender hearted writer and also in keeping with much of the world's thought at the present time, that it is here presented.—W. E. N.

Washington, Nov. 21st, 1865.

MRS. BIXBY,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR MADAM:—

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming.

But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

(Signed) A. LINCOLN

Note.—In Shakespeare's play of "Measure for Measure," Claudio has been condemned by the judge to death. The ruler of the realm is investigating the affairs of the country in the disguise of a monk. He visits Claudio in prison, questions him and then endeavors to console him and fortify him against his approaching end. There is much food for thought in his disquisition.—W. E. N.

Act III, Scene I.

CLAUDIO. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

DUKE. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not
noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means
valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Thou hast nor youth nor
age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Gillette Red Cross Unit No. 112

BAZAAR AND DANCE

Saturday
Dec. 7th



Afternoon
and
Evening

Macallen Building, Dorchester Ave.

Useful and pretty articles suitable for
Christmas gifts on sale at the booths.

Gypsy Fortune-Tellers will reveal
your past, present and future.

Ice Cream and Cake.

Dancing, 9 to 12.

Many other interesting features.

Proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of
material needed in the making of surgical
dressings by the Gillette Red Cross Unit.

Come one! Come all!

The Gillette Blade

DECEMBER 1918



TRADE MARK **Gillette** MADE IN
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

GI-1

Boston, November 30, 1918.

GILLETTE CO-WORKERS:—

I have just finished signing the Company's employees Dividend checks for their partial-payment stock, and it was indeed a pleasant task.

Beginning with A and continuing to Z it seemed to me that every name in the Register was included.

For a while it seemed that the Flanagans owned the Company—with the O'Briens running a close second.

As time went on, however, I was beginning to believe that control had passed on to the Ryans, the McCarthys and the Smiths, but before I finished the whole matter cleared up, because I found that the Sullivans, both in number and in size completely dominated the situation.

I say it was an interesting task,—and it was,—but it also gave me food for thought, as to how some of our employees (and entirely too many of them) were failing to benefit by the Company's offer of shares to its Employees.

There are entirely too few of our fellow-workers in the Gillette Company who are shareholders in the business.

There are entirely too many of you who are missing what we think is a golden opportunity for becoming part owners in the business with which you are associated.

This is not a new song with us because those of you who have followed our thoughts on this subject know how we have urged our employees to become shareholders for many months past.

It was a great pleasure for us to sign dividend checks to our employees' order today for over \$13,000. I regretted it wasn't many times more.

We will not feel satisfied on this issue until every employee becomes a shareholder and enjoys in full the benefits that accrue.

We are prosperous and we want our fellow-workers to share this prosperity.

AND WE ARE GOING TO DRIVE THIS THOUGHT HOME TO OUR ASSOCIATES AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Any of our employees who have obligations like Liberty Bonds, etc., can arrange these matters if they will take them up with their Foremen or with our Accounting Department.

And one of our slogans for 1919 will be **BECOME SHARE-HOLDERS.**

Yours very truly,

FRANK J. FAHEY, *Treasurer.*

The Gillette Blade

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston



Christmas—1918

THEODORE L. SMITH, *Production Engineer*



Christmas is here!

And of all the Christmas festivals this good old world has seen this one will be the very best!

Not far from two thousand times the world has observed the anniversary of the birth of Christ and the beginning of the religion founded on the precept of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"—a religion of peace and love. Centuries ago, when the Christian era was very young, a multitude of brave souls gathered in a great church in Nicomedia to celebrate the birth of Christ and died together as martyrs when Diocletian, hearing of the assemblage, closed the doors of the church, set fire to the building, and the worshippers perished in the flames.

But from century to century the observance of the day has spread, and gathering to itself other festivals in other lands, we find in more modern times not alone the religious observance of our Saviour's natal day, but the festival of the Christmas season. Other festivals there are of ancient origin, but of them all Christmas has the strongest appeal, the sweetest memories, and stirs in every heart the most beautiful emotions.

It is a season of religious fervor; a season of merrymaking; a season when the wandering children return to the old home, in spirit if not in fact, to strengthen the bonds of family associations and to revel in the memories of their youthful days; a season of hospitality; a season of peace and of love foreshadowing the brotherhood of man. And, too, it is a season of reciprocal gifts.

In the minds of some people it seems that the uppermost thought is that of the reciprocity of gifts. And many even seem to forget that it is more blessed to give than to receive. So it was nearly a hundred years ago when the English custom of the Christmas box became fairly intolerable to everyone but the boy through its sorry misuse as set forth in an old piece of poetry,

"Gladly, the boy, with Christmas box in hand,
Throughout the town his devious route pursues;
And of his master's customers, implores
The yearly mite"—

Only a few years ago much the same custom seemed to be in a fair



way of becoming established in this land, but the good sense and the innate pride of the people came to the rescue.

Four years ago while many nations were in a life and death struggle, we were in the midst of an industrial depression and the Christmas holidays were not days of great rejoicing. Three years ago more nations had been drawn into the terrible conflict and while our depression had passed, still we were not in a mood for merrymaking. Two years ago still more nations were engulfed in the death grapple overseas, and while we were prosperous beyond the dreams of avarice yet with the shadows of war creeping ever nearer to us, a heavy cloud hung over our Christmas festivities. One year ago we ourselves were at war. We were sending our nearest and dearest to the battlefield and what a sorry Christmas it was!

For four long years each succeeding holiday season has found us less ready, less willing, to make merry as of old. But during these four terrible years the American people has found its heart. They have learned the comparative value of earthly and of spiritual things. Time and time again they have leaped forward, quickly, gladly, without a selfish thought to help those who were sorely stricken. They have, like Sir Launfal, found the Holy Grail in their own hearts.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed. In whatso we share with another's need—

Not that which we give, but what we share—

For the gift without the giver is bare."

And so on this Christmas when the

world finds itself at peace, when after much of sacrifice, much of suffering, it finds the love of man for man and the love of God in every human heart, we enter the Christmas season more truly than ever before disciples of Him whose natal day it is.

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:

'God is not dead: nor doth he sleep!

The wrong shall fail

The right prevail,

With peace on earth, good will to men!"

HELPING TO CLEAN UP

Immediately following the news of an Armistice in France, we received cable orders from London for 600,000 Razors and 6,000,000 extra Dozen Blades, and from Paris for 200,000 Razors and 2,000,000 extra Dozen Blades.

Thus we will start to do our share in the general cleaning up of Europe.

MY CONSCIENCE

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,

"Don't you know me?"

And I, says I, sneered through and through,

"Of course I do.

You air a nice chap ever' way,

I'm here to say!

You make me cry—you make me pray,

And all them good things thataway—

That is, at night. Where do you stay Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't more,

"You know me—shore?"

"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,

"You're jes' a saint!

Your ways is all so holy-right,

I love you better ever' night

You come around—'tel plum daylight,

When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits

His teeth, and spits

On his two hands and grabs, of course,

Some old remorse,

And heats me with a big butt-end

O' that thing—'tel my closest friend

'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,

"Be keerful as you'd orto be

And allus think o' me!"



The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART III CONTINUED — THE PROBLEMS OF THE RAZOR

IN reviewing the development of the Gillette Safety Razor I approach a task which contains both bitter and sweet. The marvelous development of the enterprise, without a parallel in the history of any but the greatest inventions, naturally gives me much pleasure and some feeling of pride that I was concerned in its start and growth. On the other hand a few regrets will creep in no matter how philosophical a view I may take. It is quite impossible for me to deal with the subject otherwise than from a personal point of view, for the larger part of my life and thought have been devoted to it for the last seventeen years. I trust therefore that my readers will pardon any seeming egotism in the manner in which I shall tell my story.

While calling at the house of Mr. Henry Sachs on University Road, Brookline, one evening in the early part of the year 1900 I had my first view of the Gillette razor. It was in the hands of Mr. Stewart, a neighbor of Mr. Sachs'. Mr. Stewart was a friend of Mr. Gillette's, and was trying to interest capital and otherwise promote Mr. Gillette's invention. The model which was then shown did not appeal to me as being a very practicable implement. The blade was rather stiff for the handle, which was of too light construction, and it was not easy to see in that model the vast possibilities which lay concealed in it. I examined it critically at the time, failed to see anything in it and quickly dropped it out of mind.

About a year after that, Mr. Jacob Heilborn, a brother-in-law of Mr. Sachs, called my attention to the razor again. He was trying to get the razor worked into commercial shape and had employed a skilled and ingenious mechanic to attempt to make better blades and to improve the handle. He was not having much success and was feeling rather discouraged. I was well acquainted with Mr. Heilborn, as we had been associated together in the vacuum pump and incandescent lamp business. Awhile after this Mr. Heilborn came to me and said he believed that I could make something out of the razor if I would only give attention to it. Still it did not appeal to me. I had never used any sort of safety razor and knew nothing whatever about the manufacture of razors, or any other kind of cutlery. Mr. Heilborn tried several other times to get me to try my hand at making the razor. The interviews between Mr. Heilborn and myself were mostly in Mr. Sachs' office on Congress near Water Street. Mr. Sachs took the razor scheme as a joke and was rather uncomplimentary to his brother-in-law for being such a fool as to waste his time on it. Mr. Sachs need not be blamed for this attitude, for all the razor experts who had seen the model, ridiculed the idea and said it would be impossible to make a success of it.

Finally Mr. Heilborn came to me again and fairly begged me to make an attempt to solve the problem. This time I said, "Well, I will take



a month to consider it and will then give you an answer." To this he agreed and I began to think the matter over. The more I thought about it the clearer the procedure appeared to me and the more certain I felt that I could turn the trick. Things began to take on definite shapes and I could see the hardening process and the sharpening machine and very definite ideas were developed as to what the handle must be like in order to properly hold the blade that was to be.

Now I could not design hardening apparatus and sharpening machines until I knew just what the size and form of the blade was to be, so the next thing I did was to go to the draughting office of Mr. F. G. Parker at 12 Pearl Street, where our old friend William H. Parry, head of our machine construction department, was at work, and had him draw for me a blade and shaving handle as I thought they ought to be. They were drawn to four times natural size on light-brown drawing-paper. The handle was substantially like the Gillette handle of today, the changes which have been made being small, while the blade has never been changed at all. This drawing has been lost, I am sorry to say, and I would give a pretty penny to anyone who would restore it to me. I remember it very distinctly, as does also Mr. Parry. The date of starting to draw the remodelled razor was September 1st, 1901. The blade was drawn first and was made somewhat wider than the one in the Gillette model. The ends were rounded for general appearance, to strengthen the blade along the central line and for convenience in handling with the fingers, whether in the handle or

out of it. The fundamental thought, however, in relation to the remodelled razor was that of making a handle of sufficient stability and weight to enable very great accuracy of adjustment to be secured between the edge of the blade and the protecting guard. This idea had seemingly been overlooked by all previous makers and experimenters in the safety razor field. The men in the Gillette factory who know the most about handles will tell you that I was on the right track when I followed this idea, and I did follow it as best I could. No matter how perfect the blade is, you cannot get the right result unless the handle is well nigh perfect also. In regard to the shape of the blade, nobody has ever wanted to change it. It is hard to suggest a change for the better. It has become a sort of trade-mark and is familiar to the eyes of at least half the people in the world. It was a pretty good guess at the start. The way I arrived at the shape of the blade was as follows: I wanted the cutting edges to be one and one-half inches long because I thought it seemed about right. I wanted the blade to be seven-eighths of an inch wide. I found that by taking a circle one and three-quarters inches in diameter and slicing off on opposite sides until I had lines one and one-half inches long for edges, that I had left, a piece with rounded ends and seven-eighths of an inch wide, and this I adopted for the shape of the blade. I have never seen any reason to regret having chosen this shape and size. This took a little over a week, and on September 9th I wrote out a report for Mr. Heilborn, of which the following is an exact copy:



The Gillette Blade



Boston, Mass., Sept. 9, 1901.

JACOB HEILBORN, Esq.,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:—

I have had your proposition, in regard to the manufacture of the Gillette Safety Razor, under consideration for rather more than a month and desire to report as follows:

It is my confident opinion that not only can a successful razor be made on the principles of the Gillette patent, but that if the blades are made by proper methods a result in advance of anything known can be reached. On the other hand, to put out these razors with blades of other than the finest quality of temper and edge would be disastrous to their reputation and to their successful introduction.

With an almost unlimited market and with such inducements as are offered by this razor, in the way of cheapness of manufacture and of convenience and effectiveness in use, I can see no reason why it cannot easily compete for popular favor with anything in its line ever put before the public.

I wish to reiterate that in my opinion the success of the razor depends very largely, if not almost wholly, on the production at a low price of a substantially perfect blade. This blade must possess an edge that shall, at least, be equal of any rival on the market, and should combine extreme keenness with a hardness and toughness sufficient to stand using a number of times without much deterioration.

For the past month I have been giving much thought to the subject of manufacturing these blades, and I now feel justified in offering to undertake the construction of machines and apparatus to that end. I am confident that I have grasped the situation and can guarantee, as far as such a thing can be guaranteed, a successful outcome. Your knowledge of my long experience with inventions and machine building will perhaps cause you to attach considerable weight to my opinion in this matter. You are of course aware that special machines will have to be designed and built for putting on the blades that delicate edge which is necessary for easy shaving. The problem is entirely different from that involved in the tempering and grinding of ordinary razors and other keen tools, not only on account of the thinness of the blades but also on account of the cheapness with which it must be done. I believe that with the machines which I have in mind, an edge can be put upon these blades which will be unapproachable by ordinary hand sharpened razors. The shop cost of the blades as made by the system which I have

in view, can undoubtedly be brought below * * * each. It is not unlikely that it may be reduced to * * * and possibly, when in full running order, a still lower figure may be reached. The machinery and methods for making the blades will naturally be of a novel character and admit of sound patents, which would become the property of the company and would be of great advantage in disposing of foreign rights. It is not unlikely that the machines for honing these blades may be adapted for any of the present form of razors and do away with hand honing. I will also add that I have in mind a convenient and simple method of adjusting the position of the blade for different beards.

In reply to your questions as to the probable expense of fitting up to manufacture the razor on a scale suitable for a beginning on a commercial basis, I will make the following approximation:

| | |
|--|---------|
| Drawings for machines for tempering, grinding, honing and stropping.... | \$ 100. |
| Patterns for ditto..... | 250. |
| Materials for machines (one each)... | 300. |
| Cost of building (one each)..... | 700. |
| Special dies and tools..... | 150. |
| Tools for | { |
| Small turret lathe | |
| Power punch | |
| Small plain milling machine | 1500 |
| making holders | { |
| Sensitive drill | |
| Bench lathe | |
| Bench tools, etc. | |
| Foreign patents; England, Germany, Belgium, France, Canada, Spain, Italy, Austria—about..... | 800. |
| Labor Services, etc..... | 1200. |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$5000. |

I have made what seems to me to be fairly liberal but by no means extravagant figures. It may cost considerably less or possibly a little more, but I think the sum given will not come out very far from the truth.

I should recommend that the machines for making the blades be built in some shop already established, and when they are completed, a suitable room be engaged and they and the holder tools set up in it. It is not easy to say just how long it would take to be ready for manufacturing, but if there are no serious delays it is possible that four months might cover it.

In conclusion let me add that so thoroughly am I satisfied that I can perfect machinery described on original lines which will be patentable, that I am ready to accept for my compensation stock in a Company which I understand you propose forming.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) WM. E. NICKERSON.



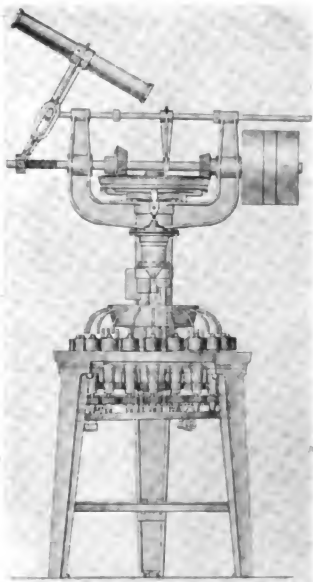
It will be seen from my report that I really did have a pretty good idea of what I was about. It is evident that I felt great confidence in the razor scheme and also in my own ability to carry it to success on the mechanical side. I can now point to the history of the Gillette Company to prove how good my judgment was at that early time. It all came out very nearly as I had foreseen excepting in the matter of the time it was to take, for there *were* "serious delays" and the four months I had allowed as a possibility were too little to do all that I found it necessary to do. Mr. Gillette's original idea was, as I afterward learned, that the blades might, perhaps, be sold for one cent and give one shave. My first thought on this matter was that blades would have to be sold much higher than this, but that they would shave enough times without stroping to make the average cost of a shave less than one cent. This has proved to be the case.

I wish to say at this point, that during the early development of the razor there was one idea on which Mr. Gillette and I were somewhat at variance and it was quite natural that it should have been so. Mr. Gillette undoubtedly felt that the mere manufacture of his razor was a decidedly minor part, while it seemed to me as though very little had been done and every thing was up to me to do. Now as a matter of fact, we were both wrong. As the years have rolled by I have come to see plainly that Mr. Gillette's part was much the more important and properly has the honored place, while I know that his appreciation of my share of the work has largely increased. So we have both come in time to have a

higher regard for each other. This is as it should be and is a source of much gratification to me and is, I doubt not, to Mr. Gillette also.

After Mr. Heilborn had read my report he became very cheerful and introduced me to Mr. Gillette. The meeting took place in Mr. Heilborn's office on Exchange Street and my recollection of it is still vivid. I found Mr. Gillette a very affable gentleman with a kindly face and manner and immediately felt a strong personal liking for him which has continued without interruption till the present day. Mr. Gillette was quite willing that I should take hold of the razor and see what I could make of it.

Having determined on the shape and size of the blade and leaving its thickness to be determined later, I started to design a machine for sharpening the blades. When the drawing of this was completed I hung it up in Mr. Sachs's office and designed an apparatus for hardening the blades in packs. When this was accomplished Mr. Sachs, seeing my confidence and enthusiasm, came over to my view about the razor and it was decided between him, Mr. Heilborn and myself, to raise five thousand dollars by finding twenty men who would be willing to gamble on the enterprise to the extent of two hundred and fifty dollars each, for which they were to receive five hundred shares each in a Company which we agreed to organize. Mr. Gillette fell in with our plans and Mr. Sachs, Mr. Heilborn and myself set out to find the twenty subscribers before mentioned. Mr. Sachs found the most and Mr. Heilborn landed quite a number, while I brought in one in the person of our



PHOTOGRAPH OF ORIGINAL DRAWING OF
FIRST SHARPENING MACHINE MADE IN 1901

patent attorney, Mr. Chadwick. Mr. Gillette's patent application on the razor was then in the U. S. Patent Office and was being handled by his patent attorney. I persuaded him to take it out of the hands of his attorney and turn it over to Mr. Chadwick, which proved to have been the right thing to do, for Mr. Chadwick remodelled it and made a much better document of it, as was established in the courts later on. It was now suggested that I be paid forty dollars per week for half my time, as that was all I could give just then, the balance belonging mostly to the Automatic Weighing Company. This

sounded all right although there was, as yet, no money to pay me with. But I did not mind a little thing like that and immediately set to work in earnest. It was also suggested that I was to have *some* of the stock if I succeeded with the razor. Now if I had been a good trader I would have said something like this:—"Of course as it is Mr. Gillette's invention that I am to try and develop, he will have the largest block of stock and if I succeed with my work I should have the next largest." But I said nothing of the kind, and was content to share and share alike with the promoters, who, though very useful, were to do but little in comparison. So I left it to the others to say what I should have. This was my first great mistake in this business, from a personal point of view. When it came to naming the company I wanted it called the American Safety Razor Co. I felt that I was going to play such a large part in the making of the razor, that it would be an injustice to me to name it after Mr. Gillette. I was wholly wrong in this for Mr. Gillette was the true inventor and it should have been named for him if he so desired. Doubtless the razor would have sold under any reasonable name, but it remains true that the name Gillette has been a great asset to the company. Well, I had my way for a while and the company was incorporated on Sept. 26th, 1901, under the laws of the State of Maine, as the American Safety Razor Company, with capital stock of \$500,000 in 50,000 shares of \$10 each. Mr. Gillette was chosen president and Mr. Heilborn treasurer.

A contract between the American



Safety Razor Company and myself was drawn up and was signed in the early part of October. I have my copy before me as I write. It says that I was to give my best efforts to devising and overseeing the construction of machinery and apparatus for the manufacture of razor blades, guards and holders in accordance with the inventions of King C. Gillette. To continue in the employ of the company until the work was successfully completed and to assign to the company all my right, title and interest in my inventions and machinery, all for the munificent compensation of \$40.00 per week, providing I faithfully performed my duties. There was no word about stock in the contract. That part I took on faith. The document was signed by Mr. Hielborn as Treasurer of the American Safety Razor Company and myself. I afterward received 4167 shares out of the 50,000 shares of company stock. Mr. Sachs, Mr. Heilborn and Mr. Stewart, received the same as I did.

The next step to be taken was to see if my plans for making blades would work out satisfactorily. Mr. Edwin E. Bartlett, a good friend of mine, had a machine shop located on Atlantic Avenue where he manufactured, among other things, the celebrated Greenerd Arbor Press. I prevailed upon him to build my hardening apparatus and afterward my first sharpening machine. I wanted the hardening apparatus first, because if that was not a success I should have no use for the sharpening machine. As a matter of fact I did not wait for the hardening plant to be completed before starting on the sharpening machine as that would have involved too long a wait

for the latter and time was precious. My first attempt at hardening was a great disappointment. The blades came out so crooked and crumpled that they were wholly useless. I now started on a series of experiments in the endeavor to harden them and at the same time keep them flat. I tried the effect of interleaving them with iron plates, but the plates crumpled as well as the blades. It was a little disheartening, but I had no thought of giving up the struggle. In Dec., 1901, I needed the assistance of a good skilled machinist and hired the late Harrie G. Richardson who had previously worked for me in the shop of the Weighing Machine Company. Mr. Richardson proved to be a very useful man and carried out my ideas with great intelligence. He remained in the employ of the company as foreman of the handle department for five years, and after an absence of some years returned in 1916 and remained until his death in 1917. I next tried to keep the blades flat by punching out a peculiar pattern



PHOTOGRAPH OF PERFORATED BLADE AS
TRIED IN EARLY PART OF 1902

to relieve the strains as shown in the cut which is taken from an old blade still in my possession. This partly remedied the trouble but was not nearly satisfactory. The sharpening machine was now completed and it was thought desirable to procure a small room in which further experiments could be carried on secretly. A suitable room was found



at 424 Atlantic Avenue at the foot of Oliver St. This room was over a fish store and next to a wharf where city garbage was dumped into scows, so for a while we worked in a highly perfumed atmosphere. Fortunately, however, the wind now and then blew the odor away from us and as we were very busy any way we had other things to think of. I simply had to find some way to keep the blades flat and I thought pretty hard and persistently on this subject. There is at my house in Cambridge a small balcony adjoining my room and as I sat there one evening thinking over my problem, presto, I had an idea which seemed full of promise. The next morning I hurried to the experimental room at an early hour and tried it out. Happily it worked well and the blades came out flat enough to prove that I was on the right track. A few further experiments completed the success of the new idea and one great obstacle had been overcome. This was the last of March, 1902. The patent application for this new idea was allowed without reference although drawn as broadly as possible by Mr. Chadwick. A suitable method of drawing the temper of the blades was soon worked out and I was then up to the question of what thickness of steel should be used. I tried gages from three thousandths to twelve thousandths and decided on six as preferable. There has never been any good reason since to change the decision I then made. In the meantime Mr. Richardson was making experiments for me on the shaving holder, for it had to be decided how thick the cap and guard were to be and what curvature was to be given to them. The data then chosen remains practically the same today.

Further the number and form of the guard teeth and the spaces between them had to be determined and in this matter many trials were made. The final form then adopted is substantially that now used. Also the handle of the blade holder was worked out and has been only slightly modified since. In this work Mr. Richardson was of great assistance, being not only a good workman, but a man with a mind fertile in expedients.

It was now May, 1902, and on the 20th. our Mr. Frank M. Brown was engaged to work for me. My readers will remember that Mr. Brown worked for me in the Beacon Lamp Co. The latter company had just moved to Jersey City and so Mr. Brown came to me in the razor business. I put him at work running the sharpening machine and trying experiments with various abrasive stones and materials and also at experiments to improve the hardening and drawing processes. Mr. Brown was of the greatest value to me and from first to last has contributed many valuable ideas to the razor business, especially in the hardening and drawing departments, in grinding and honing wheels, in abrasives, and in blade printing. My first attempts at grinding and honing were made with natural stones like Arkansas slip, Washita and others. For stropping, however, I of course used leather. The stones cut very slowly and it took a long time to bring the blades to an edge. I only had one little machine with twenty abrasive wheels, one to a spindle, and all the grinding, honing and stropping had to be done on this one piece of machinery. The edges came in time, however, and after a little practice



VIEW OF GRINDING MACHINE ITSELF WITH
MR. BROWN STANDING BESIDE IT

blades were obtained wholly machine sharpened, some of which when placed in the holders would actually give a good shave. I now said to our people, "the question is settled, it only needs money, courage and work to develop a proposition that can be made just as big as the people who manage it are capable of grasping. No man can set a limit to it." I felt every word I said was true. Now everybody knows it was true. Up to this time the steel I had used for blades was picked up in Boston. The last of May I went to New York and from Herman Boker obtained a larger supply. The Gillette Company afterward did a large business with the Boker firm. One of the concern used to say afterward, that when I told him what I wanted the steel for he thought I must be crazy and he

never expected to see me again; and this from a man who was a large importer of razors and an expert in that line. In July Mr. Gillette came to the conclusion that he wanted the company to bear his name and on July 15th it was renamed the Gillette Safety Razor Co. On Aug. 1st I was elected a director in the company. In the meantime our interested parties and their friends were testing out the razor and everybody was feeling more confidence in its success. By this time the \$5000 which had been raised through the twenty original subscribers was all spent. We had a machine sharpened blade that would shave and a good shaving holder and that was about all we did have. We know now that that was a good deal to have, but there were those who had not yet learned their value. Mr. Gillette has said we were twelve thousand dollars in debt. I think he is mistaken in this. Not only does my recollection differ, but I have another reason and a good one for thinking otherwise. The reason is this, there was no one who would have given us a hundredth part of that credit without somebody's personal guarantee. The machinery which we had at 424 Atlantic Avenue was obtained by me from Chandler & Farquhar and I gave my personal notes to get it. It was worth perhaps one thousand dollars. However, it was necessary to get in capital if we were to do any business. Through my Weighing Machine acquaintance in New York I knew a number of wealthy men in that city. I took two or three razors and some blades and went to see them. I had but little difficulty in interesting them and they agreed to put up \$150,000 for 51%



of the stock of the company. Of course that meant control and when I came back to Boston and put the proposition up to my associates it was turned down as none wanted to pass control over to newcomers. This shows they were expecting something good, at any rate. About this time one of our stockholders brought a gentleman from a western state to see our razor outfit. He was a manufacturer of cutlery and was hardly as honorable as his name implied. He looked over our razor and such machinery as we then had but did not seem inclined to invest. On the contrary he went home and after appropriating as many of our ideas as he dared and adding such of his own as he thought best, came on the market almost as soon as we did with his own razor. He did not make a success of it, however, for he was not able to grasp the real theory of the razor and never became a dangerous competitor. There was one other man who made some sort of a bluff at bringing in monied men, but it came to nothing. Finally Mr. Gillette brought forward Mr. John Joyce and he put up money and took

(To be continued in the January BLADE.)

Mr. Pelham Sails For Europe

Mr. Thomas W. Pelham, General Sales Manager of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, sailed on the S.S. Lapland from New York for Liverpool on Saturday, December 7th.

Mr. Pelham's mission is in the interest of foreign trade extension in the countries of Great Britain, France, Spain, Belgium, Scandinavia and other Continental European states, including the Balkans, Turkey and Egypt.

His return trip will doubtless be

a mortgage on the property and received a large stock bonus for doing so. On Oct. 6, the capital stock of the company was increased from \$500,000 to \$650,000, in order to accommodate the new arrangements. This brings me to the stopping point for this chapter and I shall only say in conclusion that money had come hard during the year. Although it was in the treasury, Mr. Heilborn, the treasurer, was probably afraid to let it go, fearing it would never come back, and hung on to it as long as possible. I had to borrow of Mr. Sachs, who lent me money when no one else would, to pay bills and wages and get along the best way I could. From June, 1902, to early fall money was very tight. Mr. Brown's diary shows this. Every few days occurs the entry "no pay today," "no pay yet," "no pay for last week," "no pay for two weeks." But we all lived through it and lived to see the company a magnificent success and one of the industrial marvels of the age. For myself, I not only lived through it but was in training for times to come which were much worse for me personally.

made through Russia, readjusting the trade conditions there in the interest of the Gillette Company.

Mr. Pelham was a guest of honor at a testimonial banquet given by the Gillette Safety Razor Company to the executive heads of the departments, at the Algonquin Club, Wednesday evening, December 4th. Mr. Frank J. Fahey, Vice-President of the Company, was the presiding toastmaster.



The Gillette Safety Razor Company's War Record

Extracts From Recent Newspaper Advertisements

MOST men are disposed to be fair and reasonable about a situation these days if they are in possession of all the facts.

You may have found of late in your neighborhood a temporary scarcity of Gillette blades.

The big true story back of this condition can now be told for the first time.

We want you to know the facts. What we have done—what we are doing—why we say the condition is a temporary one. And we want you to see with us the bright outlook immediately ahead.

Refused to Recognize the Impossible—and Did It

Take note of the task put up to the Gillette the last ten months, and how it has accomplished the well-nigh impossible. Consider the spirit of service, of devotion to duty, the enthusiasm and co-operation of the great army of Gillette employees—day-force and night-force, day in and day out.

Consider the importance of the Gillette as a part of the mandatory military equipment of the United States Army and Navy—its place in the daily lives of the men; its relation to the health, well-being and soldierly appearance of our troops on the seas and overseas.

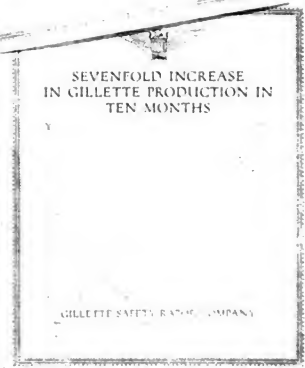
Any Gillette user in touch with the situation, who read the cables, who felt the pressure, would gladly put

aside his personal inconvenience and extend the hand of fellowship and congratulation for a duty recognized and a big job done.



WHAT ARE THE REAL FACTS
ABOUT GILLETTE BLADES

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY



SEVENFOLD INCREASE
IN GILLETTE PRODUCTION IN
TEN MONTHS

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

REPRODUCTION OF FULL PAGE ADVERTISE-
MENTS USED IN NEWSPAPERS



The Gillette Blade



Where We Stood When the War Department Called "Time"

When America entered the war the Gillette factory in Boston had a capacity of four thousand razors a day; barely sufficient for the domestic trade. Our European factories were closed. Our Canadian plant was working overtime to handle the world-wide export demand.

Foundations were laid for a great new Gillette factory alongside the Boston plant for the manufacturing of blades exclusively. Then came the call to arms.

The Government realized that in modern warfare, as never before, conditions made the clean shave of vital importance. It searched the world for the most proficient shaving device. The Gillette had been tried out in the trenches. It was already *the* razor of the great war. The French had proved it.

The War Department told us what we were expected to do. It was up to us.

In the meantime, the necessary building restrictions of the War Industries Board stopped work on our new factory.

What It Cost to Make Good

It meant just this—that we had to reach seven times our existing capacity in a limited number of weeks. *Doubling* a business is difficult enough. An increase of sevenfold without additional factory space looks like a knockout. But we got on our feet before the gong sounded, and went to it.

We furnished the Government three million, five hundred thousand razors, and six and a half mil-

lion dozens (78,000,000) of blades. That's about thirty-five miles of shaving edge every twenty-four hours. And we're not done yet.

The end of hostilities stops the demand for gas-masks and shrapnel. But the boys are over there and they must continue to shave. The cables still come to rush Gillette razors and blades.

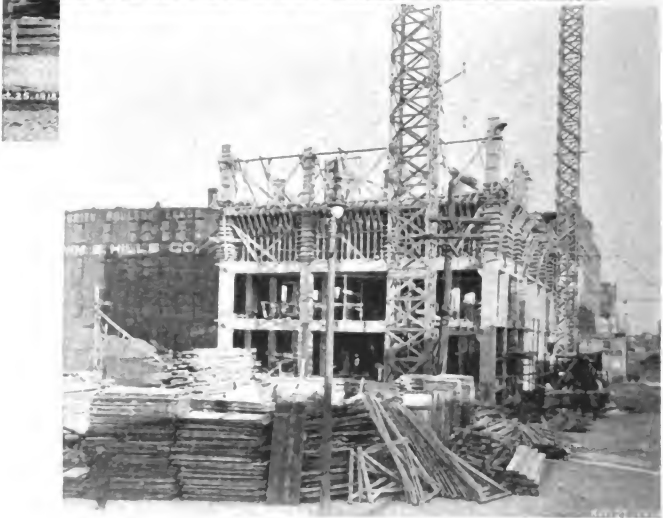
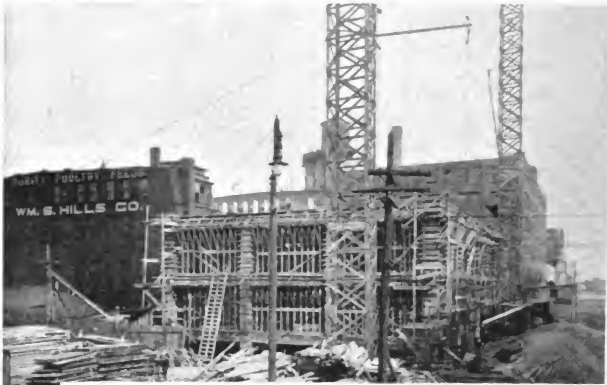
In the meantime, supplies to foreign civilians throughout the world—where the demand has almost doubled—had been cut to 5 per cent. of former deliveries. During the past year home demand increased 80 per cent., and much of this increase has been met. Shipments were even brought back from China and the Far East to meet the needs of the home trade.

It has been a great experience and you will find every man and every woman in the great factory proud of the work and of each other—and especially proud of the many members of the organization who have been in the thick of the fighting overseas.

What About the Immediate Future?

New facilities are almost ready. So pressing was the demand of the Government for deliveries that the War Industries Board finally let us go ahead with our building plans.

The new factory is nearing completion: eight stories high, with thousands of additional feet of space. This entire building will be devoted to blade production—giving us a total capacity of one hundred and ten thousand dozen blades a day, or three hundred and fifty-six million blades a year.



PROGRESS OF NEW FACTORY BUILDING
Upper view taken Oct. 25. Lower view taken Nov. 22



What You Should Know About Gillette Stock

FRANK J. SULLIVAN, *Secretary*

YOU have doubtless read Mr. Fahey's article printed on another page, calling attention to the fact that the number of employees who have subscribed to stock of the Company is not as large as it should be.

Perhaps some employees who have not subscribed to shares do not fully understand what it means to be a shareholder.

A few words therefore will doubtless be helpful.

In the first place, with the exception of what is given to charity, almost every financial transaction in which we have a part has for its ultimate object the hope of profits or material advantage of some kind or other.

Has the employee who subscribes to stock of the Company a reasonable expectation of profit and what are the advantages that result from the investment?

The following should answer this question and at the same time give some information about investments generally.

1. What is the difference between a share of stock and a bond?

The latter is the written obligation of a corporation issuing it to pay a specified sum on a given date and to pay a fixed sum of interest at certain specified dates. Thus, the Gillette Company has outstanding five-year six per cent. notes, which means that they are due in five years from their date and bear six per cent interest annually. Likewise, the Liberty Loan Bonds have a specified date on which the Government will pay the

bondholder the face of the bond, and in the meantime pay interest at the rate of four or four and one-quarter per cent. annually as stipulated in the bond.

The share of stock, on the other hand, is a part ownership in all that the Gillette Company owns, its buildings, raw materials, goods in process, patent rights and trade-marks, etc. The income from a share of stock, that is the amount received in dividends, is not fixed but may vary. If the corporation is prosperous and its earnings, after paying all expenses, are more than its dividend requirements, the balance is put back into the business, thus increasing the surplus account and making the financial position of the company that much stronger.

2. Who determines what dividends shall be paid?

The Board of Directors. The Directors of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, twelve in number, are elected annually by the stockholders who entrust to them the control of the Company's affairs and the operation of the business.

3. What return does an investment in Gillette stock pay?

To determine the percentage of return received on an investment, divide the amount received each year in dividends per share by what the stock cost you per share.

During the year 1918 you received, or there was credited to your account, dividends amounting to \$9.50 per share. Stock purchased at \$95 would therefore yield an income of ten per cent. If the stock was



bought at \$100 per share and paid during the year 1918, \$9.50 in dividends, then the percentage of dividend yield would be nine and one-half per cent.

4. What tax has to be paid on dividends?

Under the Federal Government laws, dividends are exempt from tax unless the total income of the stockholder is more than \$5,000 annually. The tax under the income tax laws of the State of Massachusetts is six per cent. of the dividend received. Therefore, as \$9.50 per share was paid during the year 1918, the tax amounts to 57 cents per share.

5. I said a moment ago that when you buy a share of Gillette stock you buy an interest in its machinery, buildings, etc. You also buy a share in the Company's good will. What is its good will? It is the knowledge of the public that immediately pictures a safety razor when the word Gillette is mentioned and induces them to buy a Gillette in preference to any other razor.

Regardless of what imitators may seek to do with the name, the fact remains that everyone, "the world over," associates the name Gillette

with the best shaving device on the market; associates it with a Company that is one of the most successful in the world; a Company which the world at large considers a high-grade organization, manufacturing and selling a high-grade article.

6. In addition there is one other advantage which deserves special emphasis and that is that an employee who has ownership in the Company must of necessity be a better employee. He will endeavor to eliminate waste if any exists and he will always lend co-operation to any movement that has the best interest of the Company for its object.

This is why the management is desirous of having you become a stockholder. It is not that they are anxious to sell stock or that they are going to make anything by its sale. It is a transaction that is intended to be mutually profitable. You secure a first-class investment; the Company secures a better employee. And a Company that is made up 100 per cent. strong of "better employees" is certain to accomplish things in the future that will eclipse the splendid record of Gillette achievement to date.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

BERNARD M. BEAUMONT, *Shipping Room*

I find night school a great factor for boys and girls who have not had the chance for an ordinary education. I would advise them to take advantage of this great opportunity.

I was one who was not very studious by nature, having a desire to go to work and earn money for myself. I did not feel the loss of an education until a year ago last September; I thought I would go to evening school.

Therefore, I went to the Philips Brooks Evening Elementary School in Roxbury, where I was put in to the graduation class. There I finished my grammar school lessons, which I found were very helpful to me. In the following May I graduated, which honor I was indeed proud of.

The night of my graduation I had a talk with the principal about giving myself a still better education. He advised me to go to evening high school. Last October I registered in the Roxbury Evening Commercial High School, where I am now taking up two useful studies. From 7:30 to 8:30 P. M. I take up Commercial Arithmetic, or in other words, the kind of arithmetic they use in business houses and in connection with accountancy. From 8:30 to 9:30 P. M. I take up an English course.

I hope this will broaden my mind and assist me in making a smooth pathway to the future. Therefore, I would advise my co-workers, who have not had the opportunity of an education, to follow my footsteps, and thus help make themselves a better and more prosperous life.



There are many miles between us
But in thought you're very near.
For our wishes span the distance
With a bridge of Christmas cheer.
You will miss the home-town doings.
But don't let yourself get blue;
For next year we'll all be merry
Sharing Christmas joys with you.

THE GILLETTE BOYS' CHRISTMAS

This card was sent to each of the boys on our Roll of Honor, accompanied by a letter from the Gillette War Committee, extending to them best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Gillette War Committee prepared the Christmas packages for the boys in the Service. Owing to the Government regulations each boy in France was permitted to receive one box only, weight of which when packed, not to exceed three pounds. Each boy "overseas" received a shipping receipt from General Pershing which was sent to the folks at home and which will enable them to forward the Christmas package.

The Christmas boxes going to the boys in France contain the following articles:

9 packages Perfection cigarettes, 5 packages gum, 6 packages rice paper, 5 packages Life Savers, 2 packages Manco smoking tobacco, 1 large bar Hersey chocolate, 2 small bars Hersey chocolate, 1 dozen Gillette blades.

As the War Committee were very desirous of doing their share toward making Christmas a happy one for the boys, they wrote to the homes of each member of the Roll of Honor now in France, asking permission to send this package to the boys.

The following letter was received from the mother of Sergeant Arthur H. Mahoney, formerly of the Sixth Floor Office.

This will give you an idea of how the work of the Gillette War Committee is being appreciated.

To MR. LOUIS GALE,
Secretary, Gillette War Committee.

DEAR SIR:—

Your kind favor received and I thank you so much for your kind thought of my son, Sergeant Arthur H. Mahoney, F Company, 101st U. S. Engineers. I will be very glad to give you the shipping ticket if I receive it, on condition that you allow me space for a small gift.

I received a letter from my son this evening, but it did not contain the much desired ticket. This letter was opened before I received it; a most unusual thing. However, as the letter did not refer to the ticket being enclosed, I am hoping it may soon come.

A letter from Arthur a few weeks ago told me of the kindness of your Mr. Barry to him when he was in Paris. I am glad of this opportunity if you will please thank Mr. Barry for me. Please tell him not alone Arthur was made happy, but I too appreciate his kindness to my son very very much.

I thank you and the War Committee and I assure you I will notify you when I receive the shipping ticket, and remain

Very Sincerely,

MRS. KATHERINE M. MAHONEY,
3 Forest Street, Medford, Mass.



New York Service Store

J. FRANK REBUCK, *Asst. Sales Manager*

IN the July issue we announced the opening in Chicago of the first Gillette Service Store, and referred to the second which was to be opened in New York City, but which was not far enough advanced at that time to permit of its description. From the numerous inquiries received since then regarding both

stores we know that our readers have been deeply interested in this new phase of Gillette enterprise and have been scanning the pages of THE BLADE to see what progress we have made. It is distinctly gratifying, therefore, to be able to announce that the second Gillette Service Store was opened at 172 Broadway,



MAIDEN LANE SIDE

BROADWAY ENTRANCE





BUSINESS OFFICE

PRIVATE OFFICE



New York City, on November 15. This was far later than we had wished to open it, but the delay, disappointing though it was, was unavoidable because of the abnormal difficulty of getting certain construction material from the mills.

The store as it now appears, however, was well worth waiting for, and every Gillette employee would be proud of its appearance if he could see it. Standing at the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane, one of the busiest corners in New York, and consequently one of the busiest in the world, unequalled in architectural design and artistic interior arrangement, the store worthily interprets

the service of the article and the organization which it represents. The Gillette trademark with the familiar words "Known the World Over" appears conspicuously on the upper glass sections facing both Broadway and Maiden Lane. These words can be seen for several blocks north and east, and it is probably a safe prophecy to make that the store itself will soon be "known the world over," for it occupies one of the best locations in the world's busiest mart.

Here the representatives of the Company are able to meet for conferences, and here customers, foreign and domestic, large and small, may be adequately received. To have a



The Gillette Blade



CROWDS VIEWING WINDOW DISPLAY



ENTRANCE VIEWED
FROM INTERIOR
OF STORE

DISPLAY CASE





room suitable for such conferences, the architect has set off a private office which has been luxuriously furnished in mahogany, the chairs upholstered in the finest leather, and a beautiful Sarouk rug lending additional richness and dignity to the appearance of the room.

The upper and lower tiers both of the front and the side of the store are entirely of glass and are trimmed with valance and panels of silk applique; over the windows are draped silk puffed shades. The walls of the interior are panelled in mahogany, and the fittings throughout are of the same material. The floor is a beautiful specimen of beramic mosaic tiling, in the center of which appears the Gillette trademark. The base of the display case is composed of antique green Carrara marble, and the whole impression is one of unaffected magnificence.

Display windows on both Broadway and Maiden Lane furnish an excellent opportunity to show our line to the best advantage. In the front window we have made an attractive and novel display of razors, old style and Safety, collected from all parts of the world,—just a few of the three or four hundred varieties of Safety Razors which have imitated and even counterfeited Gillette, and which have come and gone in the past fifteen years. Included in this display are the Kavirondo Safety Razor which is used by the Kavirondo native of South Africa, the Bat-Wing style in common use in China, the long narrow razor of Japan, and the imitations and counterfeits of Germany, Spain and other European countries, with placards describing each one. In the center of the win-

dow rests the Razor of Today, the Panama Exposition Gillette, artistically engraved, and valued at \$500.00.

In the side window we exhibit the war relic Gillettes,—one salvaged from the steamer "Norwegian," and others that have played their parts as armor and saved their owners' lives. All these displays have attracted unusual attention, the crowds blocking the sidewalks to such an extent as to make it at times impossible to enter the store.

Because of the service they offer, these stores, from the selling and advertising standpoint, are an extremely valuable asset to the organization; in fact, they give promise of such success that the management is seriously considering the opening of similar establishments in other sections of the United States, in Canada, and in Europe.

POETIC SATISFACTION

In response to a letter sent from the Sales Department inquiring as to the service given by our experts, the following reply was received from H. Leonard Corey, 161 West 92nd Street, New York:

The Assistant Sales Manager:—

DEAR SIR:—

In reply to yours of the 26th inst.

Would I could
Wax enthusiastic
At improvements
In my shave!
Would I could
Tell the wide world
How my razor
Doth behave;
How much better
The replacement
Every little thing
Hath made!
But tell me,
Would you tell me,
Where in heck
To buy a blade!

Yours,

H. LEONARD COREY.



The Making of a Soldier

LIEUT. E. FRANK WARD

(Continued from the November issue of THE GILLETTE BLADE)

ALMOST every day the Major took the battalion to the Drill Field which was located about four miles away. We started immediately after breakfast. "Double time" was the command every few minutes. Those who have experienced the carrying of guns on their shoulders while running will appreciate how well the command "Quick Time—March" sounded.

On arrival at the Field battalion drill was in order for an hour, then a short rest after which the four companies were turned over to their respective commanders for instruction. Bayonet drill, calisthenics, company, platoon and squad movements were rehearsed until only the dumbest of the boys could be called greenhorns.

Those sure were trying days for most of us, it all being so new. To wake up during the night and hear someone shouting commands in his sleep was simply considered annoying and not of interest.

My first experience in handling a squad, having become an acting Corporal, was at the trenches. We had quite a trench system, modelled after the trenches on the now historical Western Front, and dug by the recruits of the 301st Infantry. This day, my squad was assigned to parapet making which really amounted to little more than cutting sods of earth and laying them in the proper places at the top of the trench. This was in December. I believe it was below zero on this particular day and I, not used to standing around and directing, occasionally took a hatchet and

cut in order to keep warm. I was soon told by my officers that freeze or not neither I nor any other non-commissioned officer could do menial labor while privates were available. From then on it was to me like a continuation of my old position at the Gillette factory, and as days passed I used my own brain more than I had since joining the army. I was continually questioning my superiors, but gradually I arrived at the point where I could suggest changes, experiments, etc., and from then on I felt that I was doing my bit and the army and I would not part if I had my way until the Great War was over.

Orderly-room work soon became my side line, and when the Company Clerk was sent to the O. T. S. I was appointed clerk with the rank of Corporal.

A vacancy of Sergeant was open a short time afterwards and the Captain dictated to me his recommendation to the Colonel for the appointment. My own name was the one he pronounced, which was both surprising and pleasing to me. At that time there were only two men in the Company who were assigned later than I, so, such an appointment was considered lucky—perhaps it was.

From that time on I was available for any and all kinds of instruction work which I liked and accomplished satisfactorily.

About the last of January I was appointed First-Sergeant and then my troubles began in earnest.

In cantonments the officers live in quarters of their own, a long dis-



tance from the barracks, but the First-Sergeant, although he disciplines, instructs and fosters the men, eats—sleeps—and lives with them. He arises first and calls the men, gives the signal for Reveille, aligns the men for roll-call and gives the report to the Captain, who then goes to breakfast. The mess-hall next gets the attention of the "Top" who announces mess when ready, and oversees the serving. Drill-call is generally sounded one hour after Reveille, but in the meantime the barracks must be cleaned, the men shaved and groomed, the morning report made, the sick questioned and directed what to do; in short, during the first hour in the morning is made the snappy, disciplined and good looking company and quarters. I am above the grade of the "Top-Kicker" now, so I feel that I am giving credit to the rank and not the man when I say that if he makes a good toilet himself and oversees the million and one things that are required of him, he can go to rest regularly at 12 m. each night and arise about five in the morning.

I have had many experiences that would not be well to mention, but they all meant my education and cannot be regretted by me. I received all the notes from the "Company Commanders" meetings, which were held by the Colonel each day, and took care of all correspondence and arrangements that arose from them. I also had a personal interest in each man and knew his qualities and nature, held conferences with the Officers on all policies, and then tried to be a regular fellow besides.

In April I was sent to Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, to train for a commission

as second Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps. Though I hated to leave my old outfit it was with joy that I thought of being among the commissioned, as from my experience I could well appreciate the honor attached to the commissioned personnel in the good old U. S. Army.

Of my training there there is little to be said. We had Reveille and mess the same as in any regular Camp. At 7 a. m. we were in class and at 9.30 p. m. we closed our books, calling it a day. The teaching system was similar to that of any good high school or college—lectures, quiz periods, either written or oral, study during periods and examinations. The time I was at Camp Johnston the weather was very warm, which made concentration on study more difficult than in a cooler climate.

I am glad I had the opportunity of training at that school if for no other reason than for the many friends I made.

Every Camp, Cantonment and Army Post in the United States and also our Insular possessions were represented in the personnel of that, the Second Quartermaster Officers' Training Camp. You know, no doubt, that the Quartermaster Corps clothes, equips, feeds, quarters, pays, transports and buries the Army. So then, among these boys were the pick of the whole country from the packing houses, the mills and mercantile houses, the construction firms, the banks and finance departments of the big firms, railroad and water transport men—men galore and in every branch of business that exists in the country.

If it never was brought home to me before it was there that I learned that Uncle Sam was in the biggest



business proposition the world has ever known, a proposition that was still growing and that was backed by all the brains available as well as the good liberty bond buyers.

After what I considered very strenuous plugging, I was commissioned a second Lieutenant, or shave tail (mule of the army) as they are more commonly known, on the twentieth of July and assigned to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, as an assistant to the Depot Quartermaster at that station.

Arriving in Pittsburgh I found that there would be plenty of work to do as many large warehouses had just been completed for the handling of supplies for the Army, both here and abroad.

The Depot, more commonly known as the Arsenal, which it had been for the past one hundred years, surely is an interesting old place. Until recently the Bureau of Mines and Standards had laboratories here and simply to listen to the stories of the elaborate experiments that were tried by some of the best scientific men of our country is an education in itself. There are several old houses at the Post that were built in 1820 and though originally the homes of Officers they are now the quarters of enlisted men. There is something novel about an old army Post that is not found in our year-old-cantonments. Here there are men who have soldiered for twenty-five years, many of them bearing scars of wounds received in the Spanish-American War in '98—Privates with families of four or five children, some of whom are old enough to work, seem strange compared with the new Army Organization. It makes one think a great deal and give due credit to

these men who were our ready protectors in Peace Times and yet who were in oblivion to most of us until our own homes were affected and service flags commenced to appear in every home.

My experience is so limited as yet that I will not write any more now, but I am firmly resolved to work hard as a Lieutenant, the same as when an enlisted man, so that by my experience I may be more valuable to my Government in this time of need. Later, probably, I will write again and try to interest you with the routine of an Officer. It may be from "Over There" as my days of training surely must be near completion. To go over soon and be among the Army of "Those that were" is my hope and I trust that I will not be so unfortunate as to have to answer "Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania," when I am asked later on in life "Daddy, where did you serve in the Great War?"

E. FRANK WARD.

2nd Lieut., Q. M. C.

THE TEST OF STRENGTH

Contributed by KATHRYN TRAVERSE,
Advertising Dept.

It isn't the way that you want things here,
Nor the way you would have them go;
But the way that they are with their sorrow
and cheer,
Their laughter and gladness and woe.

The test of our strength is the will and the
way
We would serve in our place and time
Unflinching the truth of the common day
And keeping life clean and sublime.

Our fortunes are measured by a wisdom
and love,
It were foolish to question or doubt;
But somehow or somewhere, below or above,
There's a grace through whose help we
make out.



Dear Mick

"Who took the roof off Casey's Barn Old Jack Johnson" Can you beat that for a fool song. You know the guy responsible for it - our famous composer and pure nut - Mackelwain. He's settin over in the corner pourin out his soul in a flood of rich melody that would make our transport mule have a hemorrhage with pure envy. Now any man can five with that stuff inside him beats me. Connor says he knows the way how to kill Kaiser Wm and his cohorts - send Red over to sing for them and let them die laughin. Every time that guy sings we get bombarded music hath charms but Red's warbly gets old Fritz, awe. I guess he thinks its a Canadian hymn of hate. It is - Cause we sure hate to hear it. I can't talk - but I can write. for my mouth is full of plum duff made in Canada by a Fairy Queen. Beat just got a boy from his dream of bliss back home, and women like she sends everything but a napkin and a finger bowl. I said to Beat in my enthusiasm "I love every mouthful she bakes" - but I had to hasten an apology for he started reachin for a sharp bayonet. And it fierce, when a guy gets inoculated with love, he's even ready to carve up his best friend. But I'll go on record as sayin - she's some cook. I wish Mick I had a Jane that thought enough of me even to send a tin of sardines. In all my short life nobody took much notice of me. But the police force and Sarge Mack. I'm so used to sayin "I didn't do it eddy." that I spring that phrase now in place of "yes please." But there Mick, I'm all ranty for the big boys and your hearts afit for the right place. I'll never forget you for that Gillette Service Set you sent me and its the little old comfort-box, I can gamble. Don't matter when I go its there. too and I can shave any old time and any old place. The gink what planned that case was there with the saws for what a soldier needs when it comes to shavin outfiel.

RED SENDING UP
A FLOCK OF NOTES



THIS IS LOVE

I must close now Mick Old Kid think of me dodgin the Big Krump, and readin my shirt. Believe me lad I wish I got more decoration a big chain somewhere in Canada, but we're all goin to stick till its over, over here. Yours Joe
P.S. Fritz has just started to put em over again Red's song done it. J.

COURTESY OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



With the Gillette Boys



THE BREAKING OF THE HINDENBURG LINE— A PROMOTION

France, November 2, 1918.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON:—

Just a few lines to let you know that I received your letter all right and was glad to hear from you.

I am out on rest now after spending twenty-eight days of strenuous work in the front line starting off on Sept. 29th with a very large attack on the Hindenburg line—at just where I cannot tell you, but it was in such a place that the Germans knew that we would attack them within two days, and we did good and hard putting down an artillery and Machine Gun barrage that even a rat couldn't live in it. They came back with a good one, but nothing like ours. We broke his line on a very large front and kept right on going for six days, starting fresh every morning. Then we were relieved and put in reserve for seven days,

marching every day until finally we were put in again, for another big attack which was very successful. Now we are out for a rest and to fill up with replacements.

I sure have been lucky, never dreamed of such luck, and when I get back, which looks as if it would not be long now, I can sure tell you of a lot of thrilling experiences—not like some are telling over there now who were in the line about a week and had pull enough to get home either.

They are sending quite a few home, but the only ones who get the chance are the ones who have got a big pull or a friend at some headquarters.

Well, I have been promoted to the grade of First Lieut., which is pretty good luck, and I figure promotion on this side is twice as good as over there. After the war they can have all their promotions, although, as you know, I am making more money now than I did at the Gillette. I much prefer the latter, and hope I can get back to it soon. There is nothing like being your own boss when your day's work is over. In this game you are never your own boss and your day's work is never finished.

I hope that the new age limit don't rope you into it. I honestly don't unless you get some kind of a place behind the lines, as the lines are a *damn rotten place*, to be frank with you and outspoken. I really hate them, but for all that I have never shirked my duty while there. No one can say that I did or that I had a yellow streak while there and, after all, that is worth something. I know a whole lot of Officers who cannot say that with a clear mind.

I get a letter from Mr. Barry quite often and he is always very well, also his family, who I met while in Paris. He has two fine little boys and a nice wife and home, so he hasn't much to want for.

I would like very much to get a copy of the "BLADE" now and then if it is possible to get it over here.



WM. H. KEARNEY, at right



JOHN BERNAN



THOS. J. FELTON



ALBERT BERNARDINI

I received a letter from my sister, who was working at the factory, and she likes it fine, and also I wish to thank you for the kind treatment she got, as she says every one treated her so nice.

Well, I think this will be all for now. I hope you are in the best of health, and please give my regards to Mr. Rice and Mr. Pelham.

Sincerely yours,
LT. GEORGE EVANS,

105th Mach. Gun Co., 27th Div., A. E. F.

war in a hurry and get back to the good old U. S. A. and spend our vacations there.

I am sending you some German money which I got from a Boche we captured in the St. Mihiel drive. I could write for a week but I have not time at present, so will close.

Hoping you are all well in the factory, I remain

Yours very truly,

M. F. HANNON,
Co. E, 101st U. S. Inf., A. E. F.

M. F. HANNON SAYS WE NEVER
START ANYTHING THAT WE
CANNOT FINISH

HUNTING SUBMARINES IS A
GREAT SPORT AND VERY
EXCITING

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. GALE:—

I received your most welcome letter to-day and was very pleased to know the good work you people are doing for us over here. The Yanks are doing fine work over here and they sure are keeping the Boche worried. I have been over the top twice but came out O. K. I lost some of my best friends. The 101st is one of the best regiments over here and the boys are doing some wonderful work. Anything we start we are able to finish and always come out on top.

We have not had a furlough since we came across, but if I get one I will go over to Paris and visit Mr. Barry. We have not much time for vacations now as we are all needed at the front. We want to finish this

Ireland.

DEAR SIR:—

I have arrived at our final base. This fleet of sub-chasers and others have made a voyage across the deep that is going down in history as another naval achievement. It was some sea-going trip too, and has "over the top" beat. The censor will not allow any more to be mentioned about the trip.

We go out "hunting subs" for a few days and nights, then we have a rest period for the same number of days and nights, and we certainly welcome it.

I have received several copies of the GILLETTE BLADE and find them very interesting. When I read them they take me back on the job. Another thing that reminds me of the job is we have to keep



GEO. McDONALD



GEO. R. DUGGAN



JAS. WALLACE

our department neat and clean and be "on the job" in this outfit.

The last package I received was number three. If the Committee is still sending them, I thought you should know that the sailors are allowed to receive them.

All the towns over here have been placed "out of bounds" until they prevent the sale of booze to the American sailors.

These chasers will be over here until the war is ended. All the news we receive about the war comes from the U. S.

At this writing we have pulled into an Irish harbor for shelter from a storm.

Best regards to all; will write again.

Yours respectfully,

PAUL E. NORTON,
U. S. S. C. No. 272, Base 6,
Cape P. M., N. Y. C.

WILLIAM KEARNEY'S PREDICTION
COMES TRUE—BUT HE IS
STILL VERY BUSY

Somewhere in France.

DEAR FRIEND:—

I have just received your letter and wish to thank you for your interest in me as a fellow-employee of Gillette.

Just at present it looks as if it is about all over but the shouting. I have been out

in the billets for the last few days driving the officers back and forth to the billets and headquarters. We are kept right on the go most of the time. Our Company has charge of transportation for this camp and we have to be ready at all times for calls.

We are quartered in modern French barracks built of stone and being finished by German prisoners.

If I have the pleasure of seeing Paris, I will surely try and visit Mr. Barry.

I am sending a little snapshot which we took the other day, consisting of the French guard, the Sergeant, Mechanic and myself at the end of the sword.

I will have to close for the present. Thanking the Gillette War Committee for past favors, I remain

Yours truly,

WILLIAM H. KEARNEY,
Motor Car No. 304, M. T. C.,
U. S. A., A. E. F.

Splendid letters have also been received from Albert A. Bernardini, who is stationed at San Juan, Porto Rico; Major William J. McCarthy, Philip B. Williams, Julius A. Rice, George L. Anderson, John J. Hurley, John Berman, Henry J. Collins, William H. Kenney, John Hurley, J. H. Wallace, Joseph Perry and Frank Cashman. Unfortunately limited space does not permit of their reproduction.



Christmas

MR. FRENCH, *Machine Shop*

At Christmas may our thoughts turn
To those who can't have what they need
Because it's held beyond their reach
By someone who's sowing their greed.

As we are daily passing on
Always seeing things that are new,
Looking ever at nature the beautiful
And searching it through and through

Can we but feel that we should try
Every moment our best to do,
That we are only visitors;
Our time will soon be through.

To be content and satisfied,
We'll meet trials as they come;
To face our labor cheerfully
And never duty shun

Should bring to us a happiness
To one and all appeal,
For a heart that's fair and kindly
Is better than one of steel.

To be kind and give freely of things we
can spare;
To speak a kind word for all
Is a duty we owe, to the world here below,
A something that conscience must call.

May those hopes become shattered, who's
not willing to give
A fair show to one who's oppressed
For a person well fed, and a body warm
dressed
Is better than sporting it all.

To give to the needy is better by far
Than to hoard a lot you can't use.
Be cheerful and kindly to all as you go
Is a privilege no one should abuse.

"My Gillette"

By PRIVATE JAMES W. GALLAGHER

No. 304 Motor Car Co., M.T.C., American Expeditionary Forces, A.P.O. No. 733

Private James W. Gallagher, of the 304th Motor Car Company, M. T. C., A. E. F., whose address is A. P. O. No. 733, France, although not a Gillette boy, has had copies of the *BLADE* passed to him by one of our boys.

The following note and poem has been received from Private Gallagher:

DEAR SIRS:—

Permit me to express the gratitude I feel for many comfortable shaves in this manner. I also desire to thank the verse writers of the *GILLETTE BLADE*, especially the writer in the Advertising Department who submitted the delightful poem entitled "Smile." Accept my lines if you please as a tribute to a masterpiece of the razor's art:

When the first faint rays of dawn beams
And I awaken from my pleasant dreams,
My first thought is of my whiskers, and
what the "Cap" will say
When he sees them—so I then straightway

Open up my Comfy Kit, with a prayer I
have one yet—
A safety razor blade, for my old Gillette.
Then I lather up my face among the howl-
ing mob,
And enjoy a real shave, for my Gillette
is on the job.
Of course the water's cold, and I have no
fancy cream,
But when I finish shaving, my face is
smooth and clean.
Then I voice aloud my praises, of my one
best bet
And I wouldn't take a hundred others for
my old Gillette.
It has been with me in places where chance
was mighty slim
And the case that holds it, is all bat-
tered in;
Yet when I go to shave, you can surely bet
Shaving is a pleasure with my old Gillette.

By PVT. JAMES W. GALLAGHER,
No. 304 Motor Car Company,
M. T. C., A. E. F., A. P. O. No. 733.



APRONS AND OVERALLS ADAPTED FOR USE BY GILLETTE EMPLOYEES

The Bloomerettes

Contributed by W. F. POWERS, *Mach. Dept.*

Long ago the shop was tended
By a bully sort of men,
But the good ol' times is ended
An' they won't come back again;
For the doors is swingin' open
To the heathen and what not
An' so help me! I'm not dopin'
Now there's women in the shop.

If a helper dropped a castin'
An' it smashed 'im on the toe,
He uncorked his best dod-gastin'
Just to let the others know.
Now his pain he's got to swaller
An' his langwidge has to stop,
For he dassent cuss and holler
Since there's women in the shop.

First we laughed and joked right hearty
At the bloomers and the caps;
What would this here female party
Know of gages, mikes and taps!
But their gumption was surprisin'
For they learned them, sure as pop,
An' the output curves been risin'
For there's women in the shop.

Yes, they're mighty keen and clever,
An' they're nimble, an' they're quick,
An' they have no trouble ever
Gettin' wise to every trick.
So although they're shy of muscle,
They're always on the hop,
An' us men have had to hustle
Since there's women in the shop.

ABOUT RAZORS

(From a Newspaper Clipping)

There are twenty good automobiles between the flivver and the best—nearly all are pretty good, but none equals the best, and after awhile a man's tastes lead him to wanting the best, and he gets it, even if he has to deprive himself of other things and has to skimp and save. You see he has wasted more than the cost of the best by foolishly believing some other car was the

real thing. He bragged of gas mileage, of small upkeep—and before long found himself owner of a thing that wisdom warned him to junk.

So with razors—with this difference: there is seemingly no worth-the-while flivver. Only one eventually worth having razor—the GILLETTE.

Blessed the man who has learned to serenely Gillette every morning—for cleanliness is akin to godliness and besides makes you size up better in any crowd.



Factory Notes



MISS HANNAH
BRADY

Anything Miss Brady undertakes goes over with a bang. Whether it be Red Cross work, contributing to the Blade or what not, Miss Brady's connection with any project is almost an assurance of its success. Miss Brady has been with the Company 13 years, and going strong.

At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
With never a doubt or quit to it,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you,
One by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it,
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

The quarterly dividend on Gillette shares, paid December 1st, certainly came in handy. If you didn't receive a dividend check why

New reporters this month. Their names will appear in the January BLADE.

YOU CAN DO IT

Contributed by
H. A. BRADY,
Set Packing Room
Somebody said it couldn't be done,

But he, with a chuckle, replied

That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried, he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that:

not make a New Year's resolution to become a part owner of this Company.

Some lonesome soldier will find a welcome at East Fourth Street any night. How about it Alice?

"Ruthie" of 5 "D" will have her locket worn out looking at Joe's picture, but you can't blame her, as Frances X. has nothing on him for looks.

A young lady who is employed in the Handle Press Department 2 "D" is going to petition the Public Service Commission for a direct line of cars from Somerville to the Gillette factory. For the past few weeks she has been getting a red time card almost every morning, and the car service gets the blame. Get up a little earlier Margaret.

Will Miss Margaret Lane, of the Auto Screw Machine Department, be kind enough to inform the girls of 2 "D" who the tall young man is who comes down to the second floor to see her every noon time. Things are commencing to look brighter every day, and the war being over invitations will soon be expected.



MR. FAIR-
WEATHER

The war has upset all precedents in Mr. Fairweather's department. Ten years ago any one who suggested women machinists couldn't have obtained a hearing. Now, side by side with old timers, women have entered this field.

Mr. Wharton, foreman of the Handle Press Department, has become an expert buyer of ladies' shoes. His most recent purchase was the white kid shoes which were raffled at the Handle Press table at the Red Cross Bazaar, and they were pronounced perfect in every way. He soon will have to do the buying for all the girls in the department and there are only two hundred. Some job!



Edith of the Blade Packing Department is willing to spend two cents a day just to read *Mildred Champagne's* column. Don't give up hope "Edie," your answer will appear soon.

Bertha is trunking a lot of pretty things. She expects to be our "Victory Bride."

MRS. McCULLOUGH

It always reinforces our confidence in human nature when we think of Mrs. McCullough. For a good many years she has been a faithful, steady Gillette co-worker—dependable and a worker.

who recently fell

Honey, stop flirting with "Bud." For pity's sake let the poor man do his work.

Remick Brothers are in need of a good looking soprano. Why not apply, Agnes?

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Allard,

Miss A. McCoy, of the Billing Department, has been transferred and is now in the Traffic Department.

We wonder what Grace Logan of 4 "A" Inspection bought a shaving brush for. Ask Dad, he knows?

Our Miss Roycroft of 5 "A" Got a present from France, they say; A handkerchief of pink and blue— We bet it's from her sweetheart, too.

We were very much surprised when Miss Helen Foley, an envelope machine operator in the Box Department, announced her engagement a short time ago. She is going to Panama on her honeymoon. We are expecting a new Panama hat as a souvenir when she gets back. Miss May Doherty is going to act as bridesmaid and her friend as best man. Miss May Sellars will be flower girl.

We thought that the romance of May Doherty of the envelope machines was shattered, but the *Mt. Vernon* is safe at home again with her friend in perfect condition.

I wonder why our famous "Little Robert Page" of the Laboratory likes to work overtime so much lately, but of course it is not surprising when er-well you better ask Bob—he knows. Keep it up Bobbie—bungalows are going up.

Frank Flynn noticed a silence in the front row of the orchestra during the week of November 18th. Miss Curtaz had a cold and could not talk!

We are all wondering how poor Leo of our Traffic Department feels these days since his old sweetheart, F. R., formerly of the office, got married. He still sticks to Gillette's for sweethearts. O—U—Packing Department.

Frances, of the Packing Department, Building D, says her Leo is more of a four hour man than a four minute man, especially when he calls at her home. How about it Leo?

Our popular little inspector, Miss Sadie Quirk, of Stopping 4 "A," is becoming some little Jazz Dancer. Just ask her who the little Radio was that made her feet trip so nicely in the Y. W. C. A. the other night.

We wonder why Jack Quinlin, of Store Room "A," and Rivers, of the loft, are getting so chummy lately. Ask Clarence, he knows.

John Flaherty, the chauffeur on building "B" elevator, who lives in the "Lamp Light District," is getting to be quite a pool shark and would like to meet Colonel Murray, John Horrigan or Jerry McCarty in the near future.

In the near future Mr. H. S. Rivers will have to wear kilts, as the manufacturers have stopped making extra large sizes in overalls. Hoot-mon.



MR. VEZINA

During these high cost of living times, Mr. Vezina is especially fortunate. A flock of good laying hens is the answer. With eggs a dollar a dozen, Mr. Vezina saves almost as much as the man who uses a Gillette. Mr. Vezina is Secretary of the F. of A.

The cost is very little to become a part owner of this Company. Ask your foreman or Forewoman about it today—and plan to purchase shares after Christmas.

Jimmy Hennigan, the champion marathon runner of New England, has a rival in Daisy Morse, of Inspection 4 "A."

Ask Sadie Quirk, of 4 "A" Inspection, what she tried to do with the coat hanger?

It isn't everyone who has the splendid opportunity of becoming part owner of this great fac-



MR. WHARTON

We asked Mr. Gale what Mr. Wharton's hobby was, and he said that as far as he knew it was "working day and night." Mr. Wharton's department is spread out over three floors and it keeps him busy looking after it.

nor-elect Mr. Coolidge at the State House reception, Tuesday forenoon, November 26th.

I wonder what attraction Summer Street has for one of our machine operators. Perhaps her visit to the City Hall will enlighten us all soon.

Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company don't have to go to the Boston Opera House to hear any of the leading opera singers. All they have to do is to come to the Stropping Department and hear J. Coakley sing the "Mocking Bird."

It is with deepest regret that we must announce the departure from our midst of Miss Ethel Fox, our esteemed Assistant Forewoman. Miss Fox has left us to enter the Convent of the "Sisters of Mercy," in Manchester, N. H.

As a token of their appreciation, the girls of the Set Packing Room presented her with a silver watch and \$5 in gold. Our love and best wishes go with her to her new vocation.

The people in the Shipping Room are curious to know what the attraction over at the Receiving Department is. Perhaps Miss McCoy will be kind enough to tell us.

Persons desiring information regarding movements of troops "over here," arrival of mail, latest rumors, etc., apply to one or two optimists in 6 "D."

tory. Every employee should share in the prosperity of this wonderful world-wide business.

William E. Menut, of the Buffing Department, was married Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, to Miss Jane Walsh, of Lawrence, Mass.

Joseph Place, of Buffing Department, is the proud father of a nine and one-half pound baby girl. Mother and daughter doing fine.

Miss Murphy, forelady of the Stropping Department, had the honor of being one of the first ones to shake hands with General and Mrs. Edwards, and also Governor-elect Mr. Coolidge at the State House reception, Tuesday forenoon, November 26th.

Miss Marie Armitage, of our Montreal factory, entertained the forewomen of the firm at a theatre party at the Wilbur on Wednesday evening, November 20th. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. Miss Armitage left for Canada November 22nd.

I wonder what time the Sultanas rolled into Montreal.

If the Machine Shop Quartet think they can sing, why not challenge with the Information Quartet, composed of Ripley, Daly, O'Brien and Page.

Why does E. O'Brien come in every morning wearing that sunny smile? How about it, Elizabeth?

Elma of the Set Packing likes to spend her noon hour in the Shipping Room. Can you tell why, Walter?

That very mysterious telephone call caused some consternation for a few minutes. Did it not, Tom?

Now that Willie Hohenzollern is no longer in a position to worry us, Uncle Sam may release some of our Gillette boys. We'll give them a hearty welcome.

From all accounts, Mr. W. H. Barry of the Paris office has been rather busy in his role of host to the "Gillette Army" overseas.

The New Orleans Mardi-Gras festival could never compare with Boston's Peace Day celebration. Owing to the exceptional occasion, the delegation of merrymakers from the sixth floor office is hereby forgiven any unconventional performances on November 11th.



MISS DENNY

One reason complaints are few and far between on Gillette Razors is Miss Denny. As forewoman of the Assembling Department, the inspection under Miss Denny is well-nigh perfect. Miss Denny has been with the Company for several years.

During Major General Edwards recent talks of his experiences in France he had occasion to refer to Major McCarthy several times, and to us he spoke of "Mac" as being a fine soldier and a great fighter.

He said "Mac" was badly used up last summer, but recovered nicely and got well into the recent big drives.



MR. GARBADINO

When we asked someone what Mr. Garbadino's hobbies were, they told us the Elks and that new baby boy were the things he was most interested in. Mr. Garbadino has certainly selected two splendid hobbies.

O'Meara, sister of the bridegroom, and Alphons Chiaiese, brother of the bride was best man.

What makes "Bert" feel so gloomy since he went to Casey's party? Tell us all about it Joe.

We are very glad to have Mary Fox and Teresa Foley back with us again.

On Monday, November 11th, the day on which it was announced there was "Peace," the employees of the Hardening Department certainly showed their joy and enthusiasm by sending forth great cheers and the singing of patriotic songs.

Ahoy! little girl, ahoy!
Who wouldn't leave the sea
For a Friday night spree!
Just ask Miss LeCroix.

Eddie Hoan is wearing a radiant smile these days, a twelve pound girl out to his house is commencing to say *Adaa* already. Looks just like Eddie.

I hear that Abe Oakum is going to join the ranks of the benedicts.

The boys of the Plating Room are to be congratulated upon the enthusiasm they displayed over the Red Cross event. They may be in the basement, but they go over the top with Mrs. McCullough and Eddie Hoan in the lead.

It was an actual fact that during the recent epidemic of sickness all over the city not one single person became ill in the

The Shipping Room mop brigade had a session recently. The members present were Caldwell, Dooley, Sullivan and Turnbull. Wives take notice. We forgot—Caldwell is still single.

In the presence of many friends and relatives, Eugene E. O'Meara, U. S. N., and Theresa Chiaiese were married at the Church of Our Lady of Pompeii.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Di Milla.

The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 5 Emerald Street.

The bridesmaid was Miss Caroline E. O'Meara, sister of the bridegroom, and Alphons Chiaiese, brother of the bride was best man.

Plating Room, which speaks well for the basement with all its chemicals.

It is certainly a pleasure to work with some men, especially one who is always ready to help you at your work, always with a smile. That man is Mr. White, of the Plating Room, familiarly called Henry by everybody. Mr. White is an old and respected employee—ten years—never late.

NOTICE TO ALL GILLETTE EMPLOYEES

All the Gillette salesmen will be in Boston in January for the Salesmen's Convention. On the evening of January 8th they will attend the performance of "Jack o' Lantern" at the Colonial Theatre, in which Fred Stone is starring. We hope each and every Gillette co-worker will plan to attend the performance on the evening of January 8th and make this a big Gillette party. Regular box office prices will prevail and reservations should be made as far in advance as is possible.

Prices for the performance are as follows: Main floor and first four rows of first balcony, \$2.50; remainder of balcony, \$1.50; second balcony 75 cents.

Philip Kenyon of 4 "D" spent Thanksgiving at the "Old Homestead" down in Westport. Some guys have all the luck.

Have you noticed the change in Joe White of 4 "D" Stock Room these days? He seems to be looking into the future, even going so far as to consult a fortune-teller. A certain young lady of 4 "D" may be able to enlighten his anxious friends.



MISS QUINLAN

Just to prove to yourself the efficiency of Miss Quinlan's Department, try to remember how many times you have heard complaints of Gillette Blades. You could count them on your fingers. If you want to know anything about the "Movie" stars ask Miss Quinlan.

Agnes Lyons of 4 "D" is ready and willing to do her bit for the "conservation of food" but considers a mouldy apple pie quite a tax on one's patriotism. You said a mouthful, Agnes.

Eddie Caron of the burnishing squad is to be commended for the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty displayed when he agreed to work overtime Wednesday nights. Atta Boy, Eddie.



Canadian Factory Notes



THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., vs. THE "FLU."

The recent outbreak of Spanish Influenza, commonly called "Flu" in Montreal, reached such a stage that the Health Department sent out very stringent instructions to the public, and decided that all churches, theatres, movies, Y. M. C. A.'s, bowling alleys, in fact, all places where more than twenty-five people could congregate, must be temporarily closed.

The conditions prevailing amongst the poor and in the more thickly populated districts were most deplorable, and in many cases the health authorities and visitors from the various charity organizations were obliged to act promptly and become nurses, housekeepers, and medical advisers all in one, owing to the lack of hospital accommodation and nurses available.

At the time of writing these restrictions are still in force and all places of amusement and worship are closed as tight as the proverbial "drum." Some of the leading business houses and industrial institutions have already followed the splendid example set by our Company in regards to the forethought in considering and caring for their employees, and the prompt action of Mr. Bittues and the able assistance rendered by Mrs. A. A. Bittues, Dr. Dean and Mrs. Dean, Company's resident nurse, and Mr. and Mrs. Petersen, has been most highly commented on, locally, as the following article will show:—

The Montreal "Gazette," Sat., Oct. 12, 1918.

CARES FOR EMPLOYEES

Gillette Safety Razor Company Took Prompt Action

On account of the wise and prompt action of the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited, in looking after the employees during this time of epidemic, there has not been a single fatality as yet among the 100 cases of influenza and pneumonia which it has looked after. There were only 22 cases from the factory, but as there

were anywhere from two to six cases in every home of the twenty-two, it meant that there were 100 cases to look after, and the Company undertook the whole expense of looking after them, and saw that they had competent nursing and medical attendance. In some serious cases private rooms were obtained at the hospitals, and now the first ones taken ill two weeks ago, are returning to work, and it is expected that all will be back to work by a week from Monday.

The Company has a little emergency hospital in the factory itself, to treat all complaints of illness and accidents that may arise. The hospital is well equipped, and everything is there that may be necessary for minor operations and emergency cases. Mrs. J. R. Dean is there throughout the day to attend as nurse to whatever cases may arise, and one or two doctors are called in for emergency cases.

Two automobiles have been kept constantly busy since the epidemic, so that the patients might be visited. During the week 122 visits were made, and yesterday alone thirty visits. In making those thirty visits, about eighty patients were seen. Mrs. A. A. Bittues, wife of the manager, in one automobile, with Mrs. Dean, went east and north through the city, a doctor visited the cases in the central part of the city and in the hospitals, and Mrs. N. P. Petersen, wife of the superintendent, went to Point St. Charles and St. Henry in the second automobile.

Every employee with a cold or sore throat or any kind of ailment was immediately attended to and sent home from the factory.

Owing, no doubt, to these precautions, only three deaths have been recorded amongst the employees' families, viz.: Mr. Gagne, freight elevator operator, who expired after an illness lasting about ten days, and was followed by his brother, not an employee, a few days later, and Miss Bolger, a girl helper in the Blade Wrapping Department.

This epidemic naturally affected our out-



put on account of there being an average of forty employees out for the month. Nevertheless, owing to the precautions taken by the Company and the ready response by the working employees to the foremen's request for extra efforts, the blade production, after falling behind between October 7th to 22nd, was back to normal by the 23rd, and finished up with a slight increase over September.

The razor production after falling off for a few days gradually got back to normal and finished up with an increase of 15 per cent. over September.

Some of our expert bowlers have formed a "Gillette" Tenpin League. Their opening games took place on October 1st, but this "Flu" epidemic has put a stop to their pastime. You will notice one of the members is a regular "Hogg" on the pins, and we have a "Poole" for the "Goslings." Said the Standards to the Bulldogs—"Have A H(e)art!"

"GILLETTE" SHOP LEAGUE

Good Scores Made in Opening Games of Season

The season of the Gillette Safety Razor Company's Tenpin League opened last night, when three games were decided. Good average scores were made by the trundlers, the highest single going to Frank Lunan, and the highest total to C. R. Schaffer, with 474. Scores:

"MILADY"

| | | | | |
|----------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Wilson | 102 | 160 | 115 | 377 |
| Lacaille | 129 | 111 | 102 | 342 |
| Lefevre | 149 | 115 | 119 | 383 |
| Poole | 54 | 83 | 89 | 226 |
| Paquette | 120 | 123 | 116 | 359 |

| | | | | |
|-----------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Totals .. | 554 | 592 | 541 | 1687 |
|-----------|-----|-----|-----|------|

"ARISTOCRATS"

| | | | | |
|----------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Porteous | 131 | 145 | 159 | 435 |
| Blumberg | 136 | 112 | 141 | 389 |
| Beacon | 61 | 37 | 75 | 173 |
| Walker | 75 | 112 | 113 | 300 |
| Walton | 107 | 123 | 111 | 341 |

| | | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Totals | 510 | 529 | 599 | 1638 |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|------|

"POCKET EDITION"

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Mandar | 122 | 102 | 109 | 333 |
| Hogg | 98 | 108 | 97 | 303 |
| Whalen | 160 | 98 | 120 | 378 |
| Castleman | 78 | 106 | 112 | 296 |
| Gosling | 136 | 124 | 121 | 381 |

| | | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Totals | 594 | 538 | 559 | 1693 |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|------|

"SERVICE"

| | | | | |
|----------------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Noel | 151 | 95 | 147 | 393 |
| Lacaille | 86 | 100 | 142 | 328 |
| Smith | 66 | 68 | 80 | 214 |
| Young | 125 | 110 | 110 | 345 |
| Lunan | 122 | 113 | 197 | 432 |
| Totals | 550 | 486 | 606 | 1712 |

"BULLDOGS"

| | | | | |
|---------------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Mongeau | 101 | 117 | 136 | 354 |
| A. Hart | 75 | 70 | 111 | 256 |
| White | 119 | 103 | 84 | 306 |
| Hogg | 151 | 139 | 150 | 440 |
| J. Hart | 121 | 134 | 122 | 377 |
| Totals | 567 | 562 | 523 | 1733 |

"STANDARDS"

| | | | | |
|----------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Seery | 73 | 59 | 91 | 223 |
| Roy | 84 | 78 | 134 | 296 |
| Harrison | 119 | 144 | 123 | 386 |
| Schaffer | 152 | 149 | 173 | 474 |
| Mabor | 150 | 150 | 104 | 404 |

| | | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|------|
| Totals | 578 | 580 | 625 | 1783 |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|------|

SMILES

Contributed by Mr. Brown,
Foreman Stopping Dept., Canadian Factory

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes along like a song;
But the man worth while,
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.

Learn to smile at ALL times—in adversity as well as in joy; it will help you, and those with whom you come in contact. Let your golden smile be the reflection of the sunshine of your soul. It will not only wear a pathway to your department, but a pathway of happiness throughout the whole of your life.

PITY THE POOR SNAKES

Contributed by G. P. SHORTEDE

Many of our Troops were afflicted with "Cooties" while in the Trenches, but according to the following article they had nothing on the "Snakes" in the "Bronx Zoo."

Snakes at the Bronx Zoo Park have "cooties" and are dying, veterinarians at the park announced today. And, as Raymon L. Ditmars remarked, it's a pity, because snakes have no means to scratch.

Twenty four of the reptiles have died in the last few weeks, and the epidemic is spreading so rapidly that the physicians for animals and reptiles are worrying for fear the lizards and other creatures will become victims.



THE DETERMINATION TO MAKE GOOD

Contributed by MR. G. P. SHORTEDE

"If a fellow isn't enough interested in a thing to plug along at it and to make sacrifices for success he will never get very far. The right sort of material does not need a lot of coaching, for it will get there anyhow. But give me the fellow who is determined to make good and I'll take a chance on the rest of it," said the President.

In sport or in business it works out pretty much that way. The boy who makes a good office boy has more chance of becoming a good executive. It is not a matter of chance. The fellow who does good work in a small job is a worker, and he will continue to be a worker in the bigger job. He has the determination to make good.

"A REAL MAN"

Contributed by J. A. AIRD

He is the architect of his own fortune.
He takes for his star, self reliance.
He does not take too much advice.
He thinks well of himself.
He rises above the mark he intends to hit.
He is earnest, self-reliant, generous, and civil.
He makes money and does good with it.
He loves his God and fellow-men.
He loves truth and virtue.

—HE IS A REAL MAN.



A NEW CANADIAN SALESMAN

Mr. Paul C. Shaver joined the sales force of the Canadian Company on August 7th. Mr. Shaver is 24 years old. He started with the Standard Photo Engraving Company, and worked up to be assistant to his father, who is now manager of the N. Y. Herald Syndicate Branch at Montreal. Mr. Shaver is a brother of W. F. Shaver, also of the Canadian sales force.

Hanging On

CONTRIBUTED BY MR. G. P. SHORTEDE

THE MAN WHO QUILTS

The man who quits has a brain and hand,
As good as the next; but he lacks the sand
That would make him stick, with a courage
stout,
To whatever he tackles, and fight it out.

He starts with a rush, and a solemn vow
That he'll soon be showing the others how;
Then something new strikes his roving eye,
And his task is left for the bye and bye.

It's up to each man what becomes of him,
He must find in himself the grit and vim
That bring success; he can get the skill,
If he brings to the task a steadfast will.

No man is beaten till he gives in;
Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin;
The man who fails needs a better excuse
Than the quitter's whining "What's the use?"

For the man who quilts lets his chances slip,
Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip,
The man who sticks goes ahead with a shout,
While the man who quilts joins the "down
and out."

THE MAN WHO STICKS

The man who sticks has this lesson learned,
Success doesn't come by chance—it's earned
By pounding away; for good hard knocks
Will make stepping stones of the stumbling
blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot fail;
That no ill fortune can make him quail
While his will is strong and his courage
high,
For he's always good for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride
To jump to the front; he is satisfied
To do ev'ry day his level best,
And let the future take care of the rest.

He doesn't believe he's held down by the
boss—

It's work, and not favor, that "gets across."
So his motto is this: "What another man
Has been able to handle, I surely can."

For the man who sticks has the sense to see
He can make himself what he wants to be,
If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in—
Why, the man who sticks can't help but win!



Salesman's Department



SALES COST AND NET PROFITS

LESLIE J. FAHEY, *Sales Representative*

The demand for Gillette razors and blades is so universally well known that the salesman does not have to devote his entire time in simply obtaining orders. Rather he is chiefly occupied in arranging for better displays, more complete stocks, and in impressing the dealer with the advantages of getting behind an article that

is so well advertised and in consequence easily and quickly sold.

But occasionally we meet the retail merchant who complains there is no money in Gillettes—that the discount is too small for him to make an adequate profit. He will quote figures to show that it costs him an average of from 20 to 30 per cent., as the case may be, to do business and that, therefore, when he buys Gillettes in small quantities and at the minimum discount, he sells them at little or no profit, or at an actual loss.

However, the merchant quoting these figures does not take into consideration the fact that some articles cost him more to sell than others and that the net profit to him may be greater on a quick selling article with a small

a slow moving one with

Last month we said Mr. Prouty was the star contributor to the Salesman's Department of the *BLADE*. Evidently the other salesmen are going to dispute this—for now comes Mr. Leslie Fahey with a splendid article. A bit of competition for the gold star and we'll sure have a crackerjack Salesmen's Department.

discount than on a higher discount.

The net profit, of course, depends on the difference between the discount and the cost of selling an article. The cost of selling varies with each article, due principally to the two main factors entering into sales cost. First, the actual time it takes the salesman to make the sale, and secondly, the number of turnovers obtainable in a year.

Covering the first point it is apparent that it will not take as much of the salesperson's time to sell a well advertised article like a Gillette, a dollar watch or some well known collar, as it would to sell an unknown line such as an imported perfume, an expensive hall clock, or a silk shirt. Consequently, consuming less of the salesperson's time in making each sale, the cost per sale is smaller on the quick selling article.

Then we come to turnover which is the relation between total sales and the average amount tied up in merchandise. If the dealer makes only a small net profit each time he turns his entire stock over, this will amount to a large net profit if he gets frequent turnovers. For instance, if the net profit on one turnover is 2 per cent., the accumulation on five would be 10 per cent., and on ten would be 20 per cent., and so on.

But what effect does the turnover have on the sales cost? The answer is that the amount of interest on the capital invested is much greater in proportion for the slow moving article than for the quick seller. As an illustration we will compare two articles sold in a hardware store,—Gillettes and saws. Suppose the dealer has invested \$100 in each of these items. He turns his Gillette stock ten times in the course of the year and the saws twice. The actual interest paid on his \$100 investment is the same for each article, say 5 per cent., or \$5, but on his total Gillette sales of \$1,000 it would figure only $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent., while on the total saw sales of \$200 it would be $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.



MR. FOSTER

Our own "Ask Mr. Foster" covers that staid, conservative territory of New England and Eastern New York in which there are more towns and cities to a given area than in any other part of the country. Long jumps are conducive to a loss of weight—and fortunately Mr. Foster has mostly short hauls.

There are other smaller items that enter into sales cost of merchandise, such as depreciation, cost of delivery, space necessary for display, etc. In all these



The Gillette Blade



MR. GRANT

Mr. Grant knows 'em all in his territory. Everybody calls him "Jack" from the presidents of the largest jobbing houses to the errand boys of the smallest dealers. He receives a royal welcome wherever he goes. Mr. Grant is in the "hustler" class.

largely increased sales, bringing a substantial net profit due to low sales cost.

"PEP"

Contributed by Canadian Factory

The man who's on the job early in the morning and late at night—he's got it.

The man who's alive to the opportunities in each town, studies to profit by them, and then goes to it with enthusiasm and determination—that's it.

The man who works the small towns as eagerly and thoroughly as the big, and gets the business in each—is supplied with it.

The man who enthuses his dealers, gives them sound advertising and practical merchandising suggestions; who is ever alert to help his customer build up a successful department—has a stock of it.

The man who wastes no time, makes every minute count, covers ground rapidly though thoroughly; who makes friends for himself and his house—he surely has it.

The man whose appearance is neat; whose speech is clean-cut, straight-forward, and businesslike; whose manner is tactful, courteous, gentlemanly, and who reflects credit on his house—has a fund of it.

"Pep" is not noise or buncombe. It is life, enthusiasm, energy, preparation, belief, and confidence in yourself, your firm, your goods.

Every salesman who lacks any of the elements of "pep" should cultivate them—they bring success.

—T. P. A. Magazine.

A NATURAL MISTAKE

Leslie Fahey (who travels for a well known safety razor concern) was in Steubenville when he read a newspaper bulletin announcing the resignation of the secretary of the treasury. When he went back to his hotel, he remarked to the clerk:

"Well, I see that McAdoo has resigned."

"Is that so?" asked the hotel man. "Now what do you suppose is wrong over in Japan?"

However, isn't it natural to get the Mikado confused with the Pooh Bah?

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IRISH MEMORY AND QUICK WIT

CHESTER J. WHEELER, Sales Representative.

A few years ago, after finishing my evening meal at the leading hotel in Cass Lake, Minnesota, I sat down in a large office chair and put my feet up on the brass rail that ran along the window of the hotel office. (As Cass Lake was an Indian reservation that was the only brass rail in the house). I filled my pipe from a five cent bag of Prince Albert and was watching the rain outside. I had been sitting there only a few minutes when an elderly man of Irish birth joined me in the chair to my left. We entered into conversation and he was very interesting. He came to the U. S. at the age of thirty and he had been here for thirty-five years. He filled up his pipe from his tobacco sack and soon the smoke from his pipe blew my way. As the odor was a strange

one I asked him what kind of tobacco he was using. This was his reply: "To tell ye the truth, I go into a store and lay down a nickle and take what they give me."

I pulled out my little red sack and said, "Did you ever try this kind?" He saw the picture on it and there was nothing wrong with his eyesight or memory—this was his reply, "No, and if that

was the only kind of tobacco there was in the world, I never would smoke agin. Prince Albert was a fine looking gentleman and that's all I've got to say for him."

Thanks to my Irish friend, I was well entertained the rest of the evening with stories of his life in Ireland and England.



MR. HEISER

We'll have to pin a new and well-earned title on Mr. Heiser. That of "Champion Forest Fighter of Minnesota." With the aid of his trusty "Dodge," Mr. Heiser did valiant service in subduing the recent Duluth forest fire. Incidentally, he covers an immense territory with the "Dodge."



Complimentary Dinner to Miss Armitage

THE forewomen of the various departments of Gillette Safety Razor Company were guests at a complimentary dinner given to Miss Armitage at the Montreal plant of Canada, Tuesday, November 12th, 1918.

Miss Armitage has been here for several weeks learning the various methods of work connected with the Leather Goods Department. Miss Driscoll, who has had the pleasure of teaching Miss Armitage, presided at the dinner and introduced the guest of honor.

Miss Armitage responded by giving a very interesting account of her work for the eleven years that she has been employed in the Gillette Safety Razor Company and told the forewomen how happy she was to have the pleasure of coming to Boston to work in our plant, if only for a short time.

An original poem written for the occasion by Miss Florence G. Brady of the Blade Packing Department, concluded the evening's entertainment.

1.

Miss Armitage — Guest of Honor

We welcome you Miss Armitage
From Canada's Sunny Clime,
And to make you acquainted with each one
here

It will have to be in rhyme.
But before I tell the history
Of each one here in brief,
We would like to hear a word or two
Of the land of the Maple Leaf.

2.

Mr. Thompson — Our Superintendent

First on the programme is one,
Who since his term of Superintendent
began
Has settled our troubles and take it from
me,
There is none can beat him, that's R. E. T.

3.

Miss Driscoll — Leather Goods — Miss Nolan

Then comes Miss Driscoll of Leather goods
fame

With Miss Nolan to help her along,
She has gained for herself a very great
name,
And is one of the busy throng.

4.

Miss Brady — Set Packing — Miss Fox

Now there's Hanna so jolly and robust,
She'll pack you up tight in a box
And if you kick as surely you must
She'll turn you right over to her little
"Fox."

5.

Sara Macaskill — Blade Packing — Florence Brady

And what about Sara Macaskill,
With her wrappers and packers galore,
I sometimes think,
That with pen and ink,
She could write of the happy days of yore.

6.

Miss Denny — Handle Inspection — Miss Croak

There's Miss Denny the handle inspector,
Her caps and guards formed in line,
With Miss Croak you will always expect her
To be everywhere on time.

7.

Miss Quinlan — Blade Inspection

Of course we can't forget Minnie
The Inspector, so look out for a touch,
And for one who is so skinny
It is awful to get into her clutch.

8.

Miss Hayes — Hardening and Polishing

Frances Hayes is hardened to her job,
Over the floor she daily glides
And can put the polish on anything
She's a terror for guying "Sides."

9.

Miss Hunt — Honing 3 "A"

And then from Honing 3 "A,"
The blades come very blunt
But to find the cause of it any day,
For her you will have to "Hunt."



10.

Miss Roycroft — Paper Box — Miss Lydon

If you should want a box made,
Just go to Alice and Molly,
They will turn you out one
That can't be outdone
For they're always so pleasant and jolly.

11.

Miss Massey — Stockroom 2 "C"

There's the pearl of great price Miss Massey
With her knowledge of stockrooms too,
She'll give you figures and facts,
While her brain she racks,
And ask you for more work to do.

12.

Miss Murphy — Stopping Department

You will have to be very good
And with your work go over the top
And never be very rude,
Or Mac Murphy will use the Strop.

13.

Miss Davis — Grinding Department

To Edna's charms we must not appear blind

The perfume she uses is Mavis,
Her work is one continual grind
But her name will not long be Davis.

14.

Miss Driscoll — Honing 4 "A"

They say nobody loves the fat ones,
But of us here that is not true,
For Kitty Driscoll always was one
To do her duty through and through.

15.

Miss O'Donnell — Handle Press

There's May O'Donnell of the Handie Press
She's a trimmer of caps so they say,
If the time should come for to say yes
May she be happy alway.

16.

Mrs. McCullough — Wiring Department

Mrs. McCullough is very "wiry"
She will always string you along
Tho' she has far to go,
Away down below
In the basement where nothing goes wrong.



The Christmas Pudding

Contributed by ELIZABETH DONOVAN, Superintendent's Office



The Christmas Pudding is descended from the Plum Porridge and is a time-honored dish at every Christmas feast. To be properly made, each person in all the household must stir it before it is boiled, and the mistress of the household must add the spices with her own hand (by so doing she favors fortune for a year).

A ROYAL RECIPE

Put to soak one pound (1 lb.) of stale wheat bread (no crusts), in a pint of hot milk and let it stand to cool. When it is cold, add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of brown sugar and the yolks of eight eggs beaten to a cream; 1 lb. of fine raisins, stoned and floured; 1 lb. of currants mashed and floured; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of citron, cut in strips and dredged with flour; 1 lb. of beef suet, chopped finely and salted; 1 glass of wine (sherry or Madeira); 1 glass of brandy; 1 grated nutmeg; a tablespoonful of mace, cinnamon and cloves mixed. Beat the whole together

and, as the last thing, add the whites of the eight eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; pour it into a cloth, previously scalded and well dredged with flour, leaving room for the pudding to swell; tie the cloth firmly and boil—"six hours upon the day of mixing—six hours upon the day of eating, and the steam should not cease to arise from the pot while the pudding is within it."

The best sauce ever to serve with this time-honored dish, is made as follows:

SAUCE

Cream together a cupful of sugar and a half cupful of butter; when light and foamy, add the well beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir into this 1 wineglass of brandy, a pinch of salt and one large cupful of hot cream. Beat this mixture well; place it in a saucepan over the fire, stir until it thickens like good cream, but be sure that it does not boil.



Sharp Edges



If you are training to be an executive, ask yourself these questions:

How much do I lean on the head of the department?

How often do I run to him about some trivial matter which I could rightly decide for myself.

You are in charge of, and personally responsible for one branch of your company's business. Its success—and your success—depends up the resulting net profits, and these profits depend on your methods of practicing economy.

If you don't hate to lose, you don't care to win.

The time, if any, to be discouraged is when all goes well; you don't need particularly to be brave then.

Your task should be approached with the conviction that you *can* and *will* master it. If your mind dwells on failure, that is the surest way to fail; but if you yourself become convinced that you will win, at that moment the battle is almost over.

There are various kinds of pleasure, but none of them exceed that which the normal man gets out of his work. Learn to *love* your work, so that you can know what Van Dyke meant when he wrote, "This is my work—not my doom; of all who live, I am the one by whom this work can best be done, in my own way."

The requirements of a good executive are:

1. Good moral character.
2. Quick intelligence.
3. Endless tact.
4. Ability to weed out good suggestions from bad ones.
5. Sympathy for the other fellow.
6. Willingness to assume all sorts of responsibility.
7. Several other virtues.

Check yourself up against the first six requirements and see how you stand on your own judgment.

You may never own a business, but the best way to head yourself in that direction is to work for your employer, while you are being paid by him, just as if his business belonged to you. Think this over. *Can you say, truthfully, that you always do things your way, that you would do them if you owned the whole works?*

If you are set to polish a desk, and if that's your job, and if you *accept* it as your job, make up your mind that you will polish that desk just a little better than any one else ever did it. If you can't make up your mind to do that *don't accept* the job: but whatever you accept, and attempt to do, whether it be polishing desks or managing a business, do it *right*—that's the way to succeed.

Have you ever felt that "those above" failed to appreciate your efforts or the results obtained. Perhaps you were reprimanded for trifles which were beyond your control; and perhaps valuable changes made were allowed to go seemingly unnoticed. It is asking too much of human beings that they ignore such things, but it is *not* asking too much for you to let them affect you very little. If you do your duty—but be sure you do it—and if you accomplish something there is a reward that you can get in your heart, regardless of anyone else.

Most men *can* become successful executives if they desire it, and if they desire it *strongly* enough. The necessary qualities will come from your own desire to possess them from *within*. If your moral fibre is not strong enough, you can *strengthen* it. You can *make* yourself co-operate if you desire to do so. You can become *accurate* in your work, if you realize the necessity for it. You can be *courteous, congenial* and *polite*—all in a dignified way. You can bind your subordinates to you with bonds of *mutual respect*. You can serve your employer's interests, doing your daily work just as carefully as if you owned the whole business. To do these things is mostly a matter of *will power*, and the *human will* is the strongest force on earth.



YE TRUE FISH STORY

She bought a \$50. hat;
The price had little weight,
He was a million dollar fish,
And she used the hat for bait.

VERY NATURALLY

The man who's in the ranks and hews
All day to earn his bread
Is there because he'd rather use
His arms than use his head.

PLENTY LIKE HIM

Parson: "Young man, do you know how to dance?"

Young man: "Well, parson, I know the holds, but I don't know the steps."

ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY

He: "I don't see any mistletoe around here."

She: "Yes, but you see everything else that's necessary, don't you?"

HOW DONE

Owner: "What'll it cost to repair this car of mine?"

Garage Proprietor: "What ails it?"

Owner: "I don't know."

Garage Proprietor: "Thirty-four dollars and sixty-five cents."

HIS PET NAME

She: "Now, that we are engaged, of course I can't call you Mr. Wilkinson, and even Sebastian seems too long and formal. Haven't you any short pet name?"

He: "Well-er-the fellows at college-er-call-me-er-Pie Face."

SARCASTIC

Mrs. Youngbride (at the baker's): "The holes in these doughnuts are very large. You ought to make some reduction."

Baker: "Can't do that, mum; but I'll allow you a cent each for the holes if you'll return 'em."

NOT SO BAD

"Is it true that both your husband and the man who lives next door to you have failed in business?"

"Yes, but Ned's failure isn't nearly so bad as Mr. Naybor's. He failed for 50 cents on the dollar, while my husband failed for only 10 cents on the dollar."

GETTING EVEN

"Hoo is it, Jeems, that ye mak' sich an enairmous profit aff yer potatoes? Yer price is lower than any lther in the toon and ye mak' extra reductions for yer friends."

"Weel, ye see, I knocked off twa shillings a ton because a customer is a friend o' mine, an' then I jist tak' two hundred-weight aff the ton because I'm a freend o' his."

HIS LINE

A number of drummers were sitting in a hotel lobby, when one of them began to boast that his firm had the most number of people pushing his line of goods.

There was a little argument, and then a drummer who had not had much to say before suddenly rose and said: "I'll bet any man in the house that my firm has the most number of people pushing its line of goods!"

"Done!" exclaimed the boastful one. The money was accordingly put up with a stakeholder, and then the boasting drummer asked: "Now what is your firm's line of goods?"

"Baby carriages," murmured the quiet man.

RELATIONSHIP MIXED

"I married a widow with a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her; so my father became my son-in-law and my stepdaughter my mother, because she was my father's wife.

"After my wife had a son, he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e. my stepdaughter, also had a son. He was of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter.

"My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of one's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."



ANY REASON GOOD ENOUGH

He: "Well, wife, it's my birthday!"

She: "Oh goody! Can I have a new hat?"

RIGID

"Could you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"
"I have never tried such rigid economy, sir."

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

It ain't the trees that block the trail,
It ain't the ash or pine;
For, if you fall or if you fail,
It was some pesky vine
That tripped you up, that threw you down,
That caught you unawares;
The big things you can walk around
But watch the way for snares.

In life it ain't the biggest things
That makes the hardest load;
It ain't the burden big that brings
Defeat upon the road.
Some fault you hardly knew you had
May hurt more than you think—
Some little habit that is bad
May put you on the blink.

A good book is the life-blood of a master spirit.—*Milton*.

Unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, you will often be cruel to many.
—*Ruskin*.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
—*Pope*.

Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
—*Wordsworth*.

The greatest efforts of the human race have always been traceable to the love of praise, and its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.—*Ruskin*.

But, oh! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake
It's rarely right adjusted.

—*Burns*.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—*Whittier*.

Our nearness value lends
To trivial things and slight,
But only distance gives
To lofty things their height.

—*W. W. Story*.

The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not obtained by sudden flight.
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow*.

What profits now, to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt!

—*Tennyson*.

There is a choice in hooks as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society, is subdued, as Shakespeare says of the dyer's hand, to what it works in. Cato's advice, "consort with the good," is quite as true if we extend it to books, for they, too, insensibly give away their own nature to the mind that converses with them. They either beckon upward or drag down. And it is certainly true that the material of thought reacts upon the thought itself. A man is known, says the proverb, by the company he keeps, and not only so, but made by it. We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago, and at a certain dignity of phrase that characterizes them. They were scholars because they did not read so many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. We spend as much time over print as they did, but instead of communing with the choice thoughts of choice spirits, and unconsciously acquiring the grand manner of that supreme society, we diligently inform ourselves, and cover the continent with a network of speaking wires to inform us of such inspiring facts as that a horse belonging to Mr. Smith ran away on Wednesday, seriously damaging a valuable carrvall; that a son of Mr. Brown swallowed a hickory nut on Thursday; and that a gravel bank caved in and buried Mr. Robinson alive on Friday. Alas, it is we ourselves that are getting buried alive under this avalanche of earthy impertinences! It is we who, while we might each in his humble way be helping our fellows into the right path, or adding one block to the climbing spire of a fine soul, are willing to become mere sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of village gossip.

James Russell Lowell.

Note.—The following lines from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" are a fine censure of the abuse of authority by those who hold high office. It ill becomes those who are in positions of authority to use their power in an arbitrary and capricious manner or in any way not in strict accord with justice and a proper regard for the rights and legitimate interests of those over whom they exercise control. The succeeding lines from "All's Well that Ends Well" embody the blessing, the hope and the advice of a mother whose son is leaving home. She wishes him to be a worthy successor to his honored father and offers him very good counsel.—W. E. N.

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top.

Measure for Measure. ACT 2, SCENE 2

Be thou blest, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!

All's Well That Ends Well, ACT 1, SCENE 1

Merry Christmas



CANADIAN EDITION

The Gillette Blade

JULY 1918



MADE IN

CANADA



KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER

"COUNTRY OF MINE"

Helena Coleman, in "Marching Men"

COUNTRY of mine that gave me birth,
Land of the maple and the pine,
What richer gift has this round earth
Than these fair fruitful fields of thine?
Like sheets of gold thy harvests run
Glowing beneath the August sun;
Thy white peaks soar,
Thy cataracts roar,
Thy forests stretch from shore to shore;
Untamed thy Northern prairies lie
Under an open boundless sky;
Yet one thing more our hearts implore —
That greatness may not pass thee by!

The Gillette Blade

CANADIAN EDITION

July, 1918

Gillette Safety Razor Company
of Canada, Limited
Montreal

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Foreword

MR. A. A. BITTUES, *Managing Director*

of the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

THE Canadian Staff very much appreciate the opportunity of assembling the material for this a Canadian issue of the GILLETTE BLADE.

We feel therefore that the mission of this particular publication should be to furnish our friends in the Parent plant, and those business men who receive THE BLADE a view of the current aspect of developments in Canada, and to a little more thoroughly place before them facts presently pertaining to Canadian conditions.

Does it appeal to you—do you know—that Canada is the greatest undeveloped civilized country in the world? That France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Hungary and the British Isles all rolled into one

would not make a country so large as Canada, or one so rich in natural resources?

An empire in area, it is in great part as primeval as when the pioneer penetrated its unexplored wilds; as when the truculent red man hunted his lawful prey, scalped his enemy, or smoked the pipe of peace.

Yet in other sections it is highly developed. Within its confines are to be found the most productive silver, copper and iron mines in existence, the most valuable deposits of asbestos, vast fields of bituminous coal and in smaller measure, mines of gold, nickel, lead, platinum, zinc, arsenic, and corundum. Bordering its streams and lakes, lie thousands upon thousands of fertile farms that bring

forth in profusion many of the chief fruits of the earth.

Throughout the West wherever man has his settlements, graze vast herds of cattle. From the surrounding waters come millions of fish. Its forests yield almost incalculable wealth. The pulse of industry throbs in its cities and towns. Its railroads link its magnificent distances and bring its people into common communion. Its water-

ways carry a greater annual commerce than any one of the seven seas.

Yet with all that man has accomplished he has but conquered the outer fringe of this great empire. Beyond the frontier Nature still reigns supreme. There the trapper still plies his calling undisturbed. There the monarch moose still flaunts his challenge to the air, the deer and the caribou still roam unmolested. There the beaver still builds his house, the salmon, the trout and the maskilonge still break the peaceful calm of the waters.

Rich in history too is Canada. Veiled with an atmosphere of romance and tradition that is common to no other section. To Canada and the St. Lawrence first came the ex-

plorers and soldiers, and the first messengers of the Word. This is the land of Cartier, Champlain, Le-Caron, Joliet, LaSalle, Nicolet, Marquette, Cadillac, Jogues, Bréboeuf and many other knights of the sword and cross who came to conquer a heathen land for king and country.

The eyes of the civilized world are today turning to Canada as the granary of the British Empire, and one of the world's large-

est sources of supply for the now more than necessary lumber, minerals and sea foods. Canada's incalculable riches in water powers mark her out for a great manufacturing future. On this statement we lay great stress for we feel that Canada's future is assured.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the habits, preferences and needs of the Canadian people are different from those of the people of the United States, and thus, we feel that you will appreciate reading "of Canada."

Too few are the pages which have been devoted to us to give you an idea as to what Canada is. You must needs visit us and know us if you would appreciate all of the possibilities that are before us.

OUR MOTTO

Plan for more than you can do,

Then do it.

Bite off more than you can chew,

Then chew it.

Hitch your wagon to a star,

Keep your seat and there you are!



MR. P. T. FLANAGAN

Twelve Years of the Gillette Safety Razor Company in Canada, MR. P. T. FLANAGAN, *Ass't Secretary*

THE reason this subject has been given over to the writer by Mr. Bittues is that I have been employed since the very start in Canada, and therefore am supposed to know whereof I speak.

It happened in 1905. Mr. Bittues, who was then superintendent of outside construction and maintenance of service and mains, severed his connection with the Boston Gas Light Companies and joined the staff of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston.

At that time the Gillette Safety Razor was a very crude article in-

deed, but the commercial picture, as described by Mr. W. B. Halloway, then Director and Treasurer, was so highly colored and the future outlook so full of success and prosperity, that Mr. Bittues had no compunction about bringing his years of service with the Gas Companies to a close and in taking up the Razor Company work.

Six months later Mr. Bittues was sent to Paris to open the plant there and effect the working of the French patent. On his return to Boston he was instructed to go to Montréal to open and equip a plant.



FIRST CANADIAN
FACTORY 34 ST.
ANTOINE STREET,
MONTREAL.



AS IT LOOKED
AFTER FIRE
JANUARY 4,
1906



FIRST EMPLOYEES, MR. FLANAGAN AND MISS GUILFOYLE, AT RIGHT

This was in April, 1906. Montreal at that time had but few charms as a city, but Mr. Bittues within a very few days succeeded in locating quarters at 34 St. Antoine Street, consisting of 2,000 square feet on the fifth floor of a mill constructed building.

His next act was to engage the writer as bookkeeper and secretary, and later Miss Mona G. Guilfoyle as stenographer. Miss Guilfoyle rendered very conscientious and valuable assistance for eleven years, or until the spring of 1917, when she left our service to be married.

Our machinery equipment arrived very shortly, and by that time Mr. Bittues had hired sufficient help to set it up and to get it running.

We were then making 35 razors a day and 60 or 70 dozens of blades. Whether those blades would now

stand our present test for quality I am not prepared to say; however, we sold them as we did the razors, and these were the nucleus of the business which to-day is far greater, I feel sure, than we had ever hoped it could be.

To make a long story short, on the 3rd day of January, 1907, our building was burned, as was the entire block, and much to our despair we saw our machinery a mass of molten metal amongst the debris in the basement.

We passed through all the trials and tribulations which attend the settling of insurance payments, nevertheless within three days of the fire another equipment of machinery was loaded on the cars in Boston and sent on the way to us.

This second lot of machinery was installed on the third floor of 622 St.



SECOND CANADIAN GILLETTE FACTORY
OCCUPIED THE THIRD FLOOR, 622
ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL



THIRD CANADIAN GILLETTE FACTORY
OCCUPIED THE FIRST FLOOR, 63 ST.
ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL

Paul Street. This also was a mill-constructed building, and was so designed that a blade dropped on the floor trickled down one of the numerous cracks into the flat below. Needless to say that the foremen and forewomen encountered many more difficulties than they do now in keeping their blade reports correctly.

Very shortly afterwards we outgrew this plant and moved to 63 St. Alexander Street in the Southam Building, where we rented the ground floor containing an area of about 4,000 square feet.

From this time onward we felt that the Canadian plant was bound to some day be of material service to the Home Company, and when we were able to manufacture 75 razors a day and perhaps 125 sets of 12 blades, and sell them, we felt

again that we had an absolutely real plant.

But that was pioneer work in every sense of the word. We had a few travellers—Mr. Bittues, Mr. Maguire—and we were going into the highways and byways of Canada, even into Yukon and to the Island of St. Pierre de Miquelon, to sell our goods. We sold them, however, and maintained our plant, getting along well and creating friends day by day, which was no small task, and we only ask you to realize what we feel when we tell you that to-day we are in a \$400,000 building, second to none in the city of Montreal in construction and utility.

Our building is of an absolutely modern type, concrete throughout, of Turner construction, and we have 48,000 square feet of space fully occupied by ourselves.



PRESENT FACTORY, GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
73 ST. ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL

In January last, when at the Sales Convention in Boston, Mr. Bittues said we were turning out 300 razors a day and 3,000 dozens of blades. This production has been increased very materially since then. Our output today is slightly over 800 razors a day and between 7,000 and 8,000 dozens of blades. Furthermore, before fall we shall reach a production of 1,000 razors and 10,000 dozens of blades a day.

Going back over the years, well do I remember the time when we used to say to one another, "We will have some plant when we can make and sell a gross of razors each and every day." Nothing now seems to worry us. A shipment of four or five thousand razors to Australia, New Zealand, Fiji Islands or South Africa

is only one of the interesting happenings of the day. 125,000 sets of blades (dozens) for England was a really good order, better still 286,800 dozens of blades and 22,000 razors to our Paris office made us feel that we were at last of use in reducing the manufacturing strain in the Home Plant.

We are proud to be able to fill these orders as they come to us, and to know that we have a plant that is the largest producing plant of its kind in Canada.

I have no intention of giving you actual figures as regards razor set sales and blade set sales, but let it suffice for me to say that our graphic charts of this year show a "curve" that is so greatly in excess of that of other years that it is hard to be-

lieve. Mr. Bittues will show you the real results at next January's convention.

As to why our business has been such as it is I can only say that it is so because Mr. Bittues believed, and still does, in advertising. Our business, as has many other, has doubled and redoubled. Canada was a country years ago wherein advertising was an unknown quantity. Knowing that we had an excellent article, he used not only the newspapers, magazines, and so forth, but the "Boards" as well, and I am of the firm belief that to-day through these mediums we have illustrated and explained the mechanical principles and values of the Gillette so that our razors and blades will be used in Canada until time immemorial.

Mr. Bittues always plays the part of the astute salesman—meeting the prospect on the grounds of his own interest. He has talked to him in his own language and shown him by direct argument how his interest would be best served by the purchase as well as the use of the Gillette Safety Razor.

We are strong believers in appealing to the public through the topic that for the moment is uppermost in their minds, to link this topic with the Gillette Safety Razor in a natural, logical way. This is not always easy, but Mr. Bittues has been able to do it effectively thus far.

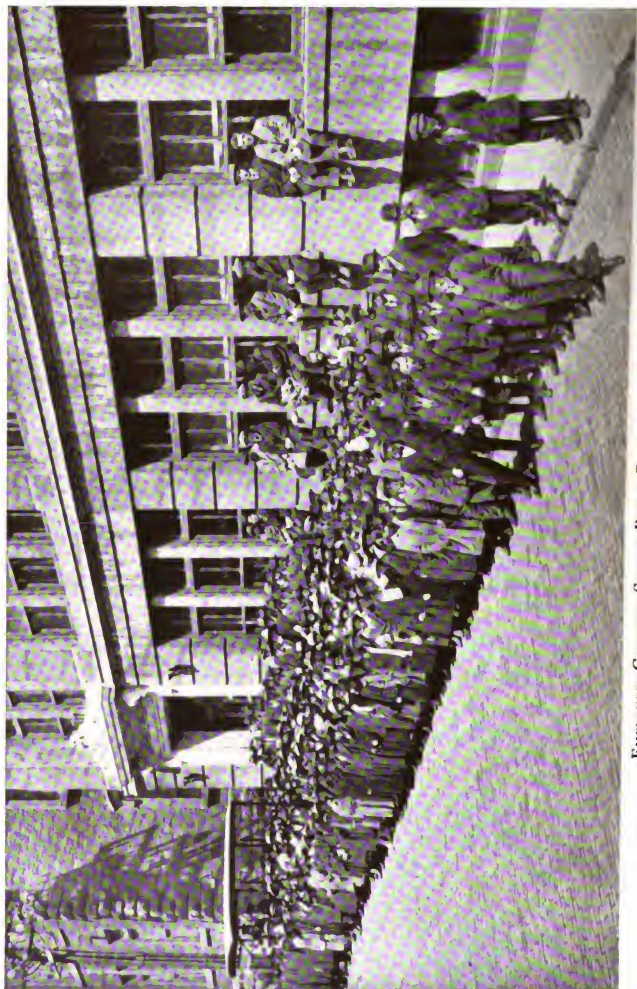
In 1914, when Canada awakened to the fact that she was in a war, sales went down, and there was nothing for us to do but to overcome all difficulties and doleful thoughts in the minds of the public. Our series of the military advertising published during the active recruiting periods

in the spring and summer of 1915 and 1916 caused scores of battalions from Halifax to Vancouver and Victoria to equip themselves with razors. These battalions were individually represented in our advertising by their distinctive cap badges, lists of officers and recruiting stations. Better and above all, the advertising stimulated recruiting as well as sold goods, and, upon finishing with the cuts, we forwarded them to each battalion, together with their regimental crests, for use in their own correspondence and recruiting advertising. Above all we certainly did help thousands of young Canadians to go overseas properly equipped for shaving in comfort.

When you stop to think that Mr. Bittues started in 1906 with but three employees and today has almost 350, you can readily see that our business has grown as I say.

I may say that Mr. Bittues seldom, if ever, overlooks an opportunity to broaden, deepen and consolidate our position. All of our staff are instructed by him to make friends—trade friends, business friends, and above all, shaving friends—and they do it. I must also confess that he has taken an exacting attitude with our help as well as with the tradesmen and sellers of "white space" who call upon the Canadian Company. He accords every one an audience and gives each some of his time, believing that in many cases we learn as much from the caller as he gets business from us.

Starting as we did twelve years ago a branch of the Boston Company with a capital of \$100,000, we are today a \$2,000,000 corporation working under a Dominion charter.



EMPLOYEES GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



EXECUTIVES AND OFFICE EMPLOYEES

Standing Left to Right—E. J. Smith, A. E. O'Hara, H. S. Beecher, G. P. Shortrede, N. P. Petersen, A. A. Bittues, P. T. Flanagan, M. J. Maguire, J. A. Aird, W. G. Marks, H. F. Giles. *Sitting Down Left to Right*—David Lamb, Miss R. G. Clark, Miss C. Henderson, Miss F. E. Adams, Miss K. J. Flanagan, Miss S. Owen, Miss A. Walford, Miss C. A. Lomax, Miss H. E. Hagner, Mrs. L. Emerson, Mrs. F. E. Munn, Walter E. Kimber.

We occupy a building which is adaptable to our needs for some time to come. We have an ever-increasing business, and we intend to show you at the next Sales Convention that we have lived up to in more ways than one what might have been termed boastful in Mr. Bittues's Sales Convention speech.

Again twelve years have brought many changes in our staff yet we have in the Canadian Company a large number of individuals who have been with us over six years, some seven years, others nine years and some ten years. Thirty per cent of our employees own stock in the Boston Company and there are none in the entire Gillette corporation more devoted and loyal to the company's

interests than our old employees.

We have given a goodly share of our employees to the cause. Twenty-seven have donned the uniform of their King and gone forward to fight for King and Country. We have lost some of our most useful men in the office and in the factory too but these are trials which every manufacturer in Canada is glad to bear in an effort to do his bit. Three of these brave boys have crossed the Great Divide. Their memories and gallant deeds remain with us. We are proud indeed of our boys at the Front because we know their quality and usefulness as well and we have never the least doubt of their success in the army.

In conclusion let me add a word



FOREMEN AND FORELADIES

Standing Left to Right—E. J. Smith, A. D. Bellec, Geo. Brown, E. H. Wilson, F. F. Mondor, E. Young, G. C. Welton, J. Bolton, F. J. Keen, C. Morrison, F. S. Patterson, P. Lacaille, A. E. O'Hara, H. F. Giles. *Sitting Down Left to Right*—Mrs. Alice David, Miss H. M. Chambers, Mrs. E. Lienard, Miss May Bennie, Miss C. Armitage, Miss D. Porier, Miss F. Hone.

of appreciation of the splendid spirit of cooperation and "bonne entente" which has prevailed between the Boston company and our own during

these twelve years, which spirit has welded both companies in a friendship which can only be conducive to our common good.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

KING C. GILLETTE, *President*J. E. ALDRFD, *Chairman*THOS. W. PELHAM, *Vice-President*F. J. FAHEY, *Treasurer*A. A. BITTUES, *Secretary
Managing Director*SIR HERBERT S. HOLT, *Director*



MR. A. A. BITTUES

Pen Picture of Mr. A. A. Bittues

Managing Director, Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

MR. EVERSLEY FOY

PROBABLY it is because as the writer of GILLETTE advertising I have, for nearly a decade, watched the wheels go round in the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, without being exactly a cog therein myself, that I have been asked to draw this thumb-nail sketch of the big, central driving wheel of the Canadian organization.

The word "big" I use advisedly. My first view of Mr. Bittues was in the 8 x 10 private office of the old Gillette premises in the Southam Building and he seemed to fill it so completely that I felt impelled to keep my copy brief and drawings modest in size in order to get them in. Since then, though this private office has grown apace with the Canadian business, I have found that, figuratively speaking at least, he still fills it,

just as his dynamic personality dominates and energizes the men about him.

Though for ten years or more he has been an enthusiastic and constructive Canadian, Mr. Bittues admits privately, and a bit pridefully, that he is an "American," that he was born in Augusta, Maine, on October 17th, 1876, and that following the loss of his father when he was but two years old he was taken by his mother when he was that age to the city of Boston, where he spent childhood and early manhood. Like so many business men throughout America today, he absorbed a certain proportion of the mental diet offered by the old "Brimmer School" on Common Street, Boston, and the English High School on Warren Avenue, Boston.

Beginning business life as a stock boy in

Thorpe, Martin & Company, the stationers, on Franklin Street, he soon transferred his activities to the same job with the then prominent firm of Whitten, Burdett & Young, wholesale clothiers on Otis Street, for whom he went on the road as a salesman at sixteen. This early responsibility and practical "right-up-against-it" training must have had much to do with developing his self-reliance and the versatility so evident later.

Enlisting in the Militia Organization known as "The Massachusetts Naval Brigade," Mr. Bittues rose through the non-commissioned offices, became as Chief-Master-At-Arms, the Senior Petty Officer of the Brigade, and was promoted to Lieutenant Junior Grade of A Company, and made Battalion Adjutant. During the Spanish-American War he served on the U. S. S. "Prairie."

Later he joined the Gas Companies as a protege of W. R. Addicks, the noted gas engineer, and after a strenuous schooling in the gas and electric manufacturing division, he took charge of Maintenance of Mains and Service Lines in the upper half of the Boston district, Roxbury and Brookline. As this included not only new but all emergency work, many a raw and rainy night found him prowling through trenches instead of in bed.

The lusty crop of liability suits, which are always "with" a Gas Company, and for which he prepared the facts and "briefed" the cases, provided lively occupation for any hours that might have been idle. As a result of this activity he became Assistant to Mr. James N. Spear and took over practically all the detail work.

An acquaintance with Mr. W. B. Halloway, then Treasurer of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, so roused his interest in the new venture that, at Mr. Halloway's suggestion, he joined the staff in Boston in April, 1905. Since then he has represented the Gillette organization in Canada, and in one or two foreign countries.

The versatility that made good as a stock-boy, salesman, sailor and superintendent of lighting service, has for more than ten years been concentrated on the many-sided problems involved in making the Gillette Safety Razor the outstanding success which it is in Canada today. There is scarcely a spot in the broad Dominion which he has not touched in a personal way—and seldom indeed has he sent his men into any section in which he had not pioneered himself.

Even the scattered dealers of the Peace River district, Prince Rupert and the Yukon have welcomed him in their stores. His rare combination of good fellowship with earnest effective work has made him a power in the various hardware conventions,

and won him the sincere respect and personal friendship of the Trade.

Few business men whom I have met recognize so fully the value of advertising, or have so keen an eye for the kind of advertising that lifts a firm out of the ruck of the commonplace and makes it the national standard. Among advertising men generally he is known as a producer and developer of unusual and most effective topical advertising.

Outside of business hours Mr. Bittues en-



MR. BITTUES "HABITANT BY ACCEPTANCE"

joys the social intercourse of the Engineers Club and a number of prominent French Canadian Clubs. A great "Lodge" man, he has held the Chair in nearly every prominent fraternal organization in Eastern Canada. But the time I believe he enjoys most of all is that spent in the preserve of The North Lake Fish and Game Club, and of which he is President. Here, free from business responsibilities and restraints for the moment, he's a great, big, husky boy again, revelling in the strenuous backwoods life, and adding to his already intimate acquaintance with French-Canadian life and character by being their "doctor," "legal advisor" and "friend."



HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA,
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, LADY MAUDE AND LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH

Canada, The Land of Progress

MR. A. A. BITTUES, Managing Director and

MR. M. J. MAGUIRE, Sales Manager

MANUFACTURERS and distributors who would avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the market created by the needs and tastes of the prosperous population of Canada must first of all understand Canada, her prosperity and possibilities and properly make their goods known to the people whom they would have as buyers.

To do this our axiom is "Travel and learn, then make good honest goods and advertise."

Just that is what the writers of this article have been doing for ten years past, on behalf of the Canadian Company. It has been a delight

and liberal education for us both, and we trust profitable for the corporation we represent.

Canadian merchants as a class are cautious and conservative. When they buy they must have assurances respecting quality, and they like to know something about those with whom they are doing business. The seller cannot secure a firm footing in the general Canadian market without himself and his goods being pretty thoroughly known. But how to do this—"travel and learn." A pretty big task you say. Yes, but a pleasant one. Traveling on our Trans-Continental lines means a broadening for any merchant indeed.



SIR ROBERT BORDEN, PREMIER OF CANADA

The "Gentleman Premier" who at New Year's 1916 called for the Canadian Army of 500,000, whose Government commandeered fifteen million bushels of wheat at the terminal elevators and sent it to Europe

Our trains are filled with a delightful type of individual, experienced and with kindly feelings which prevail to knit everybody together in a very short space of time. There is no formality. The multimillionaire, the big grain merchant of Alberta, the banker and stockbroker of Montreal, or the mining king of Cobalt or New Hazelton hobnob with the humble merchant or manufacturers' representative just as readily as if they were in their clubs at home. It is not what you are worth, or what you wear, or where you come from, but what you are. "A Gillette representative?" "Good! I have one—it's a great razor—wouldn't sell it for a hundred if I couldn't get another." How many times have Mr. Maguire and myself gone through with this pleasurable introduction in the last

few years. That's our Canadian seal of approval—"good, honest goods—made in Canada—and well advertised." If you have a pleasant smile, a quick sense of humor, and an unselfish disposition, you readily make friends and such friendships are full of business interest, and sometimes a continued source of pleasure after the journey is over.

The Mason, Elk, Shriner, Knight of Columbus, is apparent in the diner and the smoker, brothers all, each with a confidence in his new acquaintanceship and with an appreciation in return for many kindly acts.

You travel in a *big* country in this Canada of ours, extending as it does from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the United States to the Arctic. Her area is measured by 3,500



SIR WILFRED LAURIER
Leader of the Opposition

Sir Wilfred Laurier (The Chevalier Premier) became Premier in 1896. Since 1911 when he was defeated by Borden, he has been Leader of the Opposition



SIR LOMER GOUIN
Premier Province of Quebec

miles in length and by 1,400 miles in breadth. Canada has a larger area than the United States including Alaska by 111,992 square miles. It is bounded by three oceans and has 13,000 miles of coast line which is nearly equal to half the circumference of the earth. Call to mind that we are a country with one third the area of the British Empire, as large as 30 United Kingdoms and 18 Germanys, twice the size of British India, almost as large as Europe, and 18 times the size of France, and you have some idea of what Canada is.

The entire country is divided into nine provinces (states) and two territories. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are called the Maritime Provinces. The Province of Quebec was familiarly

known as Lower Canada, and the Province of Ontario as Upper Canada. Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan are the Prairie Provinces, and British Columbia is the Pacific Province. The Yukon and Northwest territories complete the list.

In this vast land there are almost three and three-fourths millions of square miles and a population of only seven and a half millions of people, an average of two persons for every square mile of territory. As against this average you have 33 in the United States, France has 190, Germany 310 and Great Britain 471. Of the total population 3,821,995 are males and 3,384,648 females.

There are throughout Canada 79 specified religions—Roman Catholic 39.31%, Protestant 50.24%, the

balance being distributed between the Lutheran, Greek, Jewish and other religions.

On July 1st, 1918, Canada will be 51 years of age. Although it is an extremely young country, astonishing progress has been made since 1867, the year of the confederation.

So many wonderful changes have taken place during this period that your writers can touch but lightly on it all in the space allotted in this edition.

Agriculture, the mainstay of the country, has never before been such a vital agent in the destiny of Canada and of the whole civilized world as it must and will be in 1918. We are now under the shadow of the crisis of the Great War and this crisis has an intimate connection with the food supply.

Eminent authorities say that the Entente Allies are face to face with the most dangerous situation since the war began, because there is not enough food for the soldiers at the front and the civilian population at home which supports them. The requirements of the Allies for the coming crop year are placed at 360,000,000 bushels more than before the war or an increase of 61%. More than the largest harvest ever gathered in Canada, and about one-half a normal harvest in the United States! Even with reduced rations they will also require two million tons of meat products, equal to 39% more than before the war. Most of this food must come from Canada and the United States. In fact, Baron Rhondda, the British Food Controller, has stated that unless 65% of it can be obtained from this continent the Allies will starve.

Grave responsibility rests on Can-

ada for in great part the burden is hers. For, even though the production of the United States is much greater than that of Canada, the population to be fed at home there is so much larger that the exportable surplus is much less proportionately than that of Canada. Taking wheat, perhaps the most necessary foodstuff, the Canadian export figures are actually greater than those of the United States. The wheat production of the United States for 1917 was approximately 660,000,000 bushels, the normal requirement for food is estimated at 440,000,000 bushels, and the quantity for seed as 87,000,000 bushels leaving an exportable surplus of 133,000,000 bushels.

Canada harvested last year 234,000,000 bushels and allowing 50,000,000 bushels for food and 28,000,000 for seed, an exportable surplus was left of 156,000,000 bushels, actually 23,000,000 bushels more than was left over in the United States.

The people and Government of Canada realize the necessity for vastly increased production and for some time past have bent every endeavor to make 1918 a record year.

The governments of the various provinces have been cooperating with the Federal Government and provision has been made to insure every form of assistance required by the farmers for bringing additional land under crop.

Arrangements have been made to secure and distribute the proper quantity of seed; a large number of tractors have been purchased by Dominion and Provincial Governments, and will be sold at cost to the farmers; measures have been taken to en-



A PORTION OF THE CITY OF OTTAWA, ONTARIO, SHOWING THE CHATEAU LAURIER, CONNAUGHT PLACE AND THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY CENTRAL STATION

roll agricultural helpers in every town, village and city of Canada and every possible agency is to be employed to make available the labor necessary to assure a maximum production.

Already preliminary reports state that there will be an addition of at least 4,000,000 acres under crop in Canada this year as compared with 1917. Half will be in the provinces east of the Great Lakes, probably nearly a million acres in Ontario; 600,000 in Quebec, where much of the grass land is being broken up, and 400,000 in the Maritime Provinces. Of the 2,000,000 acres in the western provinces, about half will be in Saskatchewan.

What this increase of 10% in area means, will be appreciated when ref-

erence is made to the returns of the 1917 crop which was only a fair one from the point of yield, although in point of value it was unprecedentedly high, the total value being \$1,144,636,000.

There is hope this year of a bumper yield, for seeding has become general throughout western Canada at an earlier date than ever before. Such a condition was hardly conceivable at the middle of March. Then, it was expected that seeding would commence later than usual; while, even at the first of April it was not expected that work on the farms would become general, until about the middle of May. Having, however, been favored with the ideal weather, seeding was begun at the earliest date ever recorded. This is some two

weeks earlier than in previous early years.

With these favorable weather conditions, vastly increased acreage, a sure market and a fixed price, the Canadian farmer envisages such unbounded prosperity as he has never been blessed with before. In him is personified a buyer of such potentiality that any manufacturer or merchant who does not make a bid for a share of his trade is neglecting the opportunity of the century.

Let us take as one indication of Canada's prosperity the growth of the automobile purchases. During the six years ended March, 1917, Canada's imports of automobiles from the United States amounted to more than *forty million dollars*.

Canada's imports of automobile accessories from the United States during the same periods amounted to nearly *twenty million dollars*.

The imports of automobile tires amounted to about *seven million dollars*.

Official figures for 1917 received lately indicate an increase of slightly more than 50% in the number of automobiles in actual use in the Dominion at the present time over the total for 1916. According to the statements from the provincial returns, the cars in use in Canada now total 191,518. This makes an increase of 75,921 for the year.

The Province of Ontario leads with a total of about 78,000, Saskatchewan is second, with a present total of 31,084 cars. Quebec now has close to 20,000 automobiles. Alberta is the fourth province with 21,000 cars. Manitoba is a close fourth, with nearly 18,500. In round numbers, British Columbia owns 10,000 motor cars, while Nova Scotia has

just reported passing the 5,000 mark. New Brunswick is a few hundred cars behind Nova Scotia, while the tiny province of Prince Edward Island will soon have 300 automobiles, despite adverse and freakish legislation.

The motor car in Canada is more and more coming to be considered a commercial necessity. It aided in the movement of troops, facilitated the transportation of war material, increased the efficiency of the farm, aided in the quicker movement of all things pertaining to business, and has been a great economic factor in the development of our general business.

There is a profitable moral to be derived from this little insight into the automobile trade of Canada for both the manufacturer, who has already come into the market, and the one who has not yet done so. The first for the reason that in most cases he has only skimmed the surface by invading the cities and neglected the vast possibilities of the wealthy rural sections, and the second, for missing the opportunities offered, altogether. More cars have been sold in Western Canada during the past two years than in the East. British Columbia, with a population less than half a million, scattered over wide areas of mountainous country, has automobiles in the proportion of one to every 39 of the population. The prairie provinces show surprising increases in the number in use over last year. All proof that sales are spreading from the large cities of the East to the smaller towns, villages and farms of the West as well as of the East. It shows that the farmer is keeping well abreast of the times, and with his greater pros-



FINANCIAL SECTION, KING STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

perity is demonstrating that he can put a good deal of his money in circulation for modern conveniences.

You now say—yes! but is Canada really prosperous? Two years ago Canada made its first domestic war loan. The amount asked for was fifty million dollars, and, when announced, anxiety was felt as to its success, although the banks had underwritten one-half the issue. It is well known now that this loan was oversubscribed by twice that amount, and that similar success attended the Government's second and third offerings of war bonds, all without any special selling effort.

On November 12th last, Canada's "Victory Loan" was announced for subscription for an amount of one hundred and fifty million dollars, the fourth issue in two years, and the first for which any attempt was made to secure popular participation. The

subscriptions closed on December 1st, and the result can only be regarded as a stupendous achievement and a great national triumph for the Canadian people, for the figure fixed by the Minister of Finance as the measure of the amount it might be relied upon to realize was nearly trebled. The actual amount of bonds placed was over \$418,000,000, a sum exceeding the aggregate of the three preceding loans, which totalled \$350,000,000, by almost \$70,000,000.

The amount of loose cash available in Canada is manifested in the purchase of these \$418,000,000 of bonds. Only a few years ago such a thing would have been impossible. The Government had so little faith in the ability and willingness of the Canadian people to absorb the public debt, that when money was required, it was obtained in England.

and, as a rare exception, in New York City.

Before the war the largest loan ever issued by the Dominion of Canada in London, the great money market of the world, was \$35,000,000, and something like a panic was caused in governmental securities. Yet now Canada itself which was a borrowing country before the war, with loans averaging \$200,000,000 a year, has just subscribed ten times that amount out of accumulated savings.

It has come as a happy revelation that in three years Canadians have absorbed about \$650,000,000 of Dominion bonds, or practically twice the amount of the net public debt, when the war broke out.

It is another evidence to add to those conspicuous on every hand that the people of Canada are prosperous, thrifty and thriving as never before.

Having regard to population and the number of subscribers, it would appear that this loan has been the most popular and successful launched by any of the Allies since the outbreak of the war.

The returns show a total of 782,714 subscribers, or one subscriber to every ten persons in Canada, as compared with one person in 183 for the previous loan.

This has established a new record. In Great Britain one person in every 23 subscribed to the last war loan. In the second "Liberty Loan" campaign in the United States, bonds were sold to one person out of every eleven of the population.

The outstanding feature of the loan is the splendid response of the great masses of the people; industrial workers, artisans, clerks, farmers,

business and professional men joined the great manufacturing, commercial and financial institutions, all contributing magnificently to a result which has surprised the world.

There was necessary to the success of the loan a great sum of floating capital, of accumulated savings in the country, but, a large proportion is to be provided out of future savings, as the payments are distributed over a period of five months up to next May.

With the first and second loans there was, unquestionably, heavier selling of older securities to provide funds than for the third and the present loans. The third loan of 150 million dollars was accompanied by indications of less pressure on older investment securities than was evident in the first loan, in which public participation, outside of the banks, was only about 60 million dollars.

Even if the holders of the best of the older securities wanted to raise money for this fourth loan in that way, they could only dispose of very small amounts in the present restricted market. But, the fact is, that Canada, as a whole, appears to realize more and more with these successive loans that the provision of the funds out of savings is immediately the soundest method, nationally, and ultimately the most satisfactory, individually.

The number of persons who have contracted to limit their expenditures to meet payments on the loan during the next few months, or longer, that sums so saved may be used for the purposes of the Government, runs literally into hundred of thousands against hundreds or thousands in the case of the first loan.



PORTAGE AVENUE,
WINNIPEG, LOOKING
EAST

GRAND TRUNK
STATION AND FORT
GARRY HOTEL,
WINNIPEG,
MANITOBA



GRAND TRUNK
PACIFIC ELEVATOR
AT FORT WILLIAM,
ONTARIO



Notwithstanding that the contributions to the three first war loans totalled \$350,000,000, the saving deposits of the Canadian people with the banks have actually increased. In November, 1915, before any offerings of bonds had been made, the savings deposits amounted to \$714,219,286, as compared with \$1,008,657,874 in November, 1917, a net increase of \$394,438,588, so that the Canadian people could provide practically almost the whole amount of the new loan and still have as much money in the bank as two years ago. Although the initial payment on December 1st of 10% on the "Victory Loan" called for the transfer of \$41,000,000 from private to Government account, the Canadian bank statement of December 31st shows a net loss in savings deposits of less than \$13,000,000. As savings deposits increased some 22,000,000 in November, the total at the end of December was still nearly 10,000,000 higher than two months before, or \$985,790,850.

But whence does Canada, the borrowing nation of yesterday, get the wherewithal to lend its Government in a short period of two years over \$650,000,000.

A survey of Canada's marvellous commercial evolution in the last half

| <i>Twelve Months</i> | <i>Exports</i> | <i>Imports</i> | <i>Balance</i> |
|----------------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1917 | \$1,547,430,000 | \$1,005,134,000 | *\$542,296,000 |
| 1916 | 1,091,703,000 | 766,723,000 | * 324,980,000 |
| 1915 | 614,124,000 | 451,663,000 | * 162,461,000 |
| 1914 | 379,291,000 | 481,214,000 | † 101,923,000 |
| 1913 | 436,213,000 | 659,061,000 | † 222,848,000 |
| 1912 | 341,978,000 | 635,585,000 | † 293,607,000 |

* Excess of exports.

† Excess of imports.

The total of exports and imports in 1912 was less than a billion dollars; for the year past it was over two and one-half billion dollars. Exports have increased 350%, while

decade shows that in the before-the-war period of its great industrial expansion, which reached its height in 1912, imports, paid for chiefly by borrowings abroad largely exceeded the exports. The advent of the war, however, accentuated the curtailment of imports which had already begun with the period of retrenchment following the money stringency in 1913, and a realization of the large imports of the previous years also then began to be productive of goods formerly purchased abroad, thus lowering the imports still further, so that in 1914 the trade balance was reversed.

A truly remarkable achievement, changing Canada in a few months from a heavy debtor to a heavy creditor nation.

The volume of the country's trade, because of the high prices for all its commodities and the extreme activity in business, is reaching huge proportions.

As will be seen below, the figures for the past six years show some startling comparisons. These are compiled from the official returns, based on exports of Canadian merchandise only, and imports entered for home consumption, with re-exports of foreign merchandise and exports and imports of coin and bullion eliminated:—

the increase in imports has been only 66%.

From an adverse trade balance of imports over exports, averaging 250,000,000 in 1912 and 1913, the



HARVEST SCENE ALONG THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY WEST OF WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

balance for 1917 has risen to 542,-000,000 in favor of Canada, instead of against it, a recovering of some 792,000,000.

The value of the exports of the products of the farm (agriculture and animals) in 1917 is over $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the total of the last year before the war. 702,000,000 they still represent about one-half, or 45% of the country's total exports, against

59% in 1913, notwithstanding that manufactures, chiefly munitions, have increased to 12 times the total for 1913, some 682,000,000 from 12% of the total in 1913 to 44% in 1917.

The comparisons of the exports by classifications of produce for the three war years of 1917, 1916 and 1915, with the last pre-war year, are given in the following table:—

| | 1917 | 1916 | 1915 | 1913 |
|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------|
| Mines | \$77,389,000 | \$82,281,000 | \$61,814,000 | \$59,073,000 |
| Fisheries | 38,323,000 | 24,349,000 | 21,673,000 | 20,237,000 |
| Forests | 52,280,000 | 55,224,000 | 49,779,000 | 42,532,000 |
| Animals | 170,561,000 | 117,909,000 | 94,513,000 | 51,612,000 |
| Agriculture | 531,300,000 | 364,605,000 | 230,644,000 | 208,642,000 |
| Manufactures | 682,521,000 | 440,447,000 | 151,571,000 | 54,010,000 |
| Miscellaneous | 5,052,000 | 7,857,000 | 3,952,000 | 108,000 |
| Total | \$1,547,430,000 | \$1,091,706,000 | \$614,129,000 | \$436,218,000 |

It is therefore, conclusively evidenced that Canada's wealth begets itself principally from the soil. Its exports consist chiefly of foodstuffs and other products of natural resources under great demand, and at high prices. That there is assurance of not only a continuance, but an increase, in the agricultural prosperity specially, is found in the 1917 crop. The official Government estimate of the total value of Canada's field crops alone place the figures at \$1,144,636,450, the first time they

have reached one billion dollars. That is some \$290,000,000 in excess of the production of 1916; \$300,000,000 over 1915, and \$350,000,000 over 1914. The excess over 1916 alone would finance twice the amount asked for in the present loan. These figures, as stated, are for the field crops alone, and do not include other important agricultural products, nor those of the forests, mines or fisheries.

Manufactures of goods, particularly munitions, of course, also form



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER PARK, ALTA

an important part of Canada's export trade, and, while there was some curtailment of orders for munitions last fall, partly the result of the larger production in Great Britain, and because purchases from the United States are financed out of the advances that Government is making from its treasury to the Allies, a new stream of such orders is following the completion of Canada's "Victory Loan."

The proceeds of the new loan will thus eventually reach almost everyone engaged in productive undertakings, as they are utilized primarily for the purchase of munitions, which may be in the form of food products, clothing, armament, or other equipment, and are thus passed on to wage earners of every class, to be distributed by them for daily requirements, and set aside for savings.

In addition, manufacturing activity is being stimulated by war orders from the United States, as well as from Great Britain.

The industrial capacity of the United States, already severely tested by war demands from Europe, is further strained by the additional demands for equipping its big army, and this problem is rendered all the more difficult by a shortage of labor which is increasing as men are drafted. Credits will not offer the difficulty experienced in the case of British orders, and the cash payments resulting will strengthen our position in financing the direct purchases of the British Government.

Already large orders of textiles, woolen goods, munitions, and other equipment have been placed in Canada, and, although the munition manufacturers had planned last fall

to turn their plants to other uses, and the country was getting ready for the reconstruction of business, these changes have now been postponed.

As the national prosperity is based primarily on agriculture and, secondly, on manufacturing, the unusual wealth indicated in last year's harvest and the assurance of continued industrial activity are justification for the utmost confidence in Canada's economic soundness.

It is, therefore, quite evident that Canada is prosperous, and will continue to be prosperous, particularly that great two-thirds of the people in the rural sections, and special significance is attached to this fact for the manufacturers and merchants, who have not yet made a serious entry into a market that is fraught with immense possibilities for the future, and with direct opportunities for the present.

Truly a marvellously rich country!

Are we then right in our review of Canada's economic conditions? Yes, truly *yes*, and a good country to conduct a business like ours in.

In a country where business is at a standstill, population not increasing, no fresh capital accumulating, no new wants being experienced, opportunity cannot flourish.

Our development shows clearly that there are plenty of opportunities in Canada.

Ours is a growing country, where conditions constantly change. Our markets are widening day by day and year. Business opportunities are numerous because every new need which is experienced and every new market which is opened provides opportunities *for those who can grasp them*.

Canada is the youngest of nations. She is just starting on her career. Fortunately the borrowings from other countries prior to the war enabled Canada to equip herself fairly well in some ways. Canada is well provided with transportation and methods of communications. Our telegraph and telephone systems are second to none, and we have first-class railroads, one of which, *the C. P. R., is the longest in the world, operated by a single corporation*.

There is, however, a great deal of room for expansion in our basic industries of agriculture, lumbering, mining and fishing.

In agriculture we have only cultivated about 10% of our tillable land. We have 400,000,000 acres of land which may be used for the production of foodstuffs, only 40,000,000 of these are being used.

When people talk of a world famine, they either forget or do not know that in Canada there is enough idle land to feed the whole world.

Equally favorable are the opportunities for increased exploitation of the forests.

The available stand of commercial timber, exclusive of pulp wood and other small wood, has been estimated at from 600,000,000,000 to 750,000,000,000 feet, board measure. The Province of British Columbia alone has over 300,000,000,000 feet of standing timber.

Even now we give away farm lands of the choicest sort to any immigrant who will work them, and in our Pacific Province a forest fire which destroys a hundred thousand feet of valuable timber only receives casual mention in our newspapers.

In fishing and mining there is the same story of inadequate exploita-



■ THE LEGISLATURE BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

tion today and great possibilities of expansion for tomorrow. The increase in the value of the output and export of the fisheries in recent years has been due almost solely to rising prices. But already steps have been taken to improve packing, curing and marketing methods, and in order to still further increase the quota from this source of natural wealth, it is only necessary to take well recognized scientific steps to prevent the depletion of the fisheries.

Canada has deposits of all the known minerals, except tin. What we need now is to secure domestic refining of Canadian minerals, the smelting of all metals and the manufacture of sulphuric acid, nitric acid and nitrogen products from the air, as well as acetone in great quantities.

Canada is at present an agricultural country, but she is developing into a manufacturing country. We can produce on equal terms or perhaps on better terms with any other

country in the world, certain lines of iron and steel products, agriculture machinery, flour and cereals, paper and pulp, wood and the manufacture of it, wagons and carriages, aluminum, nickel and nickelware, etc. How many of our readers know that Canada produces 80% of all the nickel used?

Canadians did not know their own capacity for producing until this war started. The way Canadian manufacturers have responded to the demands made upon them since 1914 has been a revelation to themselves and the rest of the world. What Canada has accomplished since 1914 gives an indication of what can be done under the spur of great events, even if it is not an accurate index of what is possible under normal conditions.

Many Canadian plants have increased to such an extent during the last few years that quite a number are too large for the requirements of the home market.



VANCOUVER HARBOR, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

With our population we are equipped to manufacture for many times that number.

We must therefore look to our *export trade* to absorb the surplus production. Although much of the special war machinery may have to be scrapped at the end of the war there are many manufacturers who will find themselves with new and up-to-date machinery for ordinary production. They will also find themselves with a skilled force of workers. Many foreign importers have become acquainted with Canada for the first time and have been awakened to the multiplicity and quality of the commodities which we can supply.

A large number of American manufacturers have established branch factories in Canada. Not the least of these is our own company, the factory of which is now handling the export trade for many of the British possessions and some of the Allied countries.

We are adding to our capacity to produce Gillettes. New machinery is coming in regularly and before this war is over we shall be in a position to supply all the Gillettes desired by the bulk of the export trade. Our advertising is creating a constantly growing demand for our goods, and the time is not far distant when a Canadian made Gillette may be found

in many corners of the universe.

It is said that Canada is the land of opportunity. If the fact that Canada has not reached her full development and will not for many years to come is any indication the statement is absolutely true.

Mr. Maguire and myself ask you to believe that when this war is finished, Canada will start in on an era of prosperity which will excel even the magnificent performance of the United States.

Canada is the country of the future, and our good friends in the United States are cordially invited to come and share our prosperity. We have one person for every half mile of territory, so there is plenty of room for you to show what you can do.

On our pages you will find pictures of spots in our prominent cities, harvest scenes, views on the mountains, in fact we have by the photographs selected intended to show you that which there is no space to write about. Their titles, however, are explanatory and give you an idea of the beauty spots throughout this Dominion.

What the writers endeavor to do in this text is to prove to you that Canada deserves the title which we have applied to her, namely, "The Land of Progress."



NEIL P. PETERSON

Manufacturing Problems Past and Present

NEIL P. PETERSON, *Superintendent*

Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

MANUFACTURING of Gillette Razors and Blades in Canada dates back beyond the time of the writer's connection with the Company. The early manufacturing period with its many troubles could best be described by Mr. Bittues, but no doubt he would rather not recall the hardships he and all of his Staff experienced.

In this article difficulties will not be dwelt on because they were numerous or annoying, but only in order to recall the experiences gained in overcoming them, and perhaps be an inspiration particularly to the

Canadian Staff when we have to overcome comparatively easy obstacles.

In October, 1908, I had my first glimpse of the Canadian factory. They had some time previously moved into what was then considered pretentious quarters at No. 63 St. Alexander Street, the factory having risen as it were out of the ashes of a disastrous fire.

The plant then consisted of one gas hardening machine, one printing machine, nine old-style slow-speed grinding machines, two No. 100 honing machines and two No. 100

stopping machines. The plant was also equipped with a fair amount of machinery for making razor handles, but this equipment was by no means kept busy as the Gillette Razor was only being introduced into Canada.

The Canadian factory was at that time turning out between 250 and 300 dozen blades per day and only a few razors. Compared with the present output of over 7,000 dozens per day and from 800 to 1,000 razors the former seems small.

One of the first discouraging conditions which arose in connection with the installation of the polishing machines was when we were told that kiln dried lumber required for the posts to erect same on could not be delivered for nine days. It was not an easy matter to explain to the Management in Boston why the erection had to be delayed for this length of time, as in Boston we had all considered Canada a country where they had wood if nothing else. The writer has since been impressed with the fact that timber can be procured more readily in any part of the States than in Montreal.

Many other adverse conditions were apparent, but as the Canadian Staff seemed to accept them as a matter of course I felt that it was best not to appear downhearted, and therefore proceeded and finished the work for which I had come to Montreal, returning to Boston to relate my difficulties to Mr. Nickerson who was most interested and sympathetic. I have always felt that perhaps it was because of my vivid first-hand description of Canadian manufacturing conditions at that time that Mr. Nickerson and Mr. Parry have ever since then taken a special interest in the Canadian factory, and have always tried to serve us first and give

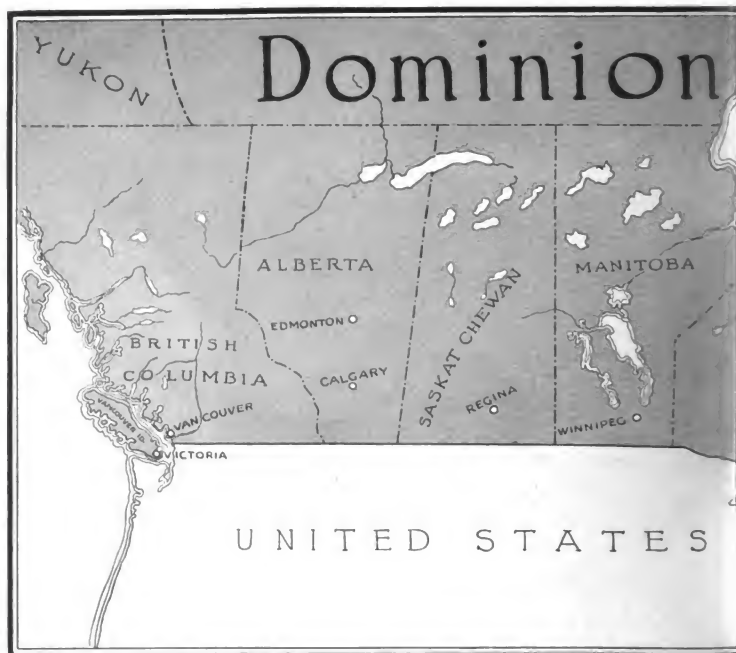
us first-hand definite information.

In June, 1909, it was my good fortune to become permanently attached to the Canadian office and staff. At that time they were in the midst of filling the first real large orders taken by the travellers for the Pocket Edition Sets.

As the Gillette Company were the third or fourth concern doing electro plating in Montreal at that time, it will be readily realized that experienced platers were not found in abundance, and the problem at that time consisted of finding men who could buff brass cases so they could be cleaned and plated, and to find a plater who could manipulate his baths so that the plate was not so hard that it could not be colored, or else insufficiently cleaned which resulted in failed work through peeling. As I remember it we often started with a large number of pieces with patterns on which gradually would have passed for perfectly plain cases. By August, however, we had filled all orders, and it is to the credit of our inspectors that not a single complaint was received as regards finish on these first sets produced, nor have we had any cases come back with the silver worn off except from users who had tried to polish the cases with scouring compound or emery cloth.

From the time that we finished the Christmas rush in 1909 up to the present we have not had a single month without its own particular machine installation and consequent moving of other equipment to make room for same.

In the early days pretty nearly all the installation and blade production was taken care of entirely by Mr. A. D. Bellec, who is still with us doing good work in looking after



Train Distance from Montreal, the Home of the G

| <i>City</i> | <i>Province</i> | <i>No. Miles</i> | <i>City</i> | <i>Province</i> |
|-------------|-----------------|------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Halifax | Nova Scotia | 758 | Ottawa | Ontar |
| St. John | New Brunswick | 481 | Port Arthur | Ontar |
| Quebec | Quebec | 172 | Fort William | Ontar |
| Toronto | Ontario | 333 | Winnipeg | Manit |
| Hamilton | Ontario | 372 | Brandon | Manit |
| London | Ontario | 448 | Regina | Saska |
| | | | Prince Albert | Saska |

Canadian Gillette Salesforce travel

M. J. Maguire, 16,919 miles.

A. A. Bittues, 8,844 miles.



ette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited, to

| No. Miles | City | Province | No. Miles |
|-----------|--------------|------------------|-----------|
| 111 | Saskatoon | Saskatchewan | 1885 |
| 992 | Edmonton | Alberta | 2242 |
| 995 | Medicine Hat | Alberta | 2075 |
| 1415 | Calgary | Alberta | 2255 |
| 1548 | Lethbridge | Alberta | 2176 |
| 1773 | Vancouver | British Columbia | 2897 |
| 1884 | | | |

and 50,000 miles in 1917 as follows:

W. B. Philbrick, 14,237 miles.

D. P. Cotter, 10,000 miles.

the Building Maintenance Department. If any of our foremen today think they are asked to perform difficult tasks they should spend a lunch hour with him and try to get him to describe his early experiences.

In 1911 we built the Gillette Building and moved into same during the early months of 1912. The contractor was delayed in various ways so that the fifth floor and roof slab was run in the month of December under conditions which required the greatest skill from a concrete engineering standpoint. These floors were later designated by Mr. Bittues as particular spots to be tested in regards to carrying capacity in accordance with specifications. It was consequently found that the deflection was only 60% of that allowed by the architects. It will therefore be seen that what had previously worried us turned out well.

A number of other details came up which greatly interfered with sufficient progress being shown to make the new installation an achievement in the eyes of the management in Boston. For instance, we had to take over and finish the electrical contract, the installation of doors and windows, and almost had to take over the matter of finishing all plaster work and laying of hardwood floors, as the standard of finish designated by the architects and demanded by Mr. Bittues was unheard of in this locality, and had never been approached in any other industrial building.

During this period of controversy and just as we were about to commence moving our machinery and offices Mr. Bittues had the ill fortune to break his ankle, and as he was called to Boston the following day to give testimony in regards to French

patent matters he decided to go to Boston in order not to disappoint Mr. Pelham, and also have his injury treated there at the same time. I shall never forget the agonizing hours he spent on the train going down. He at first planned to go alone but later decided to have me come along to be of assistance and receive instructions in Boston about further steps to be taken in connection with the building.

At first we only occupied basement and ground floor of our new building, and rented the other four floors to other manufacturing firms and agents, but gradually we have taken over the remaining floors.

In 1915, Mr. A. E. O'Hara, who had been with us for a number of years in the toolroom staff, was appointed Assistant Superintendent, and the departments gradually grew so that it was found necessary to appoint foremen of the various departments. The number of foremen increased from time to time until they now comprise a body as shown in the group on page 12 of this issue. Foremen are gradually going to Boston in order to study their own operations as connected with Gillette Razors and Blades in the Home Plant. A number have already been down for instructions and others will go as soon as opportunity offers. This procedure has been found of exceptional value and merit as the instructions and experience obtained at first hand in Boston become a manual and guide for standard practice as pertaining to that department.

The amount of interest and ability shown by all of our foremen augurs well for the future. The fact that one of our foremen, Lieut. Frank Tobin, has qualified as an officer in

the Royal Air Forces, and another foreman, Cadet Owen Rogers, who is about to qualify, proves beyond doubt that the foremen of the Canadian factory have on the average more than ordinary inherent ability. The performance of the only two of the foremen's staff who are of military age will no doubt be duplicated or exemplified by exceptionally good work here on the part of those who remain with us. We also intend to use to good advantage any experience gained by the members of the Canadian Staff who are now with the Colors, upon their return to us. In their letters they all make a point of telling us that the Army does not admit that a task cannot be performed, and we propose to have them continue with this attitude towards their work when they return here, and inculcate this same spirit and feeling throughout the whole factory.

During last year we regularly enjoyed foremen's meetings at which time we planned production and installation of new machinery. At the monthly meeting we usually had the pleasure of the company of Mr. Bittues and the office staff so that they could not only hear our problems discussed but so that they could also tell us their troubles and problems. In this manner we have come to understand not only the intricacies of manufacturing better, but we have also obtained an angle of the management's view and have had explained to us difficulties arising in the pay-roll department, in the cost accounting department and in the storehouse distribution procedures, if the factory did not properly cooperate with the office and make their records plain.

One of the most encouraging features of last year's rush has been the

reports of Mr. Bittues in regard to orders on hand or goods needed for certain specified dates. His demands for more production have been a great stimulus to all of the foremen as it has been the best indication that the Company was progressing and consequently everyone would naturally have a larger job. It is very encouraging also for all of us to know that in spite of the abnormal demand for more production Mr. Fahey and Mr. Thompson have been kind enough to say that they have seen a gradual improvement not only in the management of the various departments but in the quality of razors and blades turned out, each time that they have made us a visit. None of the foremen are content with their present showing, nor will they be until they can feel that their department can be compared in every way with a similar department in Boston, and we also realize that each foreman in Boston will progress every week and month, so that there will never be a time when we have quite attained the ultimate.

The other encouraging feature of being a member of the Canadian Staff presents itself in the anticipation that a large export territory will be served from the Montreal factory in the future which means that our present rate of production may be found altogether too small. Production troubles disappear as if by magic after you reach a certain output and can afford competent men in charge of each detail, and while we have been delayed and kept waiting because of slow deliveries, embargoes, and other permit complications, we have found it far less trouble and worry to install and move the machinery on the six floors now occupied than the smaller moves which were accomplished before.

The final encouragement which has made us look toward the future with great hope and anticipation came last Fall when it was announced that Mr. Aldred had proposed a basis upon which all employees could purchase Gillette stock. This was the first opportunity most of us had of having an added interest in the Company and in our positions. That the Canadian staff and employees welcomed the chance is shown by the fact that over thirty purchased as much stock as they could carry, and we have all felt since then that we would like to be able to carry twice as much. We are also receiving al-

most weekly additional applications from the younger employees which shows that the interest and goodwill of the older staff is spreading.

The final proof of the interest taken by all the employees and foremen is found in the fact that they one and all try to create and spread a feeling of good-will for the Gillette organization both among their business and personal friends. We are aiming at establishing a precedent in Montreal and Canada as regards the number of people who know somebody connected with us or something good or clever which the Gillette Company originated.

Roll of Honor of Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited

KILLED IN ACTION

Corp. E. A. McMullen

Corp. E. A. McMullen went overseas with the 87th Battalion Grenadier Guards in 1915. He was killed November 20, 1916, in the Battle of the Somme from the effects of a shrapnel wound in the hip.

Private James Sargent

Private James Sargent went overseas

early in 1915 with the 42nd Battalion Royal Highlanders of Montreal, and was killed at Courcellette in 1916, exact date unknown, as his next of kin is in the old country.

Private Bert Lyder

Private Bert Lyder went overseas with the 87th Battalion Grenadier Guards, and was killed at Ypres on July 5, 1916, from the effects of a gunshot wound.

WOUNDED

Corp. A. Plante

Private A. Lynn

Gunner E. Kilpatrick

ROYAL AIR FORCES

Lieut. T. L. Watson

O. E. Rogers

L. Cunningham

Lieut. F. M. Tobin

SERVING WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY

C. Ferguson

J. Taylor

A. Fawns

H. Fawns

J. Butler

C. Cavanagh

Bert Loveday

T. Neilson

A. Tonks

E. A. Guilfoyle

George E. O'Brien

SERVING WITH THE FRENCH ARMY

A. Devaux

AMERICAN AERIAL SQUADRON

Private F. H. Jones

SERVING WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

Private J. Bishop

Private F. J. Keen

Lance-Corporal H. A. Barrett

Private S. C. Maguire



LIEUT. L. T. WATSON

GEO. E. O'BRIEN

LIEUT F. M. TOBIN

Toronto, Ontario, June 9, 1918.

DEAR MR. BITTUES:—

Just a line to let you know how I am progressing. Have been here at the University for five weeks now, and I am getting along fine with my studies. We learn how to rig up Aeroplanes, and also sail-making, which means patching the fabric of the planes, when it gets torn or ripped. We also have three different types of Engines to learn, and I must say that they are very interesting. Since the R. N. A. S. has become a part of the R. A. F. we also have to learn Aerial-Navigation. I have worked out problems that in civil life I thought were impossible, but they have a way out here of teaching us, and it is not long till we see the point. We also study Aerial Photography and Metalogy, and several other kinds of Signalling.

When we get through here we are going to Hamilton for further Gunnery instructions, as Gunnery has become the chief factor in our training, and they are opening a school there just for that purpose.

I was very much pleased when I heard that Frank Tobin got through all right—I only hope that I will be as lucky as him. I manage to get home now and again, but it is only for a Sunday that I can get leave. I miss all the faces I used to see while at the shop, but I guess I am not the only one, as I hear Mr. Maguire, Barrett, and Keen have been called.

I get the BLADE every month. I saw in

the last one that Mr. Philbrick was dead. It came as a surprise to me as he always seemed so hale and hearty and full of life, but we can't live forever. *Note!* I see the BLADE is getting more interesting every month. What is wrong with our Foreladies and Foremen in our Shop? Can't they write up a story or a few jokes? How about Bolton? I see that the Boston girls are quite keen on poetry, but our bunch will wake up with a start and outdo them all.

This is a great life when you get used to it. I have gained 23 pounds in weight and don't know what it is to be sick. I hope everybody can say that for themselves. How is Mr. Petersen? I am afraid to write to him as I have left it off for so long, but I will write him a letter later on when I get a chance and trust to luck. Also, I hope Mr. Flanagan and Mr. O'Hara, not forgetting Mrs. B. and the rest of the staff are well.

We are held down quite stiff here; if we move an eyelash on parade we are sure to a few days C. B. We are drilled so fine that we sleep at Attention and snore by numbers.

I think this is about all the news I can resurrect just now so I will close and go to bed.

Hoping you are enjoying good health, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,

Cadet OWEN E. ROGERS,

No. 154881 R. A. F., No. 4, S. of A.,
Wycliffe College, Toronto University,
Toronto, Ont.

Johnnie Courteau

The Canadian "Habitant"

DOCTOR W. H. DRUMMOND

Johnnie Courteau of de mountain,
Johnnie Courteau of de Hill,
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun,
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run;
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still.
Johnnie Courteau.

Ax dem along de reever,
Ax dem along de shore,
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shawinigan?
De place w'ere de great beeg rapids roar.
Johnnie Courteau.

Sam't'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac,
Who was de man can walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black with fog
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
Johnnie Courteau.

On de rapids you want to see heem,
If de raf' she's swingin' roun',
An' he's yellin' "Hooraw Bateese! good
man!"
Way de oar come, double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down.
Johnnie Courteau.

An' Tete de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree,
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head,
sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?
Johnnie Courteau.

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Torture
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill,
But de bear very soon he get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar, too.
Johnnie Courteau.

Oh, he never was scare for not'ing
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way,
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Horraw!
Johnnie Courteau.

Den pullin' hees sash around heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage,

An' shout "All aboar' if you want to
fight!"
Wall! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau.

But Johnny Courteau get marry,
On Philomene Beaurepaire;
She's nice leetle girl was run to school,
On w'at you call Parish of Saints Ursule,
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere.
Johnnie Courteau.

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie,
W'en he marry on Philomene,
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun',
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun';
An' he's quieter feller was never seen.
Johnnie Courteau.

An' nev'ry wan feel astonish,
From La Tuque to Shawinigan,
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun',
Along on de reever up and down;
How can leetle woman boss dat beeg man?
Johnnie Courteau.

He never come out on de evening,
No matter de hard we try;
Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song:
"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je l'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai,"
Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long,
Till baby's sleep on de sweet bimeby.
Johnnie Courteau.

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
De place she's so nice an' clean,
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're dead man sure if you spit on de
floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene.
Johnnie Courteau.

An' Philomene watch de monee,
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
But anyhow nobody see it dere,
So she's buying new farm de noder day.
Madame Courteau!



TYPICAL "HABITANT HOME" IN NORTHERN
QUEBEC

"WHERE DE GREAT BIG RAPIDS ROAR"



COLIN CAMPBELL "HABITANT"
(See Page 40)

A WEEK'S HUNT,
MAGANETEWAN
RIVER REGION,
HIGHLANDS OF
ONTARIO



The Real French Canadian

MR. A. A. BITTUES

ON a previous page we have given to you one of the best known poems of Dr. W. H. Drummond, writer of "Habitant Stories." Strange as it may seem the public were at first wont to believe that Dr. Drummond wrote his stories of the French-Canadian people at Quebec in a spirit of mockery. Such was by no means the case, as many times good plots and ideas were rejected by Doctor Drummond because they contained a suggestion of ridicule. He made the following direct statement, "I would rather cut off my right arm than to speak disparagingly of the French-Canadians." He always put into his poems what he knew to be the language, spirit and ideas of the French-Canadian people as he knew them by living amongst them.

Doctor Drummond was born on the 13th of April, 1854, near the village of Mohill, County of Leitrim, Ireland. He later came to Canada and located at L'Abord-A-Plouffe, a little village at the back of Mount Royal. Here it was that he first became associated with the "habitant" and "voyageur." Here it was that he learned from the lips of Gideon Plouffe the many stories told by the old lumberman.

Doctor Drummond was a pupil of the old High School. He passed thence to McGill College, and on to Bishop's Medical College, where he graduated in 1884. He was better known as "Bill" Drummond, the athlete and student. He was known in the Marbleton and Knowlton dis-

tricts where he was kindness to all. In the Fall of 1888 he returned to Montreal where he started a practice on St. Antoine Street.

During these years he had many opportunities of studying the French-Canadian people travelling as he did in the North woods and mining camps on his many trips. He was particularly impressed with the picturesque way they told their quaint tales of backwoods life. His poems today are written in the language these people spoke to him, but by no means in the way they spoke among themselves.

Doctor Drummond's viewpoint was always sympathetic rather than critical, preferring always to discover goodness even though it was flavored with human weakness. He was always true to the life and character of the French-Canadian habitant in his every relation, civic, social and religious. He grew to admire these people and died amongst them, or in the mining district of Cobalt where smallpox had broken out during the month of April, 1907.

Our illustration is of my own choice, being that of a personal friend, Colin Campbell—a French-Canadian, farmer, lumberjack, river man, guide, tireless hunter, devout Catholic and a typical "habitant." His ancestors run back sufficiently far to incorporate in him a strain of French, Indian and Scotch. No individual can be more typical in appearance, speech and thought of Doctor Drummond's poem on the previous page.



MONTREAL, QUEBEC

TRANSPORTATION BLDG. : ST. JAMES STREET; DOMINION EXPRESS BLDG.

VIEW FROM MT. ROYAL, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER IN DISTANCE

ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL IN FOREGROUND

A Resumé of Our Province

H. S. BEECHER, *Advertising Department*

QUEBEC, oldest, biggest and mightiest of all the provinces containing within its limits unrivalled natural resources, a graphical situation that makes it the dominant factor in Trans-Atlantic Trade, and a people who are equal to any in energy, courage and enterprise, it cannot fail to wield its influence over civilization.

Nearly four centuries have elapsed since the province was first surveyed

by Cartier and the sites of Montreal and Quebec were chosen. In 1642 Maisonneuve founded the City of Montreal; the rest of Canada was still an untracked wilderness of forest and prairie when this province was already thriving and growing and its people were clearing, building and farming all along the shores of the St. Lawrence River and founding more and still more centres of activity.

Enshrined with all the glories of the past, the pioneer of the new world—tracked and still trackless—its full power is yet unknown. Quebec is by far the largest province in Canada, stretching from Hudson Strait in the North to the New England States in the South, and from the Atlantic Ocean to Ontario, and has a total area of 703,653 square miles, or 462,000,000 acres. Of this vast area, equal to 18 per cent of the total area of Canada, there are 455,000,000 acres of land and 7,000,000 acres of water—larger than Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Belgium and Holland combined.

FRENCH CANADIANS

Most people are unaware that about one third of the people in Canada are French Canadians. However, 80% of the French Canadians reside in Quebec province, and Montreal's population of 760,000 is 70% French. In speaking of French Canadians, we must remember that they are direct descendants of the old pioneers from France, people whose enterprise, industry and patriotism have been a factor in developing the new world. The majority of the French Canadians are engaged in agriculture and lumbering which are the fundamentals of a healthy economy.

QUEBEC'S VAST RESOURCES

It is impossible to exaggerate the natural potential wealth of this province, it is beyond one's power of conception or calculation. Pulp, woodenware and matches are important products of this province. Containing forests, that are the envy and admiration of the world, agricultural and mineral wealth; it mines most of the world's output of asbes-

tos and mica. The mineral output in 1917 was well over the \$200,000,000 mark. In industrial activities almost every industry in Canada has an establishment in this province.

Mountainous, this province furnishes grazing land for splendid cattle and horses, sheep, swine and poultry.

The population of the province is now 2,309,427, or considerably more than one-quarter of the population of Canada. The output of its manufactures in 1916 was valued at \$387,900,585; while the production of field crops, animals, dairy products, forest products, mining products, and fisheries is now over \$300,000,000 per annum—a very respectable contribution to the wealth of the Dominion. The most remarkable period of the development of the province has been under the regime of Sir Lomer Gouin, the Premier, who has been in Office since 1905.

Immense water powers are here available, in fact Canada's largest power development. There are almost 200 important rivers and about 70 lakes exceeding 3500 acres in size, and ranging up to 624,000 acres, the total area of these large lakes alone being over 7¼ million acres. To the people of half a century ago, the wonderful cataracts and rapids, the vast sheets of water thundering down into their rocky gorges were merely spectacles, phenomena of nature to be gazed upon with wonder not unminged with awe. Of their practical utility, few, if any, thought.

CHARM BECOMES UTILITY

These spectacles of yesterday have become the waterpowers of today and, radiating from them over hundreds of miles of territory stretch



*Upper Picture: TECHNICAL COLLEGE, SHERBROOKE ST., WEST MONTREAL
(Left) TECHNICAL INSTITUTE BUILT AND EQUIPPED BY MR. J. E. ALDRED (right)*

the antennae of the power lines, carrying to distant points the marvellous energy of the electrical current. As actual and potential developers of electricity, the waterfalls of Quebec have at last come to possess a tremendous significance.

Perhaps in no more forcible a way can this progress be illustrated than a recital of what one pioneer company—The Shawinigan Water & Power Company—has done to up-build this territory, of which Mr. J. E. Aldred is President. No other man has played such an important part in the development of Shawinigan Falls from a tiny little village to a thriving industrial town as did Mr. Aldred, as he was quick to induce other large concerns to go to Shaw-

inigan in order to take advantage of the very cheap power his company would be able to supply. Mr. Aldred has always been keenly interested in the welfare of the town of Shawinigan, and a few years ago secured the incorporation of a general hospital, perhaps the first of its kind to be established in the smaller towns of Quebec. He also built and equipped the handsome Technical School illustrated above.

Organized by special charter, granted by the provincial Government of Quebec in 1898, the company purchased from the Provincial Government all of its property at Shawinigan Falls, including the water-power of the St. Maurice River at this point. The real estate acquired



WATER POWER PLANT, SHAWINIGAN FALLS, SHAWINIGAN WATER & POWER COMPANY

from the Government comprised eleven hundred acres and the ownership of this property gives absolute control of Shawinigan Falls in the St. Maurice River—one of the greatest natural powers in existence, the river at this point falling a distance of over one hundred and fifty feet.

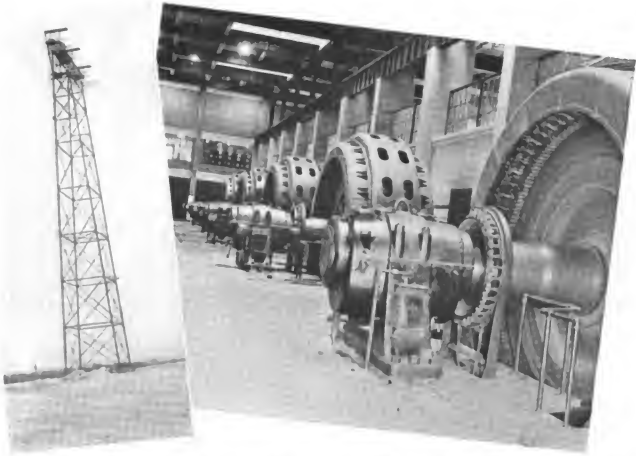
THE POWER DEVELOPMENT

The first development was made by excavating a canal from a point near the crest of the Falls about 1,000 feet to the west. The canal is 20 feet deep at low water and 100 feet wide at its narrowest point, and of sufficient capacity to develop over 150,000 horsepower. The first electric installation consisted of two 5,000 horsepower water-wheels and generators. Step by step the plant was enlarged until it now attains 55,500 horsepower of electricity. Without going into the technicalities of the plant's equipment, it can be readily established that no power company on the continent has more modern machinery for the development of that greatest of nineteenth century discoveries, hydro-electricity.

TRANSMISSION LINES

By its transmission lines the company has carried St. Maurice River power over an extended area of the province. From the transformer house at Shawinigan two separate three-phase lines, each 90 miles in length, having a total capacity of 25,000 horsepower are erected almost entirely along the railroad right of way, to the company's terminal station at Montreal. At Joliette, the line is tapped and current taken to a substation, reduced to a lower voltage, and is then carried by transmission lines and submarine cables under the St. Lawrence River to the town of Sorel.

At Charlemagne, another intervening point, through the intervention of the Laval Electric Company, power is distributed to the adjacent towns. Transmission lines from Shawinigan Falls to the asbestos mining district at Thetford Mines are distinct and separate from the Montreal transmission lines. From this line, in addition to the large blocks of power sold to the various asbestos mining companies, power is



12,000 KW. GENERATORS, POWER HOUSE NO. 2, SHAWINIGAN FALLS, QUEBEC. NORTH TOWER WHERE CURRENT CROSSES ST. LAWRENCE RIVER TO THE ASBESTOS DISTRICT

delivered to the town of Asbestos, near Danville, to aid in the production of Asbestos, and to the town of Windsor Mills for the use of the Canada Paper Company.

In accordance with the policy of the parent company, Shawinigan power is distributed to the consumers at these various points through the intervention of auxiliary companies which are in most instances controlled by the parent company.

While the company's business up to two years ago had been brought together over a territory lying between Shawinigan Falls and Montreal to the west and Shawinigan and Thetford Mines to the south, a territory embracing one quarter of the Province of Quebec, and had been served by the transmission previously described, the wonderful progress of the city of Montreal made it

necessary to provide for a future supply of current to the city by means of another plant lately installed. It was, therefore, a part of the plan to construct a new and complete transmission system between Shawinigan Falls and Montreal, and to deliver the power in this city at a station to be constructed near the original Terminal Station. The plan outlined represents the latest thought in the science of hydro-electric generation and transmission.

According to the company's latest report the completed plant at Shawinigan today with No. 2 Power house, containing the full equipment planned for two years ago of 90,000 horsepower, makes the total electrical equipment of the two generating stations 145,000 horsepower. With the additional hydraulic capacity of the plant providing for



DAM, ST. MAURICE RIVER, SHAWINIGAN WATER & POWER COMPANY

the power delivered to the North American Aluminum Company and the Belgo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Company, a total of 45,000 horsepower, the aggregate shows that the company's development at Shawinigan, as now constituted, is capable of using from the River St. Maurice, a total of 190,000 horsepower.

COMMUNITIES SERVED

The company now has in operation over 1,000 miles of electric transmission lines, representing the most complete electric system installed by a power company, as distinct from a Distribution Company. The company now serves 50 communities.

It is to be noted that the consistent development of the Dominion is reflected in the growth throughout this entire section. This growth is best demonstrated by the increased use, year by year, of this company's current in each territory supplied.

The Shawinigan Water & Power Company have just erected the longest electrical transmission wire in the

world near Three Rivers. The figures in connection with the great undertaking are very astounding to the lay mind. For instance the steel cable on which the wire is suspended is 6,500 feet long and although it is only $1\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, its total weight is about twelve tons. The steel towers are 362 feet high and measure 60 feet square at the base. The tower illustrated on page 45 is erected about 1,000 feet from the shore. The purpose of this long distance transmission line is to carry a load of approximately 25,000 horsepower across the river for use in the asbestos mining district which is no less than one hundred miles away. The Shawinigan Company also has a contract for the power developed by the Laurentide Power Company with an ultimate capacity of 125,000 horsepower.

While the company's success has been of steady character since its inception, it has been the more pronounced since 1915, the period embracing the last three years, outriv-



POWER PLANT, LAURENTIDE POWER COMPANY

alling, in a constructive sense, anything in the history of the company. In addition to the extension of the territorial scope of the company's operations, there has been a record increase in manufacturing lines; and in the consolidation of its financial position it has laid the foundations which will provide ample means for the extension of the company's usefulness in future years.

PROVINCE HAS BENEFITTED

The industrial development of the city of Montreal and its environs, and of other parts of the province, has given to the Shawinigan Water & Power Company the opportunity for increased operations, and the ability shown to take advantage of such conditions has coincidentally stimulated trade and commerce in the sections affected.

QUEBEC CITY

Of all American Cities, the provincial capital, Quebec, was the first founded, and with its hilly, narrow, tortuous streets, it remains a souvenir of France's former occupancy. The twin fortresses of Quebec and Levis on both shores of the St. Lawrence River, command it to the gulf, an eternal watchdog for its defence.

The city divided by nature itself into three parts, that along the river front being known as downtown, which is the manufacturing section from which arises towerlike a cliff of rock, from the summit of which, stretching backward from the terrace a beautiful boardwalk on the river front and the Chateau Frontenac, a beautiful C. P. R. Hotel, is the upper town, where are residences of L'Elite Francaise, and the magnificent Parliament buildings. From here, there is another more gradual



QUEBEC, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. DUFFERIN TERRACE AND HARBOR FROM CITADEL

descent to lower town—the business section—where all is French, and English is rarely heard for the population is 90 per cent French. Grand Allee—the main residential street of upper town—leads down to the plains of Abraham where Wolfe and Montcalm fell in 1759.

Below Quebec we have the Montmorency River and Falls where the Kent House, the residence of Queen Victoria's father in Canada, is still open for public inspection. Above Quebec, The Quebec Cantilever Bridge stands forth to the world a feat of science whose service will complete the union of the Northwest and the East, and shore to shore, to carry Canada's future produce to the markets of the world.

Quebec in art is also supreme—her Churches being remnants of a previous age whose value will be enhanced by the destruction and carnage in France and Belgium—the Basilica being particularly famous.

About twenty miles from Quebec we have Valcartier Camp, where Canadian men are made soldiers and from where Canada's first 33,000 volunteer heroes left for France several weeks after war was declared to stop the German hordes.

The pioneers of France have made Quebec with their toil and service. Their quaintness and aloofness have made it modern yet ancient, a former civilization kept alive.

MONTREAL

There have been many cities in America that have grown up in the last century, magnificent tributes to our civilization, but few indeed, that have undergone such revolutionary changes as the romantic old city of Montreal, which under two flags, has played so important a role in the New World History.

Although visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535, Montreal was not founded until more than a century later.

THE NEW
QUEBEC BRIDGE

QUEBEC CITY FROM CITADEL

THE RAMPARTS, QUEBEC

when Maisonneuve established the religious community of Ville Marie. From its foundation, Ville Marie had a checkered career, its first inhabitants undergoing terrible hardships and living in constant dread of the Indians. But Ville Marie was destined to be more than a religious community. Its strategical importance soon attracted the trader and before long it became the recognized headquarters of the fur trade for all Canada, its name being changed to Montreal, after the mountain which had been ascended and named by Cartier, Mont Royal on his first voyage.

Montreal surrendered to the English in 1760, and in 1775-76 it was occupied by American troops. In the troublous days of 1833 when the Canadian Parliament was temporar-

ily suspended it was the seat of the legislative Council that superseded it. In the three-quarters of a century since then, Montreal has enjoyed a steady growth and its position as the first city of Canada has never been seriously threatened.

Its future development promises to be even more pronounced. Situated at the head of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence and at the water tide end of Canada's great inland waterway to the heart of the Continent, occupying a peculiarly strategical position in relation to the Dominion as a whole, endowed with cheap power and most of the other essentials for successful manufacturing, Montreal, already a city of seven hundred and sixty thousand souls, is passing through an era of constructive development that prom-



MONTREAL HARBOR AND DOCKS, LOOKING EAST

ises to make it some day one of the mightiest cities on earth.

MONTREAL HARBOR

The harbor facilities, too, are being steadily improved to care for the vast commerce that the future is sure to bring.

Today it possesses 25 enormous steel sheds, of which 21 are two story structures and four are one story. In spaciousness, equipment and facilities for quick handling of enormous quantities of bulk and package freights, these sheds rank as the best in the world.

Coincident with the building of these sheds, huge grain elevators and a gigantic system of grain conveyors have been constructed. One of these elevators has a storage capacity of 4,000,000 bushels of grain, which makes it the largest seaport elevator in the world. These elevators can deliver grain over ten miles of belting to all of the fifteen steamship berths

in the central harbor at the rate of 60,000 bushels per hour.

It is amazing to find one thousand miles from the ocean a great seaport with steel and concrete piers and freight sheds. A network of railway tracks connects the port with all the important railways of the Continent.

Deep sea mariners prefer Montreal to any other Atlantic port, for they can save two days' journey and three days in loading and unloading, a total of five days. A saving of five days on every trip between Great Britain and North America means much in these days of ship shortage, in facilitating the quick handling of freight between this Continent and Europe. Something like 580 transatlantic vessels have visited Montreal during one season. On the basis of a saving of five days for each vessel, as compared with New York, that would mean a total saving of 2900 days or from eight to nine years. Americans will be astounded at the



MONTREAL HARBOR AND DOCKS, LOOKING WEST

above, for it simply means that the port of Montreal is better situated and better equipped for ocean trade in North America bar none.

Montreal is very interesting to tourists, both scenically and historically. Some points of interest are the following: the Place d'Armes Square where Maisonneuve fought the Indians; the Champ de Mars; the Bonsecours Market; the Warehouse in Vaudreuil Lane where John Jacob Astor laid the foundations of his vast fortune; the birth-place of Pierre Lemoine on St. Sulpice Street, and a hundred one other places associated with the early explorers and churchmen whose names are part and portion of the history of the country.

Founded as a religious settlement, Montreal even with its remarkable commercial development, has lost little of the religious atmosphere that so distinguishes it from other metropolitan centers. On every hand, interspersing skyscraper, hotel, store and

residence, rise cathedrals, churches, convents and colleges, giving the city a somewhat old-world clerical appearance. Chief among its sanctuaries is the Church of Notre Dame, one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in America. A splendid example of Gothic architecture, it is 255 feet long, and 135 feet wide, while its twin towers rise to a height of 227 feet. It is furnished with a fine chime of eleven bells, of which one, LeGros Bourdon, weighs twelve tons. Other famous Catholic edifices are: St. James' Cathedral, a replica of St. Peter's, Rome, in Dominion Square; Notre Dame de Bonsecours, the oldest church in the City; Notre Dame de Lourdes; St. Louis de France, and the Church of the Jesuits. The most important Protestant Churches are: Christ Church Anglican Cathedral; The Erskine Presbyterian Church; the First Baptist Church, and the St. James Methodist Church.



INTERIOR
NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL
MONTREAL

DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL
ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL IN DISTANCE



MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT, PLACE D'ARMES
SQUARE, IN FRONT OF BANK MONTREAL.
SITE OF FIRST BLOCK HOUSE BUILT IN MONTREAL

CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY,
MONTREAL





WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, QUEBEC
THE HOTEL OF CONVENIENCE FOR CONVENTIONS



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION, MONTREAL, QUEBEC



THE HEART OF MONTREAL'S BUSINESS SECTION
WAREHOUSE OF THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS-MORSE COMPANY AT RIGHT

One of Montreal's progressive manufacturing firms is the Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, under the presidency of Henry J. Fuller. A recital of its growth would be of interest to Gillette readers.

It has often been termed Canada's Departmental House for Mechanical Goods and is now celebrating its twenty-first birthday.

From a very small beginning this company has grown to be a big force in the material progress of Canadian Industry. While it is primarily a selling organization, a big departmental store of mechanical goods with twelve offices and warehouses stretched from post to post, it also owns and operates factories at Sherbrooke and Toronto.

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company is a unique organization unequalled by anything in Canada or the United States, when compared on the population percentage basis.

Its excellent position is due in great part to the tireless effort of Mr. Fuller, who is also one of the Directors of the Gillette Safety Razor Company.

The development of Industrial Canada is a set policy with the company, and they have been very influential in starting a number of Canadian factories. Two of these factories, as already mentioned, are owned and operated by the Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company; one the Fairbanks Scale and Valve Factory at Sherbrooke; the other a million dollar Engine and Pump Factory at Toronto, have ever since the beginning of the war been entirely devoted to the manufacture of munitions.

Still further impetus is given to the development of Canadian-made goods by the purchase of all the Company's supplies from Canadian Factories, wherever this product con-



DEPUTY
CHIEF MANN

MONTREAL'S
FIRE
DEPARTMENT
HEADS



FORMER
CHIEF TREMBLAY
NOW DIRECTOR OF
PUBLIC SAFETY



PACKING HOUSE FIRE IN
MIDDLE OF WINTER

forms to the high standard of quality maintained by the Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company.

The future possibilities of the company are beyond immediate comprehension. Canada has natural resources which are greater than any other country. As yet they are hardly touched. The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company coming in such intimate contact with every industry, mining, farming, fishing, manufacturing, is bound to play its part in the welfare of one of the most wonderful countries in the world.

MONTREAL'S FIRE DEPARTMENT

To guard the metropolis of Canada from the ravages of flame, Montreal has the most highly organized

and efficient fire department in America. The high efficiency of the department is due to Chief Tremblay and his Lieutenants. As a mark of appreciation of their efforts, Chief Tremblay has just been appointed Head of the Public Safety Department and Deputy Chief Mann as assistant director.

Montreal's most famous university is McGill, founded in 1811, while other institutions are: MacDonal College for teachers and Agricultural students, Montreal College, Mount St. Louis College, the Jesuit College, and a branch of the Laval University, Quebec.

MOUNT ROYAL PARK

Among Montreal's natural beauties is Mount Royal Park. When one



SKI-ING AT MT.
ROYAL PARK



CANADIAN "POCKET
EDITION," IN ACTION

TOBOGGAN SLIDE,
MT. ROYAL PARK

MONTREAL'S POPULAR WINTER SPORTS

stands on the lookout of Montreal's famous Park, a scene of marvellous extent and beauty is unfolded, for stretching below lies the mighty city of Montreal, one of the fifteen largest cities of the world. You can see the business section, with its great skyscrapers; the towers of many Churches; the innumerable tree-lined avenues of the residential section; the great harbor, one thousand miles away from the sea, with ocean liners on their berths; the broad St. Lawrence, with its many islands; and the two-mile Victoria bridge which spans its broad bosom; the famous Lachine Rapids; and the western spurs of the Appalachian Mountain Range.

What a priceless heritage and a magnificent asset for a city to have a mountain park in the center of it, close upon 500 acres in extent—a mountain that is an extinct volcano,

and that now forms an epitome of all the loveliest in forest and mountain scenery in Canada.

MERCANTILE

There is an old saying that nothing shows the prosperity of a city so much as its bank clearings, an infallible barometer of progress. They show the prosperity of the present; they afford the best possible ground for optimism regarding the future. Montreal's bank clearings for 1917 were \$4,188,000,000. It is important to realize the real meaning of Montreal's huge bank clearings. One is apt to consider them merely as figures, but to take them in that sense is to lose their significance entirely. They must be considered as bushels of wheat, war munitions, raw materials, and manufactured goods. They must be taken for what they are, the financial expression of Canada's



THE BANK OF MONTREAL

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
(top center)THE CANADIAN BANK OF
COMMERCESIR HERBERT S. HOLT
President, Royal Bank of Canada

fields, farms and forests, fisheries and factories—evidence of the industry of her people, of her unrivalled geographical position, demanding her right as the chief port of the Dominion.

A TREMENDOUS MANUFACTURING CITY

Montreal is the greatest manufacturing centre in the Dominion; it is a bee-hive of industry, producing practically all the wants of twentieth century civilization from monster railroad locomotives to the lowliest kitchen utensil, including the indispensable Gillette Razor.

This is necessarily a very incomplete summary of the resources and

potentialities of Quebec, but it may serve to show how this Province has taken a long lease of its present abounding prosperity. It has potential wealth in its natural resources sufficient to keep two or three provinces busy and it is one of the most populous areas in the Dominion.

The past of Quebec Province is written in the pages of history, its present is a record of progress and prosperity, combined with a record of gallantry on the part of those who have gone overseas, equal to that of the regiments of any Province or district in the Empire. The future of this Province of Quebec is still in the making, but there is every assurance that it will be on the same level of achievement.

Foremen's Notes

A young man who in less than a dozen years has raced up through the organization of a great corporation and out of it into one of the most responsible public positions in the country, says that he has always tried to figure out in advance what the boss was going to want so as to have it ready for him when he asked for it. Wouldn't you enjoy pushing ahead a man like that? A word to the "wise" is sufficient.

A. E. O'HARA,

Assistant Superintendent.

At our last Monthly Foremen's Meeting we had the pleasure of the company of Lieut. Frank M. Tobin, recently commissioned a Pilot in the Royal Air Forces.

The chief subject of discussion at the meeting was that of building Gillette goodwill and exemplifying same by thoughtful actions whenever opportunity offered.

Lieut. Tobin said that he had seen an actual case of an act which showed the theory carried into practice by a Gillette representative a long ways from Montreal. Our good friend Mr. C. I. Prouty of Texas and elsewhere heard that a couple of Gillette boys from the Montreal plant were in training in a Texas air camp. He made it his business to look them up and arranged with them to go with him and visit places that he knew were of an entertaining nature to flying cadets. He returned the following day with an automobile and entertained Cadet Lawrence Watson of the office staff, Cadet Tobin being unable to accompany them due to urgent duties, but the invitation was as much appreciated as though he had gone along.

Cadet Watson has asked us to publicly announce his thanks for the generous act on the part of Mr. Prouty, and Lieut. Tobin assured us at the meeting that although Prouty was not aware of it, he received a tremendous amount of publicity in the camp as it was quite an unusual thing in the minds of the other cadets to find that a Southern representative of a United States firm would take the trouble or have the generous inclination to look up some of the staff of the Montreal factory and give them such a good time.

It was way back in 1907 when I finished my trade and I decided to gain more experience. I read in the *Star* that The Gil-

lette Safety Razor Company wanted a man who could do plating, burnishing and buffing, so I called at the office and saw Mr. Bittues, who was then Manager and Superintendent of the firm. "What can you do young man?" he asked. "I am just here in answer to your advertisement," I replied. "Well if you can do the three things mentioned as I want them done you can have the position. If you don't you won't last long enough here to keep yourself in cigarettes. Go ahead, there's a good chance for you if you suit me."

First I was put in the buffing room, then in the handle department. A month later I started to work as a second plater doing the plating, the lathe burnishing and also the hand burnishing. Three years later I was made foreman, remaining as such until 1913. Then I left the Gillette Safety Razor Company to gain more knowledge in plating.

I went to the Canadian Lamp & Stamping Company, Walkerville, Ont., where I installed a new plating room. Then after three years I left them and went on a visiting tour through the best plating plants in the United States. However, I finally came back and telephoned Mr. Petersen. He told me to call on him the next morning. I came down and he asked me if I wanted to work for the firm again, and I said "yes." Mr. Petersen appreciating my increased knowledge and experience asked me to put in a new plating room for him. I just drew a rough sketch of a plating room of my own ideas which apparently satisfied Mr. Petersen. We are working in it and we feel it is efficient and up-to-date.

I can now buy myself more than cigarettes, for besides, being the foreman of the plating and burnishing department, I am also a *Shareholder* of the Company.

EDWARD YOUNG,

Foreman, Plating and Burnishing Dept.

About twelve years ago I had an opportunity of working for The Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited, in Montreal. After I spent eight months with the Company I felt that I needed more experience in the polishing and buffing line, and I went to H. R. Ives Company, Montreal, and later to Cornwall.

In 1909 I came back to good "old Montreal" and joined the Northern Electric Company. When the war broke out I thought I would see Mr. Petersen for a job, and since

August, 1914, I have been with this Company, where I enjoy seeing my buffing department grow day by day.

In 1914 I was the only buffer while today I have twenty buffers in my charge, most of whom are good experienced men whom I can trust.

I am proud to say that from 100 razors to polishing and buffing in 1914, I saw it grow up to 1,000 razors per day.

I own outright eight shares of the Company stock and am proud of my department.

FRANK MONDOR,
Foreman, Buffing Department.

This is just a little article about the Honing Department, of which I am in charge.

Everyone is on the jump here to make a record, and all who know the facts will agree that we are "going some."

When I was made Foreman of the Honing Department in March, 1917, the output was around 33,000 blades per day; now we hone around 100,000 daily. And we can't hone all we want.

New machines are being put up which, when running, will increase the output to 150,000 blades per day.

We are ambitious in the Honing Department, and we are looking forward to the time when our department will be larger than the one I saw at Boston on my last visit.

That same visit was a revelation to me and I very much appreciated the courtesies shown me by the "Boston Boys."

C. MORRISON,
Foreman, Honing Department.

I am glad to do my little bit for our Canadian Edition of the GILLETTE BLADE.

Although we may be only a branch of the big Gillette Company, we are certainly moving along at a lively gait in the Brass Handle & Stock Department, for the production has increased from fifty to seventy per cent.

That means we must be on the job every minute if we are going to go ahead. And if you ask us whether we are on the job, we invite our American cousins to see us.

Every employee of the Canadian Company knows that we are going to grow, and in time we will be as large, if not larger than the plant at Boston. That's why I own stock in the Company.

S. F. MAVOR,
Foreman Brass Handle & Stock Dept.

About three months ago, through the firm with which I was employed as Toolroom Foreman, having finished their munition contract, I was obliged to look for another position.

I applied to the Gillette Safety Razor Company, and as it happened their toolroom foreman had just sent in his resignation, after an interview with Mr. Petersen, the Superintendent, I secured the position.

On reporting for duty the following Monday morning, I found a nice, clean, bright toolroom, well equipped with modern machinery and tools, a palace compared with what I had in the last place I worked in; but found that most of the men were new men who had been with the firm a few months, and a lot of work on the benches that had been started by other men who had left.

The first week I spent with the Foreman getting an insight of the work which had to be done. The following week the Foreman left and naturally a few of his followers went after him. So I set to work to find out why, with the good shop conditions which I described above, the men were coming and going, and not staying long enough to be of any value to the Company. After inquiring among the men I found out that they had disagreements and did not have the interests of the firm at heart. The Departmental Foremen were therefore not getting their repairs done promptly nor properly and consequently they were complaining.

After talking the matter over with Mr. Bittus and Mr. Petersen, they agreed with my suggested changes and now everything seems to be going smoothly. A feeling of good fellowship exists, and with the co-operation of the staff I am sure things will go on better than before, and the men will stay long enough to be of some value to the firm and therefore the Company will benefit by it.

I too feel that being a shareholder as I am, I own three shares of stock, that my department will and must become efficient and one of marked use in the Canadian organization.

E. H. WILSON,
Foreman, Toolroom.

OPPORTUNITY

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"Um!" said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will

pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days!"

"Um!" said the man. "And who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Um!" said the man. "You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like hard work to me."

And he slammed the door.

E. J. SMITH,
Shipping Department.

AN ANTI-WORRY TONIC

These are days of worry. All of us worry too much.

Worry is temperamental. Thin men worry most. There is no sure cure for worry; but here is a suggestion for an anti-worry tonic.

Put down on a sheet of paper all the things you are worrying about. Put these down fairly and honestly.

If you worried this morning because your slippers were misplaced, put it down.

If you worried because Tommy spilled the marinalade on the table cloth, put it down.

If you worried because the telephone girl gave you the wrong number, put it down. What else did you expect?

Then, when the whole dark list of your troubles is on paper, take your pencil and strike out those that didn't matter. And then see how few there are left. Then, stop worrying.

G. P. SHORTEDE,
Traffic Department.

Tricks of the Noble Art of Fishing Described by a "Well Known Writer"

(Dedicated to "My Friends and Fellow Fishermen" Messrs.
Thompson, Rebuck, Kirkland, Ashbrooke)

FISHING is the leading American sport, next to the pianola. It is carried on almost entirely in sporting papers, but can be done in streams and lakes.

The latter form of fishing is known as the empirical or experimental method.

Fishes are divided by science into two families, edible and non-edible. Edible fishes are those that are landed.

Edible fishes weigh from one to three ounces. Larger fish than this live in literature and do not take the bait.

To go fishing successfully it is necessary to have an outfit consisting of a day off, a hook and a piece of string.

There are innumerable varieties of bait, such as worms, grasshoppers, beetles and *toy torpedo boats*, known as casting baits.

Casting is done by hurling the torpedo boat violently into the water

and hauling it back till the fisher faints.

There are better baits such as lobster pots and dynamite.

The noblest fishing is fly fishing. It is the art of throwing a miniature feather duster on the water in the hope that it will look like a fly. Countless fishes instantly dart from all points of the horizon to look at it. Fly fishermen count these countless fishes and report the number minutely to the sporting editor.

Even the smallest fishes reach enormous weights. This is because the scales carried by the fishes are not sufficiently inspected.

The most disastrous mistake in fishing is patience. If a fish does not bite instantly, the fisher should try another place at once. After trying three places without success, the fisher will do best by bailing the place out with a bucket.

The bait for general fishing is the worm. This is a longitudinally elong-

ated tubular insect. It is enormously plentiful over the entire habitable globe except when it is wanted for bait. Worms then cost one cent per worm.

He is made into bait by being impaled on the hook.

This is not painful to the worm. He is prevented only by lack of speech from expressing his delight.

The worm should be lowered into the water kindly and firmly. A fish will snap it up immediately. This fish may be a salmon, bullhead, finnan haddie or tin can.

As soon as the fish bites he must be played. Playing a fish is a technical term for yanking him in before he can get away. If the fisher is using a pole, he should lay it down and play the fish hand over hand.

Some fishes are known as game fishes. This is not because of their flavor, but because they jump into the air when hooked. Many fishers refuse haughtily to fish for any except game fishes. The best way to get a game fish is to play him until he jumps and then stun him with a club.

The leading game fish of the United States is the speckled beauty. Uncultivated persons call this fish a trout. The speckled beauty is speckled with vermilion, green, purple and blue spots over a brown moire and watered silk effect. It ranges in size from two inches to monsters of three and four, and lives exclusively in babbling brooks not less than one inch deep. It is fished for with artificial flies and caught with worms.

Bullheads are more easily caught than trout. This gives them a much finer flavor. The bullhead can be identified by gripping him firmly. If it is a bullhead the fisher will find the fish nicely nailed to his hand by handsome spines.

The bullhead has the openest smile of any game fish, except the sperm whale. The sperm whale, however, is not a true game fish. He is an independent oil refiner, who was pushed into the sea when John D. Rockefeller was evolved.

One sperm whale is considered a fair catch for one day's fishing.

Fishers who would rather fish for numbers than quality usually devote themselves to the eel. The eel is exceedingly easy to catch, but not so easy to un-catch. A 10-inch eel swallows the hook and 60 feet of line in the moment of impact. The fisher must jerk violently as soon as the eel bites. He will then discover the eel looped handsomely around his neck and tied with a sailor's half-hitch.

A somewhat more aristocratic sport is salmon fishing.

The salmon is caught with a pole that has been sawed into three or more pieces and put together again at an expense of not less than \$100.00. The salmon fisher begins at dawn to cast into the salmon pool with his pieced pole and continues casting until sunset. A guide then wades into the pool and gets the salmon with a gaff-hook.

There is also salt water fishing.

Salt water fishing is not fishing for salt mackerel as many unscientific thinkers believe. Salt water fishers catch bluefish, blackfish, whitefish, pollocks and other nationalities.

The equipment for a salt water fisher is a strong pole, one mile of twine, a meat hook and a sidewheel steamer. The steamer is to get sea-sick on.

The very best way to fish is by trolling. It is the favorite method of fat men, who fish for exercise. Trolling is done by sitting in an easy chair in a boat and being rowed around by



THE CANADIAN
BUSINESS MAN'S
SUMMER SPORT

ONE OF THE MANY
CURLING RINKS
VISITED BY THE
MONTREAL
BUSINESS MEN
WINTER EVENINGS



a friend. The troller holds a pole and line. At the end of this line is a piece of machinery that revolves swiftly if the rower is kept up to his work by judicious remarks from the troller.

The machine has a bouquet of colored feathers attached to it, together

with as many hooks as possible. Very often a rower will have rowed barely fifty miles before a fish is hooked. Enthusiastic trollers keep a supply of fresh friends on hand during the trolling season.

"Come again boys!"

A. A. BITTUES.

AN APPRECIATION

The Staff of the Canadian Company in compiling the facts which go to make up this edition desire in a very earnest way to thank many of the friends of this Corporation who have loaned, or allowed us to use,

Mr. E. H. Adams,
Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited.

Mr. A. B. Chaffee,
International Railway Publishing Co.
Limited.

Mr. H. R. Charlton,
Grand Trunk Railway System.

many of the photographs which we have incorporated in this number.

It is our hope that the following individuals and corporations will feel that we duly appreciate their courtesy in the premises:—

Deputy Chief Arthur Mann,
Fire Department, City.

Mr. C. W. Stokes,
Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

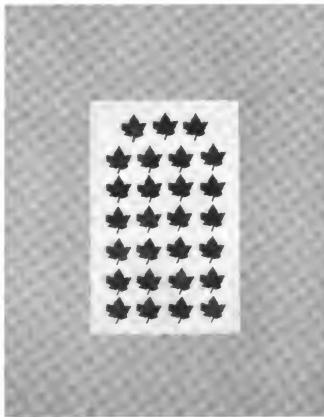
Mr. Gordon Tait,
Royal Bank of Canada.

Mr. James Wilson,
Shawinigan Water & Power Company.



CANADA'S "MARCHING MEN"

H. R. H., THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REVIEWING ONE OF CANADA'S FINEST HIGHLAND BATTALIONS EN ROUTE TO TRANSPORT



SERVICE FLAG OF GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

1920 MONTREAL 1920

GREETING

THIS Canadian "Blade" seems a made-to-order opportunity for the Montreal Staff to extend to the Boston Staff the heartiest kind of an invitation to convene in January, 1920, at the foot of old Mount Royal. We'll admit right here that some of the talk on other pages is intended to back up this invitation, and rouse your eagerness for a nearer view of Canada and its Gillette factory.

For accommodation we have in mind an entire floor of the Windsor Hotel, with rooms for all our visitors and a spacious, airy Convention Hall on the same floor.

We'll be modestly proud to show you the Canadian Factory and make good our claim that it's right up to the mark and the minute. For the few moments that can be snatched from talking or doing business, the winter sports for which Montreal is world famous will, we feel sure, prove as enjoyable as they undoubtedly are bracing.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED

A. A. Britten.

Managing Director

MADE IN

CANADA

TRADE MARK
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER



The Gillette Blade

JANUARY 1919



*Welcome
to our Salesmen;-*

*1918 was the
banner year in the
Company's history.*

*You Salesmen have
done your share.*

*Let's pull even
harder in 1919
and make it a
memorable year
also.*

*Frank J. Fahy
Vice Pres.*

CONVENTION NUMBER



GIL



WELCOME



SALESMEN

We fellows who are tied down to desks all the time extend to you who are on the firing line, the strong right arm of fellowship and welcome—combined with the Gillette spirit of co-operation, which means—"Any time we can do anything for you, call on us."

Sincerely,
The Department Heads



GILLETTE SALESMEN

We, who by the skill of our hands, eyes and brains, turn out the product which you in turn dispose of throughout the world, welcome you to Boston.

May your visit be both pleasant and profitable.

Gillette Co-workers



The Gillette Blade

Published Monthly by, and in the Interests of, the Employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston

A Foreword As To the Future

J. E. ALDRED, *Chairman, Board of Directors*

NOW that we have passed through the period covered by the last fifteen months, and which might be termed "War Period" of our activities, it is important that we should make a survey of the future possibilities of the business of our Company. As a result of such consideration, we should adopt a fixed policy applicable to the business to be done under normal conditions.

During this epoch the Gillette Company has accomplished the seemingly impossible in the way of production. This accomplishment has only been made possible by the thorough business organization and the wonderful spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm for the Gillette interests on the part of its employees.

The keynote of our operation during this "War Period" was "output." While it is true we have endeavored to maintain the standard of Gillette quality, nevertheless it was quite impossible to perform the miracles of this "War Period" without sacrificing to a slight degree all those niceties of finish and quality which are only possible under more normal conditions.

Looking back on the accomplish-

ments of the Company during this period it is apparent that the greatest value to the future of our business is the fact that we have enormously increased the outstanding number of Gillette units. The increase over the total outstanding units prior to this period is 97 per cent. This alone has given the future of our business a wonderful stimulus, for we may reasonably expect all of these units will continue to be consuming factors in our business.

More Gillette Safety Razors have been sold during the last twelve months than any other make of safety razor. This is ample evidence of the superiority of the Gillette in the minds of the people, not only here, but abroad. It is an assurance that the public wants the best, and is satisfied with nothing less than the Gillette Safety Razor, the most expensive article of its kind on the market.

The conclusion to be drawn from these facts is that our product stands apart from all other similar articles in respect to quality, efficiency and utility. Considering the future of our business, every employee of the Company must keep



in mind that the one thing to be desired is not only the maintenance of the standard of quality as in the past, but a constant endeavor to improve this quality, that in the years of normal commercial operation to come, the name Gillette will stand for a quality paramount to all others.

To meet this condition requires watchful attention of employees throughout the entire organization.

When we say quality, we mean not

only the quality of the handle and the blade, but the quality of everything embraced in the primary article; the cases, the fittings of the cases, the packages and the neatness and uniformity of the packages destined for domestic and foreign use.

We feel that all Gillette co-workers are in accord with our ideals to continue the accomplishments of the past by that same spirit of devotion to our mutual interests of the future.

Gillette Red Cross Unit Bazaar

THE bazaar and dance given by the Gillette Red Cross Unit the afternoon and evening of December 7th was an unqualified success and a splendid testimonial to the spirit of co-operation that exists among the Gillette employees.

The booths were trimmed in the colors of various nations and with the array of Allied flags presented a very beautiful appearance. A great number of useful articles suitable for Christmas gifts were on sale, all of which found ready purchasers.

The members of the Red Cross Unit are very grateful to the Gillette Company for the use of the Macallen Building and the many other privileges so kindly accorded them; also to all those who contributed so generously of their time and effort—the girls who took such a pride and interest in the affair—the men who worked so untiringly to assist in every way possible, and all those good friends both inside and outside of our organization to whose generosity we are so largely indebted.

All of the Gillette executives were present with the exception of Mr. Pelham, who sailed that day for Europe.

Mrs C. C. Ely of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the American Red Cross was to tell us something of the great need for funds and workers in the reconstruction work which must be done in the devastated sections of the Old World. Due, however, to the unexpectedly large crowd, we were obliged to omit her address and the short patriotic program that had been

prepared. It is hoped that we may later arrange to have Mrs. Ely talk to the members of our Red Cross Unit.

Total proceeds of sale..\$2,828.61

| | |
|---|--------|
| Expenses for decorations, bunting and flags, orchestra, piano rental, janitor service at the Macallen Building, chairs, furnishing current for lights, etc.... | 119.85 |
|---|--------|

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| Net proceeds..... | \$2,708.76 |
|-------------------|------------|

To date the disbursements from this fund have been as follows:

| | |
|---|-------|
| Donation to the United War Work Campaign. | 50.00 |
|---|-------|

| | |
|--|----------|
| Donation to American Red Cross, So. Boston Chapter, which covered the 1919 membership fee in the American Red Cross for every Gillette employee..... | 2,000.00 |
|--|----------|

| | | |
|--|--------|----------|
| American Red Cross, Metropolitan Chapter, invoices covering surgical dressings, material, and yarn | 110.53 | 2,160.53 |
|--|--------|----------|

| | |
|---|----------|
| On hand in the Commonwealth Trust Co..... | \$548.23 |
|---|----------|

The figures as given above are the best of evidence that every department represented made a 100% showing.



Responsibility

R. E. THOMPSON, *Superintendent*

WITH the arrival of the New Year my thoughts turn for a moment in a lingering survey of the wonderful accomplishments in the way of production last year. It was a record in which we all can justly take pride, a record of great human effort which with loyal spirit, so faithfully performed its task.

Analyzing the results closely it must be confessed, though not detracting from the great results, that we did some tasks better than others; and that some employees were a great deal more conscientious and loyal than others. It therefore seems to me we should one and all co-operate to eradicate every possible weak spot of this nature.

We are starting a new year with a clean sheet. Our problems in manufacturing are going to be even harder than last year. Two of the most important will be quality and production, particularly in the blade departments. Quality without quantity will not do; quantity without quality will not do—we must have both. To obtain both we must have every employee understand his or her responsibility and to be “responsible.”

What is the definition of “responsible”? The dictionary defines it: “Liable to be called to account; morally accountable for actions; capable of rational conduct; of good credit or repute; trustworthy.”

It is a fair statement to say that quality cannot be obtained unless each individual employee is “responsible.” We say to the blade inspectors: “reject every blade improperly made even if you have to reject every blade which comes to you for inspection.” In other words we “trust” the inspector to do the work in a morally accountable manner. He must be responsible not only to the Gillette Company and his own conscience, but to all of us individually; for needless to say we are all vitally concerned in the success of this industry. If the work is not done in a responsible manner, naturally it will be performed in an irresponsible manner. We, as co-workers, cannot afford to have a single irresponsible employee if we are to accomplish our great object—namely, to make the *best razor and best blades* possible.

Again, take the employee to whom we delegate the responsibility of polishing P. E. Cases. If he thoroughly realizes his duty not only towards himself but to his company and his fellow employees, it would be

a fair assumption that little poor work, or work that it is necessary to reject, would be turned in. We are all too eager to shift responsibility. How much better it would be to say, “That job I did was poor but I know the standard the Gillette Company wants and you will never have cause to complain again.”

Being responsible employees does not end in performing just the particular task which you are entrusted to perform. It is essential to realize your relation toward others, not only those in your own department but to those in other parts of the factory.

The Company desires among other things that every employee feel it his duty to take every possible precaution to prevent injury to himself as well as to his fellow employees. That means responsibility as to whether the safe-guards provided for machines are properly placed; that aisles are left unobstructed; that oil accidentally dropped on the floor be immediately cleaned up, and so on indefinitely. How many of us throw paper on the floor which someone else is forced to pick up? We all certainly enjoy working in a clean, safe factory. Yet how many of us grow careless and do or leave undone here those things we would not do or leave undone at home.

Every employee is accountable for his actions, conduct and faithful performance of his assigned duties. If there is any one who feels or thinks that his responsibility begins and ends at the moment of being employed—he is injuring the good standing of every responsible employee by his irresponsibility. I want to drive this point home.

Results are obtained only by the combined individual efforts of us all. Therefore, if we are to obtain quality and quantity of production each and every employee must do his or her individual part conscientiously—with a loyal spirit towards his Company and towards each other in order that the collective results for the coming year will be a monument to the industry of each one of us.

Let us assure the salesmen that the quality and quantity of Gillette razors and blades will be so perfect, and each employee's part so thoroughly realized, that the salesmen's time can be spent 100% selling and 0% adjusting and listening to complaints.



The Development of the Gillette Safety Razor

WILLIAM E. NICKERSON

PART III CONCLUSION — THE PROBLEM OF THE RAZOR

I HAVE always been a believer in the old sayings which inform us, that there is nothing to be gained by threshing old straw, and that there is no use crying over spilt milk. In my articles in the *BLADE*, I have, perhaps, given fresh proof of the truth of the first of these sayings. I have, however, shed no tears over spilt milk, nor do I intend to do so even though there was some spilling.

The Gillette Safety Razor Company had now arrived at the place where machine sharpened razors had been made that would shave fairly well, and their practicability thereby proved, and where capital was to be forthcoming for putting the enterprise on a commercial basis. To get the company on a paying basis, proved to be no easy task. The years 1903 and 1904 were terrible years for me. My own recollections of them were distressing enough, but I have just been reading the diaries of our Mr. Frank M. Brown and they are certainly harrowing to any of us who went through those years in the Gillette plant, and especially to me, for on my shoulders the main care, responsibility and blame rested. Every part of the manufacturing process presented difficulties, and the obstacles to be overcome seemed to be without limit. Many times I was at my wits' end, but the impediments slowly yielded one after another until finally a profitable condition of affairs was reached.

After the company had acquired capital in October 1902, through the arrangement with Mr. Joyce, the ex-

perimenting proceeded in the little room over the fish store on Atlantic Avenue and razors and blades were being used and tested by friends. In November it was thought we were far enough advanced to prepare for manufacturing on a commercial scale. A large room on the top floor at 394 Atlantic Avenue was leased and on Wednesday, Dec. 10th, we began to move our effects into the new quarters and completed this operation on the following Saturday. Our Mr. Alfred Vezina came to work for us at this time and assisted in the moving. In the course of a week we were installed in our new shop and ready to begin to grow. Well, there was considerable room for growth, for all the sharpening machinery we had, was the little original machine with twenty wheels, which had to do, not only grinding, but honing and stropping as well. Our other facilities were as yet very small and consisted of a few hundred dollars worth of machinery. The room into which we had moved, provided us with a floor space about equal to one of the floors in our "A" building, but I well remember that when Mr. Joyce first saw it, he looked somewhat astonished and said; "what are you going to do with all this room." Now Mr. Joyce was a far-seeing man, but at that time he could not see any need for so much room, although he was pledging \$60,000 to put the company on its feet. This loan was returned to the lender in a couple of years and no other money of consequence was ever put into the treasury of the



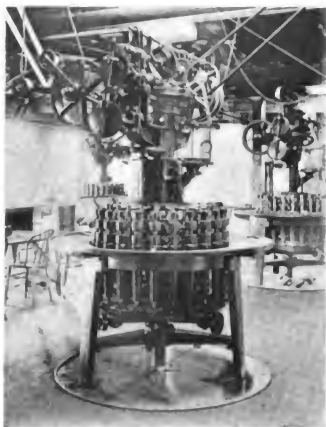
company excepting the original subscription of \$5000, the profits of the business furnishing all further capital required. As a matter of fact our equipment did not make very much of a show in what seemed a very large space. Nevertheless, in one year we had outgrown it and more room became necessary. Mr. Oscar Sorensen, foreman of the screw machine department, joined our little force about this time.

We now began the long and hard struggle to make blades commercially. I designed a new and larger sharpening machine, much on the plan of the original one, but with improvements, and the building of it began in our shop. At the same time all sorts of grinding wheels were tried and many kinds of cutting powders were tested. Some gave fairly good results, but most of them proved worthless for our purpose. Many experiments were also made in the attempt to improve the hardening process. Various makes of steel were tried and their qualities compared.

At a directors' meeting held on Jan. 13, 1903, an agreement was reached with Mr. Joyce, as to just how the money pledged should be paid over to the company, for we by no means came into the immediate possession of the entire amount. Mr. Joyce was too wise to allow that. It was paid in relatively small sums at intervals; in fact, just enough to keep us moving. The directors at this time were Messrs. Gillette, Heilborn, Sachs, Chadwick and myself. Previous to the arrangement with Mr. Joyce, I had worked along on my task without other serious troubles than scarcity of money and the mechanical problems to be solved. Mr. Gillette was then busy with his other business, be-

ing out of town much of the time. I seldom saw him and not very much of the other interested parties either. But after we had moved into our new quarters and started in to try to make blades commercially, conditions changed somewhat. For a while our people were patient, because they knew that we could not equip in a moment. They soon began to get a little impatient, however, and the waiting seemed long to them. They could hardly know how much we had to overcome. As we had made a few practicable razors, it was not clear to them why there should be so much difficulty and delay in making more. In making the few trial razors, we took all the time necessary, gave each piece personal attention and only passed out the successful ones. A manufacturing basis was another thing altogether. Of course Mr. Gillette was anxious on his own account, but still more so on that of Mr. Joyce, whose money was being spent. Mr. Joyce himself was naturally concerned to see his investment bearing fruit. So that when things were dragging, I not only had to keep up my own courage, but I had to face the disappointment of the parties in interest and sometimes their comments were very cutting. In fact, I was between the upper and the nether millstones. I was on the rack with the hardships of the work, and often the interested parties were pressing down from the top. It was very unpleasant some of the time. There was nothing strange about it, however. It was as natural as anything in this world could be.

By the middle of April the second sharpening machine was done and added to our equipment. We were still experimenting and working hard



SECOND SHARPENING MACHINE

to increase facilities and get better work. I was actively engaged in designing new apparatus for various purposes and a few razors were being turned out for trial among acquaintances. On April 29th, 1903, at a meeting of the Directors, Mr. Joyce and W. B. Holloway were elected to the Board, the treasurer's compensation was fixed at \$50.00 per month and a discussion took place as to what price should be charged for the razor set, and for extra blades. It was decided to sell twenty blades for one dollar and furnish twenty blades with each set, but no agreement was reached on the price of the full razor set. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Joyce, Heilborn and myself, to investigate the cost of the goods and to recommend a selling price. On May 9th, 1903, another Directors' Meeting was held, with Messrs. Gillette, Joyce, Holloway, Chadwick and myself present, and a motion was carried to fix the price

of a razor and twenty blades at \$3.00 and to sell twenty extra blades for one dollar. Later on, however, Mr. Joyce took the position that the razor was worth \$5.00 to a user, and that people would pay that price for it. The rest of the directors were startled, not to say frightened, at this proposition. As a matter of fact, none of us really knew what the price should be, because we did not know what the razor would cost to make and sell. But Mr. Joyce said: "if you don't believe that the razor will sell for \$5.00, I will prove it to you, for I am willing to contract for all you can make at \$2.50." That settled it, and the razor afterward went on the market at the higher figure. In this matter, Mr. Joyce's foresight and courage were of great benefit to the company. If we had attempted to put the razor on the market at the lower price, it is very doubtful if we could have made any great success of the business. There would not have been enough margin of profit to have enabled us to grow and expand as we afterward really did, and we probably would either have had to remain a small concern, or we might have failed altogether. It turned out that the public found the razor worth the price and bought freely from the very start. At the meeting of May 9th an executive committee, consisting of Messrs. Gillette, Joyce and Heilborn, was appointed, to look after the business affairs of the company.

About this time I decided that we ought to employ a few girls for several portions of the blade work. I asked one of our machinists if he knew of any one and he sent in Miss Ida Davidson, who was our first woman employee. She proved to be



very trustworthy and efficient in every position which she afterward filled, including that of forewoman, and remained with us until her lamented death in May, 1909. Miss Davidson soon brought in a number of her girl friends and gave us the nucleus of our feminine force, and a faithful and patient group they were. Most of them were with us many years. I can think of them only with admiration and gratitude, for they did much to put the company on its feet, and through the dark and trying days that followed, their loyalty and hard work were of great value.



LEFT TO RIGHT, ANNIE BRISCOE, IDA DAVIDSON, FREDRICA WINDSOR, ALICE WATTIE

All through the month of May we were trying our best to contrive apparatus and make the work go more smoothly. Sometimes it seemed as if nothing was going right, and then some little improvement would help along and give us encouragement. In the early part of June I was advised

to try diamond laps, that is, diamond dust rolled into a soft steel wheel, for grinding. We experimented with these for over a month. The laps would start all right and do splendid work, and then they would fall off and work very slowly. Their cost and unreliability caused their abandonment. In Mr. Brown's diary I find, in the latter part of May, this entry, "Mr. * * * is kicking because new machine is not working to capacity." Well, the rest of us were, if the machine was not.

On July 2nd, 1903, a Directors' Meeting was called to discuss an agreement which was about to be made with Messrs. Townsend and Hunt of Chicago, with whom negotiations were pending to take over the marketing of our product in the United States. The agreement with this firm was carried through and they became, although an independent concern, our sole sales agents in this country for a number of years, until the Gillette Company very wisely bought them out in 1908, though paying for their interests a very sizable figure.

In the original agreement with Townsend and Hunt they pledged themselves to take, between certain dates, a specified number of razors. As a matter of fact they had no difficulty in finding customers for them. It is rather amusing in these days, to read what they agreed to dispose of. The contract was made in July and they were to take before Nov. 1st, 500 sets; before Dec. 1st, 1500 sets; before Jan. 1st, 1904, 3000 sets; before Feb. 1st, 5000 sets, and so on, the total number for fifteen months being 50,000 sets. These figures look small now, but they looked large at that time.



To quote again from Mr. Brown's diary: "Monday, July 27, 1903. A mob this A. M. in answer to ad. for 10 girls." I remember the occasion well. I had Miss Davidson interview the applicants, who were admitted one at a time, and I nodded to her which ones to mark favorably. Well,

Burke, Louise Denny, Frederick E. Dorr, Elizabeth Driscoll, James Driscoll, Nelson Fairweather, Frank Garbarino, George Hardwick, Flora Harrington, Ada Hunt, Pearl Mas-sie, Thomas Monahan, Julia Morri-son, Margaret Mullen, Mary Mur-phy, Ethel Nelson, Arthur Nolette,



LEFT TO RIGHT, MAY MORRIS, ADA HUNT, FRANK M. BROWN,
MARION SMITH, ANNIE MCFARLANE, MINNIE DOOLEY

we got some good help, but whether it was owing to good luck or to my insight, I cannot say. With this lot came Miss Ada Hunt, the forewoman of our honing department, whose smiling face is still with us. Also Miss Anna Bezanson, who was forewoman of our inspection department for many years, but who has since graduated from Radcliffe College with highest honors, taking the Doctor's degree in Economics with special commendations and is now a professor in Bryn Mawr College near Philadelphia. There were several others who were long in the employ of the company and served with conspicuous merit.

Of the employees who worked for the company at our old Atlantic Avenue factory the following are still with us: F. M. Brown, Alice

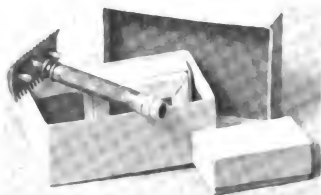
William H. Parry, Minnie Quinlan, Benton R. Read, James N. Rice. William H. Sargeant, Joseph Sicari (ex-officio); Oscar Sorenson, John F. Sullivan, Hannah Sullivan, Alfred D. Vezina. Mr. Gaskin, the head of our electrical department, was not directly in the employ of the company at Atlantic Avenue, but worked there as an employee of the Sawyer Electrical Co., his direct service with us being over thirteen years.

The work in the factory still went on. We were adding something to our outfit every little while and were continually making small gains in the quality of the work. But it was very slow progress and it sometimes seemed as if there were more difficulties than we should ever be able to



overcome. There was nothing to do, however, but to keep at it, and keep at it we did, all through the Summer and Fall of 1903. The first commercial shipment of razors of which I have any record, was made Jan. 1st, 1904, and consisted of 50 sets. We had sent off a good many razors and blades during 1903, but they were for trial and other such purposes. During January we shipped 1276 sets, February 1255 sets, March 1595 sets, April 2920 sets, May 3300 sets, June 6265 sets, July 6519 sets, and August 9661 sets. After this the shipments grew until they reached large figures.

At a Directors' Meeting, Jan. 9th, 1904, Messrs. Gillette, Joyce, Holloway, Heilborn and myself being



THE RAZORS IN THE FIRST SHIPMENTS WERE IN WHITE PASTEBOARD BOXES LIKE THIS SAMPLE

present, Mr. Joyce announced that he would take up the balance of his option on the remaining bonds and stock, which showed that he still had faith in the business. It was also voted, that we procure additional space in the building where our shop was located, and Mr. Gillette resigned as president of the company, as he was about to leave the country for a prolonged absence in England, where he was going as English Agent

for the Crown Cork and Seal Co. Mr. Holloway was elected president in place of Mr. Gillette.

By this time I was fully convinced that the business was going to be the great success I had long hoped and worked for. I bought a little stock that was offered and then going to



LATER SHIPMENTS OF RAZORS WERE IN TIN BOXES RESEMBLING THOSE IN WHICH PARLOR MATCHES WERE SOLD

my bank borrowed \$2500 and gave as collateral on my note 4867 shares of the stock of the company, equal to 29,202 shares of the company as organized today. The bank did not care much about taking the stock, but they accommodated me on personal grounds. During the month of January I bought more that was for sale, until I owned 6817 shares, and wished I had more.

At a Directors' Meeting held on Friday, March 18, 1904, at which Messrs. Holloway, Joyce, Heilborn and myself were present, it was



found, that based on our present output, there was a cost of about five cents each on blades for labor, and it was decided that it was the sense of the meeting that the output of the factory should be increased as rapidly as possible. Further it was



FULLY DEVELOPED HONING AND STROPPING MACHINE HANDLING 144 BLADES AT ONCE. IN USE UNTIL 1914

reported by me, that April should find an increase in our output of 150% and a 75% increase later on.

We had had much trouble with our grinding, but in the early part of May, the idea of what we used to call the "bench grinder" came to me and May 9th I told Mr. Brown about it. We built three in a hurry, and not being wholly satisfied, I remodeled it and we had very little trouble with our grinding after that. Mr. Joyce in after years said many times that the "bench grinder" saved the company. Well, perhaps it did, but there were a good many other things that

saved the company that never got any special credit from anybody.

Although things were now beginning to go better and the future looked much more encouraging to me than it ever had before, in fact pretty well assured, I was thrown into some consternation when, at a directors' meeting on the 17th of June, 1904, the treasurer read in a report that there was only \$13,389 due from Mr. Joyce on the bond subscription and that we owed on open accounts and notes \$15,000; that we must build additional machinery and rebuild many of our present machines; that the company was without funds to further conduct its business; that it required shipments of 1250 sets per week to make us self-supporting; that our current expenses were from \$9000 to \$10,000 monthly; that we were organized on the basis of a production of 2000 sets per week, this output having been practically guaranteed by the superintendent (that was myself), and now it was found that instead of being on this basis, that there was practically much experimental work to be done (we are not through with it yet) before we should reach an output of assured quality. The president regarded the condition of affairs as calling for serious consideration, and that it would seem that we were still in the experimental stage. He considered it advisable that the stockholders be apprised of the condition of affairs. Another expressed himself as disturbed at the small output of the factory. The treasurer was ordered not to contract for any additional machinery, or supplies of consequence. The superintendent (myself) asked for a reasonable time, say one or two weeks, to determine existing compli-



cations. The treasurer was authorized to advance the superintendent (myself) \$500 as a loan and deduct it out of his salary. The treasurer was also authorized to execute a lease for more room on the second floor of our present building.

This gave me something more to think about, and my note in the bank with Gillette stock collateral was one of the things. On June 22nd, at a meeting of the Directors, a letter to the stockholders was drafted, which informed them that the company owed more than its quick assets and that there was a liability of \$100,000 of first mortgage bonds. As a result of a Directors' Meeting on July 29th, a second letter was sent to the stockholders, suggesting that each stockholder surrender one half of his stock to a trustee, to be sold for the benefit of the treasury at not less than seventy-five cents per share. None of the stockholders responded to this plan, I believe, but the factory did not stop but kept on pegging away at the work.

At this time Mr. Gillette suddenly returned from Europe and not finding things to his liking, began taking an active part in the management of the Company and a contention developed between him and some of the directors. The results of this contention lasted till the beginning of the year 1912, but on that date all differences were smoothed over peacefully and returned no more. In the meantime, however, many of the stockholders became frightened, myself among the number, and were willing to part with their stock at low prices. As for myself, I had all the faith in the world in the enterprise, but I felt that the contentions then taking place were going to ruin

everything and in a moment of desperation, being urged to do so by a would be purchaser, I seemingly made the greatest mistake in my life and sold nearly all of my stock at about \$2. per share, keeping only 117 shares out of my 6817. Perhaps it was necessary, for the sake of the company, that I should be sacrificed in order to restore a certain balance which perhaps was required for the furtherance of the Company's affairs. And then again, the company needed much mechanical doctoring and if I had been too well fixed, I might not have felt inclined to work as I afterward did. After this my nose went back to the grindstone and my name off the Board of Directors, although it was on again at intervals when convenience required it. But the Company forged ahead and grew at a marvellous rate. The equipment was run night and day, and it was decided to look for larger quarters for the factory, the search ending in the purchase of the "A" building of our present plant, into which we moved on April 1st, 1905, using our Atlantic Avenue quarters for awhile thereafter for a machine shop only.

We had been in our South Boston "A" building with six floors (including basement) less than a year when more room became necessary and in 1906 the "B" building equal in size to the "A" was built. In 1907 we purchased a three story building back of our "B," facing on 2nd Street, calling it "C" and moved our machine shop into it, abandoning entirely our old home on Atlantic Avenue. In 1909 it became necessary to construct the "D" building, corner of 2nd and Colton Streets and having one more story than the "A" and "B" units. In 1916 the three story



"C" building was demolished and a reinforced concrete structure was erected of the same height as the "D." Now in 1918 we are building a nine floor reinforced concrete addition on Second Street which far eclipses its older neighbors, and that by no means will be the end of our structural program. This continual demand for more room indicates the way in which our company has grown and prospered. It proves beyond all dispute that Mr. Joyce was right when he said at the beginning of our business, that the razor was worth \$5.00 and that the public would pay that price for it. I have heard people say, that the reason why we succeeded was because we advertised so extensively. That is not the reason, although of course that has helped. The real reason is this: the razor is worth much more to the intelligent user than a five dollar bill. In speaking of our ever growing need of room, it may be stated, that but for the introduction of our automatic machinery some years ago, our present business would require three whole blocks to accommodate it and we should be hiring half the population of South Boston as employees.

There were plenty of troubles in the business, both mechanical and personal, up to the year 1912, but from that time on the improvements in all directions have been rapid and effective, and now in the year 1918 we are a strong and disciplined team all pulling together and sure of our ground. If a man who knew our ways intimately ten years ago, should now again become acquainted with us, he would be astonished at what he would see and hear. The new forces and the new men all in wonderful fellowship and co-operation would make

him doubt that he was really in the same Company. In fact he would not be, except to a limited degree. When we consider how fortunate the Company now is in having such men in its service as our Vice-President and Treasurer Mr. Fahey, our General Superintendent Mr. Thompson, and Sales Managers Mr. Pelham and Mr. Rebuck, our man of science Mr. Ruppel, our patent authority Mr. Chadwick, our office head Mr. Sullivan, our head of machine construction Mr. Parry, and all the other bright and enterprising young men who look after the Company's interests at home and abroad, all our experienced and efficient foremen and forewomen, all our trained and loyal employees down the long line, and last but really first, Mr. Aldred, the chairman of our Board of Directors, and our strong and effective Board itself (with the possible exception of the writer); when we consider all this I say, we know that a great future awaits the company, a future that shall make its past, great as it is, look small by comparison. Having now told as much about the development of the Gillette Razor as I deem it expedient to spread upon the pages of the *BLADE*, I shall close this series of articles with a few remarks of a somewhat personal nature, and a few observations on inventions in general.

Most of my life has been a strenuous struggle against two main opponents: natural obstacles, over which I have generally triumphed, and my brother man, by whom I have generally been vanquished. I do not wish my readers to think that I deprecate or underrate the value of the trader's instinct and ability. They are necessary and desirable qualifications in all business relations.



Unfortunately for me I do not possess them and have had to suffer loss and disappointment as a natural consequence. Another source of trouble for me was my failure to perceive whether anybody wanted some of the inventions in which I became absorbed, because no matter how ingenious your new idea may be, if nobody wants it you are bound to be a loser.

But wealth is not all that there is to be desired in this life. Little money and much hope is a far better combination for happiness than much money and nothing to look forward to. Many of the happiest days of my life have belonged to the periods in which I was hardest pressed for money, but full of hope for the future. The poet Pope says, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." It has in mine, and I propose to give it an abiding place as long as I possibly can.

If I have given the impression that I think that the whole success of the Gillette Safety Razor Co. is due to my work, I want to correct that impression. The success of the company is due, in the aggregate, to the combined knowledge, intelligence and efforts of many people. Mr. Gillette's invention is the subfoundation of the structure. My early work brought the foundation up to the ground level. Mr. Joyce's capital started the superstructure, and the rest of the edifice has been reared by the untiring service of many people, some of whom have played very important parts, while nearly all who have worked for the company have added their bit. So the great structure, as it stands today, is a tribute to the labors of many hundreds, or perhaps thousands of people.

Very few of the employees of our company can claim as I do, fifty years of intense activity and struggle for success. Few of them have had the variety of experiences that I have had, have carried so many different



WM. E. NICKERSON IN 1907

kinds of burden, or have had so many ups and downs on fortune's wheel. I might add perhaps, or have thrown away, or let slip, so many good chances for advancement. In view of these things, I feel that I have a certain right, or at least privilege, to offer some advice to those of less years and experience, which they may take or not, as they see fit. Also to lay before them a few propositions, which they may consider or not, as they choose.

I am not a believer in the doctrine that the world owes every man a living. That is the doctrine of the shirk and the dead beat. I believe rather, that every man owes the world his best efforts for the privilege of living in it, and it is by this latter doctrine



that I have tried to justify myself. I am an intense believer in individualism, in individual excellence, ambition, accomplishment, in self-help, self-dependence, personal initiative, personal advancement. I do not believe in any people being put into a class and being told to stay there. I do not believe in "pulls," or that connection with any organization should take the place of personal merit. I do not believe in saddling the ignorant, the lazy and the incapable on the shoulders of the industrious and the efficient. I believe therefore that I am a true democrat (no connection with the party bearing that name), and I desire to see the paths of success open to all who have the ambition, the energy and the patience to follow them, even to their highest points. I am willing to admit that all men in this country are born politically free and equal. But I shall always protest against any system that undertakes to impose on mankind by force or by artifice, personal equality, which never *has* existed, does not *now* exist and never *shall*, or never *can* exist. The strength of every nation depends on the collective personal strength and excellence of its individual citizenship. This being so, all attempts to sink individual strength and virility to a dead level, is a step toward national weakness, disorganization and decay. Therefore I say, let each one cherish independence, depend as much as possible on his own efforts and not lean upon the artificial bolstering of outside influences. In other words, be a man if you have the form of one, and otherwise, be a woman.

Abraham Lincoln once said: "You can fool some of the people all of the time; and all of the people some of the time; but you cannot fool all of

the people all of the time." There is a tremendous truth in this statement. In fact, it touches the very keystone of all government by the people. I think of Lincoln, not as an intellectual giant, but as a highly endowed man who had come through the intense struggle of his life with broad views, with a patient and tolerant sympathy for mankind, and a deep sense of duty that nothing could shake. It is often said that Lincoln had absolute faith in the people. Yet he, with all of his faith in mankind, said, that you could fool all of the people some of the time. He also said, that you could fool some of the people all of the time, and he knew whereof he spoke. He then, evidently, pinned his faith on that part of the people whom you cannot fool all of the time. On these the safety of Democracy rests, and on these alone. Try and belong to this part of the people. But you cannot do so unless you think for yourself, and think hard, with the facts before you.

Some wag has described an inventor, as a man who gets up something that everybody already uses and then spends all his money trying to stop them; and a promoter as one who tries to sell something he hasn't got, to somebody who doesn't want it. Though there is a grain of truth in this view, it does not apply to the honest inventor, or to the man who is trying conscientiously to advance an invention in whose merits he believes.

Some men turn instinctively to constructive schemes. They invent and fashion and build. It may be machinery, or houses or ships, or a business enterprise of some sort. Others are natural traders, and buying and selling, with a profit at-



tached, is their forte and their delight. Still others have the predatory instinct, and all is fish that comes to their net. They manage to live and prosper without producing anything, or doing anything particularly useful, but by taking a usually unearned toll out of everything that comes near them. Many of these latter gentlemen will bear watching.

Inventions are usually brought about by the need being felt for the thing invented, or by the thought of a better way of doing something which already is being done. It is a difficult thing to think of something to invent as apart from the suggestions stated above. Mr. Gillette seems to have made an approximation at least to thinking of something to invent, although there were several suggestions at hand. Personally, though I have often tried, I have never accomplished this feat.

Among inventions, those distinguished by simplicity of idea combined with breadth of application are generally the most valuable and desirable to own. The value of an invention is not dependent on the ingenuity displayed, but on its usefulness. Many of the great inventions have called for very little ingenuity in the inventor, but have consisted in an idea adapted to broad use, often opening up a field for multitudes of lesser and tributary inventions.

There is much wasted effort in the world. It is important to make sure as possible that your work is in the right direction, and that if successful it will help to satisfy a real need of mankind and thereby be of benefit to yourself. It is very easy to misjudge the value of things, and after working long and hard, find that what you have accomplished has no partic-

ular place in the scheme of things.

The way of the inventor, like that of the transgressor, is generally hard, and in the words of the poet Swift, "Millions miss for one who hits." Few inventors have an easy time of it, and the most of those who succeed earn all they get, for their paths are usually beset with difficulties, disappointments and hard work. When I hear parents of ingenious boys, hopefully and proudly telling of the achievements of their progeny, I often feel like saying, "get him a job in an office or store."

Those who make inventions for which a want is already felt, may sometimes achieve success easily, but those who are obliged to create a demand and open a field, usually have an uphill time of it.

I have no doubt that there are men in the Gillette factory who are dreaming of inventions and of wealth therefrom. If they are good inventions, and ones for which there is a real need, let them keep on dreaming and thinking and working, but let them be sure that there is a place waiting for their ideas, or they will suffer loss and disappointment.

Hardheaded and perhaps narrow minded business and professional men sometimes speak very disrespectfully of inventors and seem to regard them as all being cranks, or fools, or worse. A crank, a fool or a crook, may sometimes pose as an inventor, it is true, but a real inventor is not likely to be either crazy or foolish and least of all a knave. When you come to think of it, we owe about all we enjoy, except the most rudimentary things like sleeping and breathing, etc., to inventors, for somebody had to contrive everything the first time it was done. But for the inventors,



we should all be running wild in the woods, with nothing better in the way of possessions than a club at best. So let us give the poor inventor his due, and if he can get what is due him, he is to be congratulated. Of course comparatively few so-called inventions are of much value and so the inventors, as a class, will always have trouble enough without calling them hard names.

In conclusion, I wish to thank those readers of the *BLADE* who have perused my articles in this series, for their patient attention. I will dare to hope, that they have derived some profit from them, or that they have at least been somewhat amused. As I go through our factory and see the hundreds of employees working faithfully at their tasks, I cannot but feel

a great regard for the efforts they are making for the advancement of our business, and I take pleasure in knowing that many of them are shareholders in our Company, and to that extent are working for their own interests. This is as it should be, and I wish that more of the employees were in that enviable position. When I see the long service workers who have for years taken part in the daily grind of duty, the appeal which their constancy makes to me is very strong, and I often wish they might know how much I personally appreciate their industry and steadiness of purpose. As a closing thought, I cannot now do better than to wish all my co-workers, health, happiness and prosperity, in the years to come.



THE BOSTON FACTORY OF THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY AS IT WILL APPEAR UPON COMPLETION OF THE NEW 8-STORY BUILDING SHOWN ON THE RIGHT

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

Salesmen's Convention

THE GILLETTE FACTORY

and

BOSTON CITY CLUB

January 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1919



MONDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1919

Getting Acquainted



TUESDAY, JANUARY 7TH, 1919

GILLETTE FACTORY

Factory Inspection and Informal Discussions

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1919

BOSTON CITY CLUB



- 1.30 P. M. OPENING REMARKS
 MR. FRANK J. FAHEY
 Vice-President and Treasurer
- 1.45 MR. KING C. GILLETTE
 President
- 2.00 MR. J. E. ALDRED
 Chairman, Board of Directors
- 2.20 MR. HENRY T. FULLER
 Fairbanks, Morse & Co., New York
- 2.40 MR. W. E. NICKERSON
 Mechanical & Construction Engineer
- 3.00 MR. GEORGE L. DYER
 George L. Dyer Company, New York
- 3.20 MR. EDWARD V. HICKEY
 Gillette Safety Razor Company
- 7.00 DINNER
 Algonquin Club

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1919



9.00 A. M. MR. J. FRANK REBUCK
Assistant Sales Manager

9.15 CHARTS—MR. EDWARD V. HICKEY
Gillette Safety Razor Company

10.00-12.00 GENERAL DISCUSSION

12.30 P. M. LUNCH
Boston City Club

2.00 MR. J. T. ASHBROOKE
Advertising Manager

2.30-5.00 GENERAL DISCUSSION

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1919



9.00 A. M. MR. A. A. BITTUES

*Managing Director,
Gillette Safety Razor Co., Canada*

TO 12 M. FOLLOWED BY GENERAL DISCUSSION

12.30 LUNCH

Boston City Club

2.00 P. M. MR. R. E. THOMPSON

Factory Superintendent

2.30 GENERAL DISCUSSION

8.00 GILLETTE NIGHT

Colonial Theatre

*United States Salesmen Guests
of Canadian Sales Force*



The Lament of the Advertising Manager

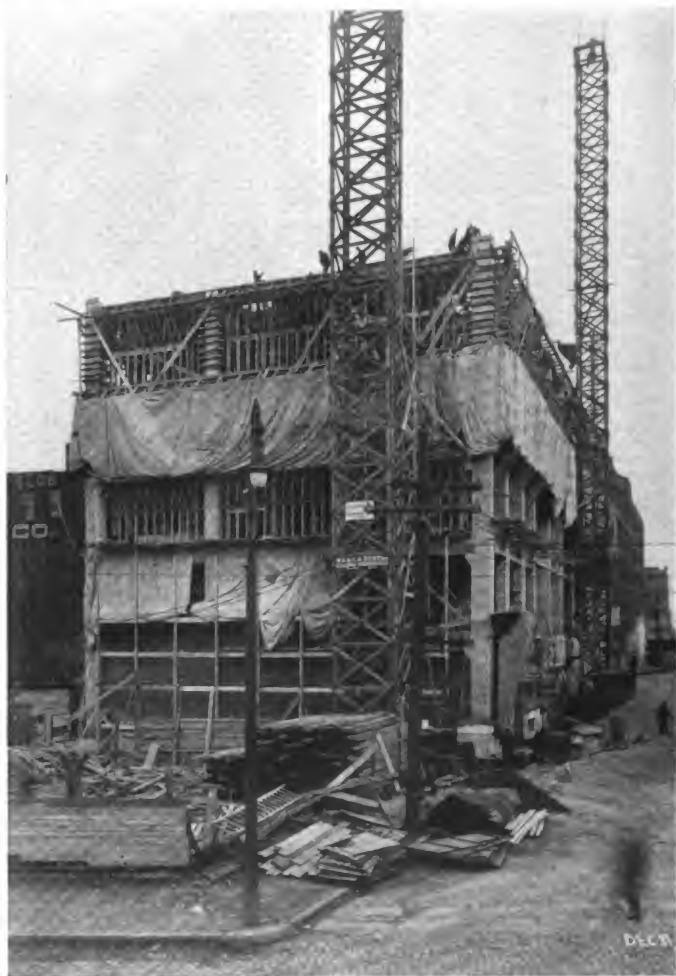
NOT BY K. C. B.

IT'S AT the Round Table.
 AND I hear and see.
 AND sense a Lot.
 ABOUT Policy and Production.
 AND SALES and Distribution.
 AND other Problems.
 CON and Pro.
 GOOD for a fellow's Growth.
 TO KNOW.
 THAT give him Food.
 FOR Thought.
 AND I Perk up.
 WHEN Argument gets warm.
 ON WHAT we'll Do.
 TO HOLD our Own This year.
 BY Getting Set.
 AND GOING Hard.
 KEEPING Production Fellows
 TRAILING.
 LIKE WE Did.
 THROUGH 1918.
 UNTIL the Chairs get Hot.
 AND every Man-Jack.
 SQUIRMS and twists.
 ANXIOUS to add his Strength.
 TO HELP and Boost.
 THE Game.
 THAT'S quickly settled.
 THEN.
 IT COMES to What.
 THE COST will Be.
 TO MAKE Those Pretty.
 WINDOW Trims.
 CUTOUTS and Displays.
 AND ADS in Magazines.
 AND DAILY Press.
 AND LORDY knows.
 WHAT else beside.
 THAT makes the Old Mare go.
 AND a Sinking Spell.
 COMES stealing O'er my system.
 AND I crouch Low.

IN MY SEAT.
 GASPING for Breath.
 REMEMBERING that I am.
 THE "Goat."
 WHO PAYS the Toll.
 FOR Everything.
 FROM Ice Cream.
 AND Social Parties.
 DOWN TO "Experts'."
 LAUNDRY Bills.
 AND OTHER Things.
 WHEN ALL the While.
 THE Big Boss.
 SAYS to Me.
 YOU must keep.
 WITHIN the Sum.
 PRESCRIBED.
 OR ELSE You'll Get.
 WHAT Happened.
 TO the "Bird."
 WHO Rocked the Boat.
 AND THEN I grope my Way.
 TO SIX flights up and Say.
 WHAT Can I do.
 TO Keep the Wolves.
 FROM off my Sheep.
 BEFORE I Pass Away.



I THANK you.



PROGRESS OF NEW FACTORY BUILDING. VIEW TAKEN, DECEMBER 17, 1918



Our Montreal Trip

I. H. GASKIN, *Electrician*

THREE pilgrims, John F. Sullivan, Stropping Department; Frank J. Garbarino, Grinding Department, and the writer, left the Gillette factory December 17, 1918, bound on an inspection tour of our Canadian factory located at Montreal, P. Q. We left on the 7.55 P.M. train over the Rutland route under the guidance of Mr. A. A. Bittues, the Montreal manager, who was returning after a day's visit at our plant.

We were up very early next morning looking for strange sights and watching for the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

Nearing the St. Lawrence River the next morning we had a good view of that mighty stream and saw in the distance the famous Victoria Bridge, one and one-quarter miles long and over which we crossed the river.

After a hearty breakfast we were driven to the Canadian Plant. This factory was built about eight years ago and was quite an advance in the building art as it existed at that time. It is about as wide on the front as one of our buildings and one and one-half times as deep. From the street it had all the appearances of an up-to-date office building and could easily have been mistaken for one were it not for the familiar Gillette sign across its front.

Entering the front door into a marble hallway we step into the passenger elevator with its trim lady operator and are landed at the top or fifth floor. Here the steel is received and punched into the familiar blades, which, after cleaning, are assembled in the packs and taken to the hardening room where three of the latest type of hardening furnaces are in operation. After watching the cleaning and printing operators, we follow the blades down a flight of stairs to the grinding machines. We note the well laid out room with the whirling machines and busy operators and a feeling of genuine admiration fills us as we note that they are up to the production we were some three or four years ago.

Going down another floor we see the lines of honing machines with their shining metal work and realize here is a department equipped to turn out quantity production. Following the course of the shining blades still further down we enter the stropping room where the delicate edge is put on the finished product. We pass into the packing and shipping rooms and visit the handle and plating departments.

We next start out to inspect the machine

shop and while walking to our destination with the Factory Superintendent, Mr. Petersen, learn that the Home Factory had furnished them with the machine drawings and that Montreal firms had built patterns and castings, so that when their machine shop building was leased they went to work installing tools and machinery and the castings for constructing blade machines.

On the first floor is located the draughting room and finished parts department, while lathes, planers and grinders fill the other floors. Mr. Petersen told us that the building was leased in October and in November they had delivered one complete printing machine to their factory.

Our next day's work consisted of a close study of the different blade departments—looking carefully into methods used that differed from our factory standards and making notes where their ideas proved advantageous. At noon time we were guests of a staff luncheon and were surprised to see some thirty-five men in attendance, representing the salesmen, office and executive heads of the Montreal Factory Branch. Our afternoon was spent in much the same way as we had spent the morning and ended in a short sight-seeing tour about town.

As we said good-bye to the people in the Montreal factory we realized we were leaving friends who were engaged in the same line of work as ourselves and that these friends were now in a position to give us a friendly contest for increased efficiency and a higher percentage of perfect work coupled with a lower cost. We also could not but help noticing the friendly spirit of co-operation that existed in the Canadian organization and felt that we as units would try and exceed them in our own organization.

As the train rolled out of the Montreal station we found that they had noticed the apple pie appetite of one of our party, for there, resting on his seat was as fine an apple pie as mother ever made.

As we take up our several duties in the parent factory we now feel that our Montreal branch is not a small, far-away concern, but a healthy growing organization, and if we still hope to lead we must each and all of us give the work in hand the very best that is in us.

Let us thank the Montreal organization for this hospitality and send from the Gillette organization the best of New Year's greetings to our Montreal Factory.



Factory Notes

A SUGGESTION

By J. B. R.

It had often occurred to me that an organization like the Gillette Safety Razor Company, with its many fine qualities, never felt the need of a "Men's Club."

The benefit to be derived from such a club would be wonderful. It would create a closer bond of friendship among the employees; they would get in touch with each other more often and be a help both to the organization and themselves.

What the writer has in mind would be to have an evening once a month when we could get a good speaker to talk to us on some interesting and instructive subject. Speakers are usually willing to come free of charge. I have in mind one club who had Captain Sims, now Admiral Sims, talk to us on the "Navy." Other evenings we had the Late Postmaster Murray; Secretary of State Langtry, and so on, who were all pleased to come—and were wonderful speakers.

Imagine what could be done with an organization such as we have.

Boys, we are all part of this organization and it is our duty, one and all, to boost the Gillette, even shout it from the house tops, highways and byways, till the winds from Heaven carry the name to the four corners of the earth.

I remember a remark a gentleman once made to me and it is with a feeling of pride that I tell it to you. We were talking on the never-ending topic "Gillette Razors." He said what impressed him most when he entered the factory—and he has had occasion to enter it many times, was the

cheerful atmosphere and the wonderful co-operation of the different departments, all pulling together for the same end.

It is with this thought in mind that tempts me to take, or I might say, ask for a small space in our great little periodical, *THE GILLETTE BLADE*.

So I look to our esteemed Superintendent, Mr. Thompson, to see what can be done in the near future with the hope of success in the formation of the "Gillette Men's Club."

Gillette Blade Reporters

For December, January and February.

Leo Silvey, Stock Department
Alice F. Roberts, Set Packing
Christine O'Brien, Honing 4 "B"
Gertrude Ryan, Leather Goods
Timothy J. Moynihan, Plating Room
Matthew J. Ryan, Printing Dept.
J. Louis Cody, Handle Inspection
Harold L. Fyler, Buffing Dept.
Israel Feldman, Blade Press Dept.
Catherine Leary, Stock Department
Helen Evans, Blade Packing Dept.
Margaret McMorow, Strapping Dept. 4 "A"
Catherine Dowdall, Store Room "C"
Grace Cole, Inspection Dept. 4 "A"
Rachael Anderson, Paper Box
Arbuthnot H. Rattray, Carpenter Shop
Helen Daly, Traffic Department
Catherine F. Coyne, 6th Floor Office
Thomas P. Kelley, Machine Dept.
Catherine Mullen, Hardening Dept.
Abbie Lee, Grinding Dept.
Elizabeth O'Brien, Information Dept.
Edw. Somerville, Traffic Department
Michael O'Donnell, Handle Press

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hellmuth on the birth of a ten and one-half pound baby girl on October 31, 1918. Mother and daughter are doing well.

Evidently some of the boys in the Buffing Department are going to take the long jump. Four of them are taking a course in Domestic Science at the Wells Memorial. No you don't put talcum powder in biscuits, Spinney.

The days make the year. What you do every day sums up what you do in a year. Figure up every night how much the day has contributed to what you want the whole year to show. See if it is a hundred per

cent average.

We wonder why it is that Bunty does not respond to the bell noon times. Ask Chris—he knows.

In accordance with the usual custom, as a remembrance to our employees, the Company gave full time and pay therefor for the afternoon of December 24th and Christmas Day.



GILLETTE BLADE REPORTERS FOR DECEMBER, JANUARY AND FEBRUARY

Front Row: Christine O'Brien, Catherine Leary, Grace Cole, Catherine Dowdall, Margaret Mc-Morrow, Alice F. Roberts, Rachel Anderson, Timothy J. Moynihan, Helen Evans, Elizabeth O'Brien, Helen Daly.

Back Row: Leo Silvey, Harold L. Fyler, Israel Feldman, Arbuthnot H. Rattray, Matthew J. Ryan, Edward J. Somerville.

Missing: Gertrude Ryan, J. Louis Cody, Catherine Coyne, Thomas P. Kelley, Catherine Mullen, Abbie Lee, Michael O'Donnell.

A QUESTIONNAIRE FOR CONSCIENTIOUS GILLETTE CO-WORKERS

1st. What books have you read in whole or in part during the past year, dealing with the subject of the work upon which you are engaged as a stepping-stone to higher things?

2nd. Have you followed any regular course of study during the year, independent of your daily work, to increase your knowledge of any branch of Gillette service, or your ability to handle your job?

3rd. Have you adopted a regular, systematic method of keeping track of your assignments and planning your daily work?

4th. In what line of work do you consider you have made the greatest improvement during the year?

5th. What special pieces of work have you completed during the year that are evidences of initiative on your part, without assignment or request from any source?

6th. In seeking co-operation of employees of other departments in connection with your work, have you met with any unusual difficulties in getting the assistance you require? If so, how do you consider this could be overcome during 1919?

7th. Has it occurred to you that unless

there be co-operation between the different sections of a business, its profits are bound to be affected?

8th. Has it ever occurred to you that the interests of the Company are identical with yours?

9th. Can you suggest any new ways by which you and your co-workers can promote a better spirit of active co-operation?

Mr. Pelham arrived in London on December 20th where he was welcomed by Mr. Carlson of the Scandinavian Branch, Mr. Kirkland, Managing Director of the London office, and Mr. Barry, Managing Director of the Paris office.

James Casey, of the Blade Press Department thought a lot of the Bazaar. After he won a cake and a one dollar bill he went home satisfied.

Nathan Shuman of the Blade Press Department has given up his flat in the Back Bay because the Boston Arena has burned down. He was going to challenge anybody to a race on roller skates because he con-



MR. PARRY

We jumped into Mr. Parry's office and yelled "Hey!" just as we snapped this photo. That accounts for the expectant look on Mr. Parry's face. From reading Mr. Nickerson's story you've probably noted the part Mr. Parry played in the building of Gillette. Mr. Parry is a seasoned banqueter.

Did you notice the hit that our Red Cross Tags made at the Bazaar. They were suggested by Miss Murphy, forelady of the Stropping Department, and designed by Grace Logan of the Inspection Department.

Why does McKeon go out every afternoon at 3 o'clock?



MISS MASSEY

Miss Florence Brady certainly told the truth when she wrote the little poem about Miss Massey on page 43 of the December "Blade." "There's the pearl of great price." Miss Massey is such a faithful worker that likening her to a pearl isn't a far guess from the truth.

sidered himself an expert. Now he stays home and reads a lot of fairy tale stories.

Beverly Bayne and Francis X have been seen conversing with each other quite a little since his return trip from Canada.

What have Mr. Williams and Mr. Rock got against the Company's car? Glass was made for purposes other than to lean against.

"Red" Crepeau after spending five months in the service of Uncle Sam has returned to the factory and was welcomed back to the Stropping Department.

Did you notice the hit that our Red Cross Tags made at the Bazaar. They were suggested by Miss Murphy, forelady of the Stropping Department, and designed by Grace Logan of the Inspection Department.

The employees of the Leather Goods Department arranged a very pleasing entertainment for the Christmas holiday celebration. Vocal and instrumental selections were contributed by Bessie Clagherty, Madge Geehan, Anna Dealy, Edith Madevies, Grace Lynch, Alice Orton and Frances O'Brien.

A grab-bag concluded the entertainment.

I see we have a new wedding ring on the 5th floor, Building "B." How about it, Madge?

Diamonds are numerous in the Leather Goods Dept. Now we know why Amy Rhodes goes to Bailey's embroidery shop on Saturdays—hope chest.

You've all heard that song "Georgina Peaches." How about our one from Franklin?

The Information quartet had been progressing quite rapidly with their Christmas Carols until the attention of a little "Sapphire" interrupted Bob, our famous tenor.

I wonder why Nellie O'Brien and Alice Roberts are so fond of walking to Roxbury every night with Leo and Joe?

It looks as though Louis McCourt is to become a benedict, for he is walking to and from work every day and also carrying his lunch. Who is the lucky girl to get him, Margaret, Grace or Teresa?

Can anyone tell what became of Dick West and his girl clerk of the third floor Stock Room, as both of them have been out for some time now. Teresa is awfully worried about him, as she misses going to Keith's on Sunday nights.

I wonder why Catherine Leary is always looking up the shipping news in the morning papers—always on the watch for the ship with the 76th on it. All you have to do, Kitty, is to get an outfit of civilians.

Wonder what Theda Bara's latest picture is—ask George, he knows.

Another engagement in the Leather Goods Department, Margaret Mahoney is wearing a diamond on her left hand.

Cheer up, Nora, the New Year will bring a little four room flat for you and Johnnie.



MISS DAVIES

When we go through Miss Davies' Department we stop with a two-fold purpose. One is to watch the fascinating grinding machines—the little fingers turning and twisting blades every which way, and the other reason we stop is to see Miss Davies smile. There was a little poem in the December "Blade," sent in by Miss Hannah Brady, something about "doing the work with a trace of a grin," and it made us think of Miss Davies.



MR. SMITH

Although but a short time with the Company, Mr. Smith handles Gillette problems like a veteran—as if he had worked on them for, lo, these many years. From building locomotives to building Gillettes may seem a far cry; but Mr. Smith has proven it isn't the product—it's the person upon whom efficiency depends.



MR. KELLY

We'll admit this isn't an unusually striking likeness of Mr. Kelly of the Honing Department. We're told he is the "Beau Brummel" of the factory. All of Mr. Kelly's energy and enthusiasm is concentrated on "Gillette," which accounts in no small measure for the success of his department.



WALTER MURPHY

We believe Walter Murphy was one of the first Gillette workers who demonstrated the Gillette spirit to us. He said "Good morning" the first day we came to work here, continued it every day, with the result that we feel mighty friendly towards him. In the above photo Walter is just receiving a call to report at a fire. We understand he is quite some fire-fighter.

Since Gertrude wears that new pendant everything looks bright; in fact, it is such a dazzler we all have headaches. Hand me my green shade, Florence.

For Sale.—A pair of genuine Hudson Seal trimmed gloves. Anyone wishing to purchase them may do so by communicating with M. D., of Inspection Department 4 "A."

I wonder what the inspectors of 4 "A" would do if their head bookkeeper ever got married G. L.

Ben Carney has returned to the Printing Department after eleven months in the Merchant Marine. Ben was welcomed by all his friends.

We wonder why the coffee tank is dry at noon. Ask Joe Aylward, he knows.

You can talk about your "Grand Rush," but you should have seen the rush the "Reporters" made to get into the warm building after waiting in the cold to have their pictures taken.

Since Bill came home Peg don't have to worry about her job. I guess Bill will be able to keep her now—how about it Peg?

I wonder what the attraction over town is for Walter Murphy these days. It must be a restaurant where Walter knows the cook.

By the looks of Joe White since Christmas

you can see that Santa was very good to him and he sure does adore that ring.

Walter McDonald has lost all his excuses of being late now since Christmas as his girl Carrie has presented him with an Ingersoll.

On Tuesday, December 24th, we were favored with a dance by Miss Anna Campbell, of the wiring room. I think that Mrs. Vernon Castle will have to watch out.

The Sixth Floor Office was pleased to receive the thoughtful Christmas greeting from the Traffic Department. *May 1919 be a pleasant and prosperous year for every department of the Gillette organization.*

A Kilonis enthusiast is very likely to have his beauty impaired these days. How about it, John?

One of our recent visitors at the Sixth Floor Office was Lt. Frank J. Sweeney, who has made several trips across aboard a troop ship. We hope he will rejoin his old associates soon.

George Cunningham, formerly at the head of our Printing Department, is one of the first of "our boys" to don "muff" once again. Navy blue is attractive for a while, we will admit, but it must seem good to get back to civil life.

Wouldn't it be bully if the "S 255" and the 2nd Motor Mechanic Regiment were home for February 22nd. Then our party would be very patriotic. Yes, indeed, Isabel.



MISS MACASKILL

Just imagine being the head of a department having the most number of girls of all departments in the factory. That's what Miss Macaskill is. Some job! Yet Miss Macaskill has proven that the woman of today can tackle any job—and handle it successfully.



MISS MURPHY

We understand some of the Gillette people wonder where we get the photographs. Well, we'll let the secret out. We carry a little pocket Kodak around with us, and when least expected snap the special object of our attentions. The photo of Miss Murphy, for instance, was taken one day when she was gathering autumn leaves up in the Middlesex Fell. Miss Murphy, by the way, has been with the Company for several years—which is another way of saying how dependable she is.



Canadian Factory Notes

It may interest the readers of the *BLADE* to know that Mr. William Shaver on his last trip through the West had an experience pleasing or otherwise, all according to how much Bill likes an ice cold bath.

It seems that Bill went out on a fishing trip on Vancouver Island, B. C., in company with the Western manager of the McCleary Manufacturing Company. During the trip Bill and the stove-man tried to run the rapids on one of the turbulent streams of Vancouver Island in a tin boat. Although Bill says that both he and the stove-man were cold sober, the boat capsize and they each had to swim ashore. We are willing to admit that possibly Bill and the stove-man were cold sober when they started on the trip, but at the finish we are willing to bet that both of them were cold wet. Bill has not told us the name of the stream, but we know that all of these are fed from the surrounding mountains and are formed from melting snow. It would almost seem that Bill had a cold reception on Vancouver Island, although the amount of business he took gives no indication of this. Bill is some husky guy and we can imagine him traveling so fast between the stream and the hotel that by the time he arrived at the hotel the water had probably evaporated into steam.

We have it on good authority that Bill has lost out in the battle. She takes him into camp on January 15th.

The experience of Mr. Fred Ritchie in the Maritime Provinces would seem to be a somewhat different one. Fred was standing on the platform waiting for the "Imperial Limited" (?) when some uncouth person elbowed our own dear Fred off the platform onto the tracks. This happened as the train was approaching the platform, and but for the fact that Fred showed some speed he might be resting in pieces now.

Fred this year did a great deal more business than anyone who ever went into the Maritime Provinces before, and you may be sure we are very glad it was not necessary for us to visit the land of Evangeline and bring Fred back in a satchel.

Fred is all there and we feel sure will make an enviable record for himself this coming year.

Mr. P. C. Shaver has been with us since August and has done very well. His sales record is one of which he can be proud. As far as personal experiences are concerned we feel sure Paul has had a few, but as he talks more about Gillettes than he does about himself we have not been able to ascertain any details other than he has been chased by 10,000 Amazons, each one of whom would like to get him entangled in the matrimonial net. Paul thinks most every girl's ambition is to fondle that Charlie Chaplin moustache of his.

The ordinary man seems fairly well satisfied with two eyebrows. One of Paul's friends, however, asserts he has three, one of these accidentally misplaced. Paul, however, is not just an ordinary fellow.

Sandy went into a drug store in a small town in Quebec, and having noticed by their show cards that they carried "Gillette," told the clerk that he wished to buy a "celluloid" box for an "aristocrat" which he had used for years. The clerk (an Irishman) thought to take a rise out of Sandy and replied: "I'm sorry, sir, that I am sold out of "celluloid" boxes, but as you are so loyal to the "aristocrat" I'll sell-you-Lloyd (celluloid) George."

Sandy hesitated, and replied: "No thank, you, sir; when I deal in "aristocrats" I buy "Gillettes," and I will report your impertinence to the managing director."

Pat replied pleadingly: "Don't be-too (Bittues) severe."

Pte. S. C. Maguire (U. S. Army) dropped in to see us on December 23rd., and wished us the compliments of the season.

We were certainly glad to see you and also to hear that you had put on some thirty pounds and were in the "pink" of condition, Charlie! We also noticed that you left the office in company with one of the popular members of our Office Staff (female gender), but have been unable to ascertain



SECOND FLOOR
IN CENTRE
ANOTHER VIEW OF
SECOND FLOOR



OFFICE
MR. GOSLING
AT DESK

CANADIAN FACTORY MACHINE SHOP

as to where the luncheon was served. You evidently covered up your trail pretty well!

THE MACHINE SHOP

Contributed by W. G. GOSLING—*Mechanical Supervisor.*

I have been asked to write a report regarding the program of the Gillette Safety Razor Company's Machine Shop, which has been installed at 333-335 LaGauchetiere Street. It is a three story building with floor space of about 61½ ft. x 27 ft. We have some of the best machinery made, 53 machines in all, and it can be stated that it is the cleanest, neatest and best equipped shop of its size in this locality.

The machinery was taken down from 73 St. Alexander St., and installed with a good deal of new machinery, inside of eleven days. Since our start in the new home, a matter of seven weeks, we have built three printing machines complete, fifteen more are now in progress, also one Special Polishing Machine, besides taking care of all the repair work and changing our old type grinding and honing machines to new types of machines. This is a good record, but we earnestly hope to do better. I know we have one of the finest Plants of the World to compete against, at Boston, and we will not be satisfied until we can go one better than our American cousins.

The reason I think our Boston friends accomplish great things, no doubt is due to the great spirit of co-operation prevalent in Boston. We are trying to do the same here. Our men are helping one another out of little difficulties, saying a good word when they can for their fellow workmen.

The following is a piece of advice to our own men. It is hoped that they will read it and profit by it:—

"Don't see how many cuts you can do a job in, or how fine a feed you can take, but help your foreman by taking the least possible cuts and let him see the cuttings coming from the tools in curls."

I would like to say before I close that we have started the sporting element throughout the Factory, with a Shop League of Bowling Teams, also a team in the Montreal Bowling League. We have not made much of a success in the latter, but we have a long way to go yet, and we will not be at the bottom at the end of the season. Our Shop League is a big success, we bowl every Tuesday night.

As I have no more time at present, I will come to a speedy end, wishing you all a prosperous New Year.

At our last Monthly Dinner, Mr. A. A. Bittues remarked upon the growth of the Staff force. He took us back a few years ago to when the Executive Staff consisted of three persons (Messrs. A. A. Bittues, N. P. Petersen and P. T. Flanagan). To-day we number thirty-one (31), and we are still growing.

Since the visit of a certain gentleman from our Boston Factory to the Metropolis of Canada, the Canadian Food Controller has placed Apple Pie on the "Conservation List."

Quitting his work too early has helped many a man to quit his job too soon.—J. D. B.

An enthusiastic fisherman, who was at the same time a staunch teetotaler, engaged an experienced boatman to take him fishing. Although he had a good stretch of water



to fish in, night after night he came back with an empty creel, and at last departed in disgust. After he had gone some one asked the boatman how it was that a fairly expert fisherman had such a run of ill luck.

"Aweil" was the reply, "he had nae whuskie, and I took him where there was nae fish."

A certain gentleman objected very much to being talked to by his barber while he was being shaved. He had not thought of any way of curbing his talkative barber, when one day a brilliant opportunity arose. The barber asked him if he could feel the razor on his face. "My dear man," replied the gentleman, "if you hadn't mentioned it just now I should never have known there was a razor on my face."

"Thank you, sir" beamed the barber.

The gentleman (continuing)—"I thought you were using a file."

Charlie Maguire thinks working for the Gillette Organization is a cinch in comparison to rising at 6 a. m. to sift ashes and wash floors, but he says the U. S. Army is O. K., and certainly brings a fellow out. We believe you Charlie! Many a time it brought you out at 6 a. m. and sometimes all night. However, you will no doubt find your training very beneficial should you take up housekeeping in the near future, what, what!

On December 18th. we were honored with a visit from Messrs. Sullivan, Gaskin and Gabrino from our Boston Factory.

Although their stay amongst us was a short one, we were able to show them through our Plant from roof to cellar, and we don't think they missed a trick. We also conducted them over our new four story fire-proof building at No. 335 Laughauchetiere St. West (which Mr. Petersen and company had fully equipped and running in 18 days after our Managing Director signed the lease) and which is at present occupied by our Machine Shop.

We also found time to entertain our guests outside of the factory, and on Thursday they were our guests of honor at the monthly Staff Luncheon at Freeman's Hotel, at which our Managing Director, Mr. A. A. Bittues, as usual took the chair. After a few preliminary speeches and introductions by both the Managing Director and General Superintendent, all of the boys present drunk the health of our guests to the tune of "They are jolly good fellows," and in replying Mr. Gaskin made a very

able speech and caused some humor in comparing the Canadian Plant today with a child not seen by his father since infancy, and which had grown during his absence to maturity and almost up to papa's shoulder. The comparison being between the Canadian Plant a few years ago and its present standing in comparison with the Boston Organization.

On Friday evening we took our guests to the Princess Theatre to witness a Vaudeville Show, which they seemed to enjoy immensely, particularly the lady who sang—"Will you be my Papa." Mr. Gabrino was heard to remark that next to Apple Pie, she was the sweetest thing he had seen in Canada.

The Gillette Social Club have lately increased their membership from 137 to 350.

Thanks to our hard working solicitors.

The next entertainment will be a Sleigh Drive and Dance sometime in January. This will give our employees a good chance to get "closer" acquainted.

The new "Paddy Green" membership ticket and case have been greatly admired.

A certain Salesman on the Gillette Sales Force on hearing of the Armistice being signed bought the first flag that was handed to him, and paraded up and down one of the principal streets of a certain town with it in his button hole, and at the end of a perfect day much to his disgust was advised that the flag he was carrying was the German colors. What do you think of a man like that? Pity the "Blind."

May we complete the allotment of the space given for Canadian Factory Notes in wishing our fellow members in the Boston Organization a very happy and prosperous New Year, and hope that although there is a (border) line between us, there will be no perceivable division of harmony or good-feeling allowed to exist. May we all get together more frequently in the future and toil together for the one great organization of which we are all of us proud to be associated with.

Paul Lacaille, the well known artist at the drawing board in the Machine Shop Office, reached majority November 26th. Now that he is 21 years of age, he states he is going to do two men's work, as he had to do a man's work while still very young. Let us hope he doesn't feel that, according to the French custom, he must marry at once.



Quite a number of our employees are expert Bowlers, and we have found sufficient material to form the Gillette Shop League Bowler's Association, and at a general meeting recently held, the following officers were elected:—

Mr. A. A. Bittues, Honorary President.
Mr. N. P. Petersen, President.
Mr. T. P. Flanagan, Vice-President.
Mr. A. O'Hara, Vice-President.
Mr. W. Gosling, Manager.
Mr. F. W. Lunan, Secretary.
Mr. E. Wilson, Committee.
Mr. F. Mondor, Committee.
Mr. S. Mavor, Committee.
Mr. F. Hogge, Committee.
Mr. E. Young, Committee.

Mr. W. G. Marks, who was in charge of our Purchase Ledger and Stock Records Department in this office, left our employ recently to join the Royal Air Service.

Upon his leaving our employ the usual presentations were made, viz: A Gillette Combination Set and a Wrist Watch from the firm, and a purse of money from the fellow employees—the same as have been given to all previous employees who have enlisted for service Over There.

Mr. W. G. Marks, more familiarly known as Billy Marks, was an athlete of great reputation, he having been a member of the Montreal Athletic Association, Champion Speed Skating Team of 1913, and together with such well known world champions as Russell Wheeler, Duggie Drew, W. H. Jackson, Billy Logan and Billy Jackson. Billy Marks was also an expert swimmer and could hold his own in the boxing ring, being a clean cut athlete. In another sense of the word, should make his mark in the Air Service.

He left us with very good wish for his rapid promotion and safe return.

Sincerest sympathy to Mr. D. P. Cotter (Manager Export Department, Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited) in the loss of his father, Mr. P. M. Cotter of Quebec City, P. Q.

Mr. P. M. Cotter passed away on November 26th, after a somewhat lengthy illness, and was until the time of his death, connected with the Quebec Central Railway, and was a past Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus.

As a young man starting out in life the late Mr. Cotter took up railroading and was one of the pioneers of the old North Shore Railroad which was later absorbed by the C. P. R. When the C. P. R. took

over this road Mr. Cotter entered the employ of the larger company and was transferred to Ottawa where he worked for some time, but preferring to be in Quebec he returned to this city and entered the employ of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway and was gradually promoted to the position of agent for that line here, which post he held for seventeen years. Some fifteen years ago he severed his connections with that company to accept a similar position with the Quebec Central Railway and held the post of city agent up to the time of his death.

A prominent figure in the business life of this city, the late Mr. Cotter by his sterling qualities, his honesty and his gentlemanly characteristics commanded the esteem and respect of the entire community, while in railroad circles he was known in all parts of this province and his death marks the disappearance of one who saw the birth and growth of railroads in this city. He was a director of the Magdalen River Railway and a member of the Freight Agent's Association.

The funeral was attended by a large cortege of relations, lifelong friends, brother lodge members, and others, amongst whom were:—Mr. D. P. Cotter, son of the deceased, Messrs. J. P. Covenly and J. E. Brochu, sons in law, Messrs. J. H. Walsh, General Manager of the Quebec Central Railway, Geo. D. Wadsworth, General Freight and Passenger Agent, J. Reid, Superintendent, T. D. Walsh, Travelling Passenger Agent, and many others. The Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited, was represented at the funeral by Mr. P. T. Flanagan, Assistant-Secretary.

Mr. Cotter was greatly respected in his community and his demise will be mourned by many.

"IF"

Sleepy Willie knelt down to say his prayers beside his mother's knee and said:

Willie: "Now I lay me down to sleep

And ask the Lord my soul to keep."

His mother prompted "If"—

Willie: "If he hollers let him go,
Enney-mineey-miney-mo."

"NO SIR"

Captain (to private in charge of mess room): "Did you wash the floor this morning?"

Private: "No."

Captain: "No what?"

Private: "No mop."



Salesman's Department



Horoscopes and Biographies

REBUCK

Hercules of the Sales Force; rival of Atlas; titanic and tireless. His motto: "Twenty-four hours a day."

PROUTY

Born under Saturn; a disciple of the Southern Cross; a Lone Star with a Masonic feeling for everybody; fond of gambling on the green. His motto: "The dice are fast."

CRAWFORD

Born under Apollo at Olympia. Clubby, wears a cane in his elbow. Nobby and neat, but not gaudy. Mignonette his favorite flower, meaning: "My qualities surpass my charms."

WILLIAMS

Born under Taurus; fond of beef; inventor of shaving soap, and of an inquiring turn of mind; well liked by the trade; popular with the ladies; a bachelor by preference. His motto: "It's smart to have a clean face."

GREFE

Born under Janus, meaning I, or the first; the alpha of ability and activity; wealthy in another's right; owns a magnificent store corner Broadway and Maiden Lane, N. Y. C. His motto: "Cheaper to move than pay rent."

GRANT

Born under Mars; a war scarred veteran; protected the Israelites in the crossing of the Red Sea; fond of boxing; knows all about punch boards. Popularly known as "Jack the Giant Killer."

BARRY

Of Granite frame. Has a marble heart and loathes children. Will go any place for business. Lives in Milwaukee.

HEISER

Born under Jupiter; fond of chariot riding; a fire-fighter de luxe; a great ground coverer; an artful Dodge-r.

FOSTER

Born under Ursa, consequently bear headed. Soft-spoken, modest and retiring. His motto: "Keep everlastingly at it."

STEM

A strong swimmer against any tide; can swim the Hellesport; rescued several Hero's. Known as the Leander of the last expert service campaign.

FAHEY

Twin brother to Eroš. Prefers solitude to society. The "Beatrice Fairfax" of the sales force, and the author of "Snide Talks with Girls." Holds the record for M. D. sales. Has a hard working brother.

DRISCOLL

Born under Pisces, therefore fond of fish; has a reputation for landing big fry. Latest big catch, Lord & Taylor. His motto: "Give 'em the hook."

STEWART

A dark horse; a good running mate to Betts, and a strong finisher.

HAYNES

Inventor of the automobile. Induced Thompson to buy the original model. A linguist by birth and expression, and made money talk. Partner of Uncle Sam. His motto: "In onion there is strength."

BERRY

Born under Libra, meaning "Well-balanced." His expense account is commendably flawless.

WHEELER

The Paderewski of the sales force; has



the artistic touch. His motto: Wheeler and Wilson, that's all.

BROWN

Known to fame as the illustrious brother of Tom and John. Familiarly known as "Buster." His motto: "I do 'em brown."

BETTS

Born under Capricornicus; fond of fast horses; keeps step with everything, but bets only on himself, therefore a sure winner; partial to Pittsburgh stogies and smokes 'em at an angle of 60 degrees. His motto: "Them that has, bets."

REBER

Born under Gemini. Deserted his twin brother at an early age, retreating to Alaska. Acted as guide for Dr. Cook in his famous ascent of Mt. McKinley. His motto: "I'll get there by gemini."

ROWE

Born under Neptune; an oarsman by profession and right of birth, but never rocks the boat; military tendencies; prefers counter attacks; always behind but ever at the front.

BREAULT

The original Barber of Seville. Shaves with one hand and eyes shut. Has a passion for embroidered gallouses. His motto: "I gets 'em where the hair is short."

JONES

Only child of Zeus and Minerva; controller of Chicago's financial district; carries a side-line of Gillettes in his palatial suite on LaSalle street. His motto: "Where there's a will there's a weigh."

CARROLL

Musical; plays sweetly on the Jews harp; pinch hitter for Prouty.

CRUMLEY

A disciple of Flora. Prefers Palm Beach to Portland. Has a large following in the South and rides only in Jim Crow Parlor Cars. His motto: "Tout mon possible," meaning, "Watch my smoke."

ECKHOFF

Step-child to Williams, just learning to walk.

WATSON

Former medical advisor to his chum, Sherlock Holmes, who gave him the sobriquet of "Quick Watson." A fast man in a slow town.

Trade has its triumph no less pronounced than war.

All the world loves a winner.

Representatives of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, you have placed a worthy product in the foreground of competition. We salute you.

There are new worlds to conquer in 1919. Your accomplishment of 1918 is the spur of achievement of 1919.

Opportunity beckons.

RELEASED FROM CONTRACT TO SUPPLY RAZOR BLADES

Clipped from the Houston Post, Houston, Texas

Roy O. Carroll, representative in Texas for the Gillette Safety Razor Company, is visiting the jobbers and merchants handling this product and taking with him good news.

He states that the government has released his concern on the enormous supply of safety razor blades which they have been shipping to the boys over there, and here, too, for that matter, and this will enable the Gillette Company to once more take care of the civilian trade as of old.

GILLETTES SPEAK FOR THEM- SELVES

Not long ago a friend of mine went into a store at home and asked the clerk to show him a safety razor.

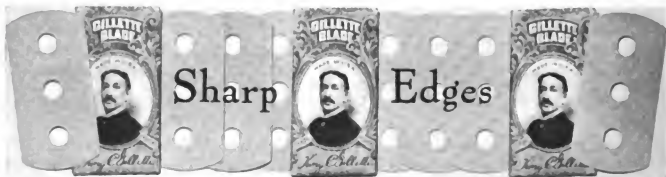
The clerk's first thought was a Gillette, which he showed to my friend. Asking the clerk his reason for showing the Gillette the clerk replied, "You know that old saying, that Priscilla said to John Alden—'Speak for yourself John.'"

"Well Gillette razors speak for themselves and that saves me lots of talking. My friend went out of the store with a Gillette."

By DAVID T. BROWN, Sales Representative.

EFFICIENT SALESMANSHIP

The question has often been asked, "What is an efficient salesman?" and the best answer yet reported is: "An efficient salesman is an Irishman that buys something from a Jew and sells it to a Scotchman at a profit."



TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

The Value of Time
 The Success of Perseverance
 The Pleasure of Working
 The Dignity of Simplicity
 The Worth of Character
 The Power of Kindness
 The Influence of Example
 The Obligation of Duty
 The Wisdom of Economy
 The Virtue of Patience
 The Joy of Originating
 The Profit of Experience

TRAVELERS

By WALT MASON

Down this little world we travel, headed for the land of Dawn, sawing wood and scratching gravel, here today, tomorrow gone! Down our path of doubts and dangers, we are toddling, mile on mile, transient and inquiring strangers, dumped into this world a while. Let us make the journey pleasant for the little time we stay; all we have is just the Present—all we need is just Today. Let's encourage one another as we push along the road, saying to a jaded brother: "Here, I'll help you with your load!" Banish vain reviling, banish useless tears and woe; let us do the journey smiling, all our hearts with love aglow. Let us never search for sorrow, since the journey is so brief; here today and gone tomorrow, what have we to do with grief? Down this little world we wander, strangers from some unknown spheres, headed for the country yonder where they have no sighs or tears; let us therefore cease complaining, let us be no longer glum; let us all go into training for the joyful life to come!

Don't value a man for the quality he is of, but the qualities he possesses.

Work, just sheer hard work, whether a success or a failure is worth while. There

comes a time in the life of every worker when he finds he has gained more than a bank account; he has gained character. Character is the interest due on the work of every worker, and it is paid when due, never before, never until.—*The Peptimist*.

No man has one second more of time than another. This is the only respect in which all men are alike. The difference is the way men employ that time.

To hold one's self in readiness for opportunity, to keep the serene, confident, hopeful, and joyful energy of mind, is to magnetize it, and draw privileges and power toward one. The concern is not whether opportunity will present itself, but as to whether we will be ready for the opportunity. It comes not to doubt and denial and disbelief. It comes to sunny expectation, eager purpose, and to noble and generous aspiration.

When a fellow knows his business, he doesn't have to explain to people that he does. It isn't what a man knows but what he thinks he knows that he brags about. Big talk means little knowledge.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves.

Good wits jump; a word to the wise is enough.

Make it your business to know yourself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.

The horse will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death.



NEVER AGAIN

"Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last week?"

"No, mum, I'll never be the same man again!"

CONVINCED

"What names would you suggest for a list of the world's great men?"

"None," replied Mr. Meekton. "After talking with Henrietta I'm inclined to think there isn't any such thing."

DID GEORGE FIB HABITUALLY?

Bobby—"Pa, was George Washington such an awful story teller?"

Father—"Story teller! Why, what do you mean?"

Bobby—"Well, if he wasn't, why was such a fuss made when he told the truth?"

CHEERFUL

Midger—"Is it true that Pidger is financially embarrassed?"

Didger—"He is awfully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him."

WOULD BE NOTHING ELSE TO DO

"I do not think people should get married until they are thoroughly acquainted with each other."

"What would you do—abolish matrimony?"

NO USE

Mistress—"I saw the baker kissing you this morning Mary. In future I shall take in the bread myself."

Maid—"It won't be no use, mum. He don't like fair women."

SELFISH

"Why, Tommy, did you try to take away your little sister's cake after you had eaten yours?"

"Because, g-grandma, she wouldn't give it to me when I asked her. She's so selfish."

OF COURSE NOT

"James, how do you suppose those dozens and dozens of empty bottles got in our cellar?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," James replied. "I never-er-bought an empty bottle in my life."

MARY JANE IS NOW IN COLLEGE

Mary Jane has gone to college—
To a college 'way up state;
Gone with several trunks and cases
At an excess baggage rate.

Stacks of things are jammed down in them,
Things that fill me with surprise;
And I wonder what such trappings
Have to do with getting wise.

There's a dress of azure poplin,
With a big embroidered yoke;
Long-sleeved gloves, 3 pairs, 3 colors,
And a long green opera cloak.

Pink chambray (three rows of flounces
At the bottom of the skirt);
White silk one with train a yard long
Made to catch the eye, and dirt.

Dark blue gown—gilt fringe and tassels—
Fashioned a la Directoire,
Militant, fit for a leader
In the votes-for-women war.

Then she has a dark red costume
Made of costly broadcloth stuff,
Boasting 18 dozen buttons—
Topped out with a Robespierre ruff.

There's a black and yellow blazer,
Tennis rackets one or two,
Petticoats of silk that rustle
When she walks—one green, one blue.

Sofa pillows by the dozen,
Table cloths and napkins too—
Chafing dish and cups and saucers;
Cans of things to boil and stew.

Yes, our Mary's gone to college;
But the truth must be confessed
After she was fairly started
Mother took a week to rest.

Can't help thinking of my youthhood,
Scanty means of living then;
Not much cash for education
With the children numbering ten.

Rich in sacrifice unfailing,
What a memory view appears;
How our father planned; and mother
Wore the same dress seven long years.

Times have changed in thirty summers
Since I had my college chance;
I worked through without a tutor
Or an extra pair of pants.

Mary Jane has gone to college,
But one thing I can't discern;
How with all the side diversions
Can she spare the time to learn?

The Influences of the Sun

AS surely as the force which moves the clock's hands is derived from the arm which winds up the clock, so surely is all terrestrial power drawn from the sun. Leaving out of account the eruptions of volcanoes, and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up to the mountains; and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. And remember, this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting-place where this energy is conditioned. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the moulds into which his strength is temporarily poured, in passing from its source through infinitude.

Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. So great and grand are they that, in the contemplation of them, a certain force of character is requisite to preserve us from bewilderment. Look at the integrated energies of our world—the stored power of our coal-fields; our winds and rivers. What are they? They are all generated by a portion of the sun's energy, which does not amount to an infinitesimal part of the whole. Multiplying our powers by millions of millions, we do not reach the sun's expenditure. Measured by our largest terrestrial standards, such a reservoir of power is infinite; but it is our privilege to rise above these standards, and to regard the sun himself as a speck in infinite extension,—a mere drop in the universal sea. We analyze the space in which he is immersed, and which is the vehicle of his power. We pass to other systems and other suns, each pouring forth energy like our own, but still without infringement of the law, which reveals immutability in the midst of change, which recognizes incessant transference and conversion, but neither final gain nor loss. To nature nothing can be added; from nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the application of physical knowledge, is to shift the constituents of the never-varying total, and out of one of them to form another. Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves,—magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude,—asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ melt in air,—the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy,—the manifestations of life, as well as the display of phenomena, are but the modulations of its rhythm.—*Tyndall.*

Note.—In the following lines from *All's Well that Ends Well*, the king moralizes on the superior merit of doing great deeds as a means to honor and scornfully points to those who inherit honors and are not worthy of them. He calls attention to the fact that good is always good irrespective of its origin, and that evil is not changed by proceeding from high places. He also with some indignation asserts that while the deserving are often forgotten many monuments bear lying eulogies.—W. E. N.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions swell us, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor. Good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileness is so;
The property by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. That is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire: honors thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damm'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed.

Act II, Scene III.

Note.—In the lines below, taken from *King Lear*, Gloucester's son Edgar has wholly fallen out with Fortune. Disowned, and with a price set on his head, he is wandering in disguise, cold and hungry, clothed in rags and affecting to be half-witted whenever he meets a human being. He argues to himself, that as Fortune has brought him to the worst possible condition, he owes her nothing. He consoles himself that there is still room for hope, as any change must be for the better.—W. E. N.

To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Act IV, Scene I.

KNOWN THE **Gillette** WORLD OVER

KNOWN THE **Gillette** WORLD OVER

I Resolve
to do my part
towards making the
Gillette Company
an even better
organization
than it
was
during
1918.



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